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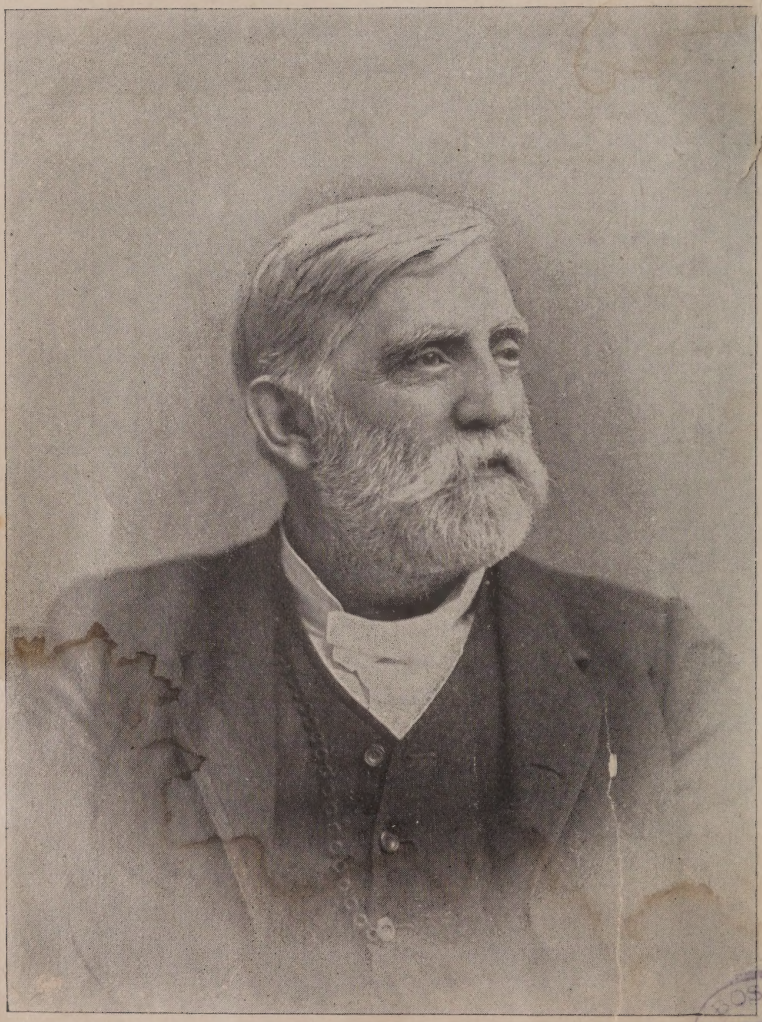

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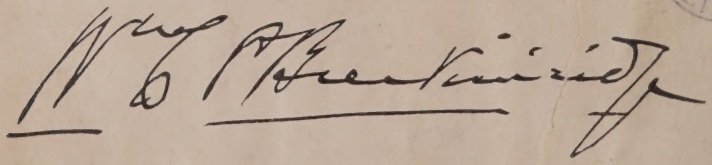

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THE ARENA.

No. VII.

JUNE, 1890.

QUEEN CHRISTINA AND DE LIAR.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Glad the day that saw Christina, broad of brain though young in years,
Take the crown of glorious Vasa, girt with Sweden's proudest peers.

Regal was the face they looked at, regal were the form and guise,
Regal were the light-blue splendors of her Scandinavian eyes.

"She will rule us," cried the people, "like her sire, Gustavus Great;
War at this girl's frown shall thunder; peace upon her smile shall wait.

"Yet below her kingdom ever, civic wisdom, patriot love,
Shall be pediments majestic to the monument above!"

Time with happy confirmation proved the praise whose welcome strain,
Like an archway for a conqueror, spanned the threshold of her reign.

Ten bright years her lifted sceptre loomed in power o'er lands and seas;
Norway, Prussia, Denmark, Austria trembled at her calm decrees.

War in righteous loathing held she, yet no dastard armistice made;
Half Minerva, half Brunhilda, Sweden's destiny she swayed.

Oxenstiern, the astute old statesman, oft her might of mind would own;
Grotius, poet and historian, laid allegiance at her throne.

Torstenston, the unrivalled soldier, served her with his valiant men;
Blunt Salmacius, wily Vossius, flattered her with tongue and pen.

Keen Descartes, who grandly brooded on the spells of time and space,
Lost his learning in the sorcery fashioned by her virgin face.

Milton, he whose thought was earthquake in an age of sloth and swoon,
Praised her as the lark the morning, as the nightingale the moon.

Many a suitor sought her favor; princes hotly vied with peers;
Magnus Gabriel de la Gardie sued her with tempestuous tears.

Uladislaus, king of Poland, tried her maiden heart to thrill;
Spain's fourth Philip strove to tempt her with alliance loftier still.

But alike entreaty or protest ineffectual found her mood;
She was adamant to all men, howsoever subtly wooed.

Yet would sages, wits and pundits, bards, philosophers and priests,
In her palace at Upsala, throng to share her stately feasts.

Here, one evening, 'tis recorded, lights in plenteous measure played
Through the imperial apartments on a mirthful masquerade;

And of multitudes assembled none so lured the royal glance
As De Liar, the chevalier, jovial, handsome, fresh from France.

He, like all except Christina, wore a mask of envious fold,
Yet the Queen, through secret signal, his identity had told.

Speech urbane her lips addressed him; radiant looks on him she bent;
Other suitors, keenly watching, gnawed their beards in discontent.

"'Tis the Frenchman," they would whisper; "fortunate he should be wed,
Else perchance our bold young sovereign by some wild caprice were led."

Later, when the night grew merrier, when the feasting-hall was gay,
Stealthily De Liar glided to a chamber yards away.

Here, where old Norse gods were pictured on the drapery's fold and flow,
Glided stealthily to meet him a mysterious domino.

From a face of blooming witchery soon its mask of velvet fell;
The Chevalier stood confronted by the wife that loved him well.

"Come," she laughs, "my wandering gallant, say me frank and say me fair:
Have you left your heart entangled in the Swedish queen's gold hair?"

Laughing back with amorous ardor, the Chevalier makes reply:
"Nay, already in your brown tresses doth my heart entangled lie."

"Flatterer!" mocks the wife — but kisses all her raillery swiftly choke,
Fond as those that lily or poppy may from buoyant bee invoke.

"Fear not, lady of mine," he murmurs, "lest new love your rights profane;
I to this crowned queen am colder than the ice-flowers on her pane!

"Pettier is her dull self-worship, fed by parasitic prate,
Than the crowd of salaried pedants truckling to her trivial state!

"Hers a royalty to reverence! Nay, we witnessed, you and I,
Our own lordly and gracious Louis, on his white stairs at Versailles!

"Hers, forsooth, a court of splendor! Nay, we saw, in other years,
Those great pomps that made the Tuileries one pale blaze of chandeliers!"

Thus he spoke, far less of slander than bravado on his tongue,
Spoke, nor ever dreamed how deeply his audacious words had stung.

For with blue eyes glittering icy, with fierce wrath in all her mien,
Near at hand, behind an arras, cowered the unsuspected Queen!

. . . . . .

In the heaven of royal favor, slowly from that fateful night
Rose the star of the Chevalier, sweeping up to haughtier height.

Military rank was given him; orders gleamed upon his breast;
Often at Queen Christina's table he would sit a welcome guest.

Soon his poor wife pined and languished; faith and hope were rudely wrecked;
Snared by dizzying dreams of greatness, he had galled her with neglect.

Wherefore now, when supplications and remonstrances had failed,
Equally in scorn and sorrow back to her own land she sailed.

The Chevalier to detain her strove at last with strong dismay,—
But she had learned what potent magic in the Queen's least whisper lay.

"I will share his love," she murmured, while the dark ship spread its wings,
"With no other living woman, be she born of churls or kings!"

So to France the sad wife journeyed; and ambition's greedy flame
From the conscience of De Liar banished his remorseful shame.

Through the future's mist that mantles every deed our spirits dare,
He beheld a shadowy sceptre, waving, beckoning in the air!

On it ever seemed to tempt him, till there came a pregnant hour
When he almost felt his fingers clasp it with impetuous power.

Once again, while sumptuous revels turned her palace-halls aglow,
Did the Queen upon De Liar bounteous blandishments bestow.

"Now," they said, "he nears the summit of his insolent success;
Every glance Christina gives him hides and harbors a caress.

"He to-day is virtual Regent; in his name large mandates meet;
On what loftier grade of lordship may to-morrow land his feet?"

While in babbling throngs they gossiped, the Chevalier drank his fill
Of that dangerous wine Christina could so craftily distill.

Through the dance beside her suitor moved she with august repose;
Now her eyes were melting sapphires, now her mouth an opening rose.

Once by hardier courage prompted, in her ear he dared to sigh:
"Since Diana loved Endymion, wherefore did she let him die?"

Low he leaned to catch her answer, low it came in loitering tone:
"Turn your metaphors more nicely. 'Twas Endymion's fault alone!"

Flushed the infatuate young Chevalier while he thought: "Perchance she means
My divorce were given for asking by the priests that cringe to queens!"

But aloud he breathed: "Be piteous, O my lady of light and grace!"
"Look," she smiled, "our last cotillon. . . . Come, Chevalier, take your place."

In the dance like one delirious near the queen he paced and bowed,
Till her clear voice clove his spirit as a moonbeam cleaves a cloud:

"I depart . . . yet seek me later at my boudoir's private door . . .
Take the long south gallery leading past the sculptured bust of Thor.

"Fear no guards; I have dismissed them; none will wait to watch or snare . . .
They that are most wise at hoping prove but dullards in despair!"

Through the lane of bending courtiers fled Christina from his look;
Off his mind its trance of rapture slowly the Chevalier shook.

Soon he sought the wide south gallery, fancying that he fared unseen,
Reached the door and lightly unclosed it, crossed the threshold, met the Queen.

Now his heart beat fast and furious while he knelt with burning sigh . . .
"Nay, for once," Christina faltered, "let the obeisances go by.

"If indeed your love's large fervor from your soul confession draws,
Bravely speak it like a soldier, though a queen hath been its cause!"

"Oh, my sovereign, my enchantress!" leaping to his feet he cried;
And he flung both arms about her, drunk with passion and with pride.

But Christina darted shivering from the imperious embrace.
"Do you love me?" rang her answer. "See how such love brings disgrace!"

Then she shrieked "Help! help!" and straightway, as responsive to her need,
Guards and gentlemen-in-waiting filled the room at break-neck speed.

"Hear me all!" proclaimed Christina. "He, the wretch that yonder stands,
Dared profane our sacred person with his sacrilegious hands!

"Like a thief he sought our chamber, yet with wish more wild and bad;
We should deal him death immediate, did we not believe him mad!"

"Mad?" the assemblage loudly echoed, though in dazed and wondering style;
"Mad?" the poor Chevalier shuddered, awed by such abysmal guile.

"Mad, indeed," shot back Christina; "yet some pity attends our scorn;
"To the mad-house at Upsala let him instantly be borne!"

. . . . . .

Five slow years of stern immurement followed as De Liar's doom,
Till the new king, Charles Gustavus, loosed him from his living tomb.

But at last he hailed his freedom with no greetings warm or glad;
Misery, self-reproach and bondage had in good truth made him mad.

Back to Stockholm soon he drifted, and in beggary spent his days,
With his face of ravaged beauty, with his memory-haunted gaze!

And he oft would say to passers, like a man of wandering wit:
"Can you tell me where's my country? I have lost my way to it!"

. . . . . .

Who recalls not how Christina threw aside the robe she wore,
Roaming other lands of Europe, joyed to be a queen no more?

Strange the fortunes that befell her, bright or sombre, harsh or sweet . . .
All remember Monaldeschi, dying suppliant at her feet!

Oft her name was dipped in odium, till her people, far aloof,
Learned to clothe it with the colors of perpetual reproof.

Feared alike for plots and scandals, now in Paris, now in Rome,
Tired at last she grew of exile and bethought herself of home.

Northward faring past the frontier she as monarch had surveyed,
Wroth she grew that sullen silence over all the land was laid.

Not a trace of tribute met her till old Nórkoping she gained;
Here, through many a dismal street-way, night with desolation reigned.

"What!" she fumed; "no troops, no escort! Every window dark as fate!
Fickle Swedes that once adored me, has your love so soon turned hate?"

But the words thus framed in anger died upon her lips in fright,
For a glimmering apparition dawned that moment on her sight.

Round about the royal carriage, giddy and volatile it sped,
And the starlight showed it vaguely, like the resurrected dead.

Back the snow-white hair blew ghastly from a face of idiot leer,
As it tossed its antic tatters, whirling there and wheeling here.

"Look," it cried, "the great She-Spider to her web hath crawled again!
Bolt the portal, bar the casement, Swedish maids and Swedish men!

"Bar the casement, bolt the portal! Lie ye still and give no sign,
Lest she suck your heart's blood as she sucked the blood from mine!"

. . . . . .

So Christina, home returning (fame, love, power one cold eclipse!)
Found the mockery of this welcome from the mad De Liar's lips!

HENRY W. GRADY. EDITOR, ORATOR, MAN.

BY J. W. LEE, D. D.

THE glory of the mind is the possession of two eyes, the eye of sense and the eye of reason. Through the one it looks out upon the world of matter and fact. Through the other it beholds the world of idea and relation. Both worlds are real, and through the mind commerce is kept up between them. Along this mental highway material facts make a pilgrimage to the holy land of reason. There they are changed into ideas. Stars are turned into astronomy, atoms into chemistry, rocks into geology, and plants into botany. Over the same royal road ideas pass to the world of sense. There they are changed into facts. Ideas of beauty are turned into painting, and Raphael's transfiguration blesses the world. Ideas of harmony are turned into music, and Handel's Messiah agitates the thoughts and hopes of men with the melody of the skies. Ideas of form are changed into sculpture, and Michael Angelo's Moses augments the fund of the world's conviction and courage. By changing facts into ideas the mind gives us science. By changing ideas into facts it gives us art. Without science life would be without bread; without art it would be without ideas. Science ministers to the body, art to the spirit. Men who go from things to ideas are practical; those who go from ideas to things are seers. Practical men conserve, but never venture. Seers throw the light of their genius into the dark beyond, disclosing new worlds for men. They are the leaders, they are the vanguard of human progress.

Henry W. Grady must be classed with the artists. He looked from the side of the mind that borders the universe of ideas, visions, relations. He was an idealist. He looked through the imagination into the kingdom of light. He saw truth and beauty and love billowing away to infinity. He despised not the world of hard limitation and fact. But he found not his rest in it, nor his inspiration. He slaked his

thirst from the waters which flow under the throne of God. Violets and buttercups which grew on the mountain side, did not waste their fragrance as he passed by, but there they grew, covering with their blue and their beauty, the hills of day for him. Leaves in autumn woods were not ignored by him, but he cultivated the habit of looking toward the clime where the leaves never die. All sights and sounds and seasons in the world of change and death were loved by him. But a window there was in his mind looking into an illimitable realm, where all sights brought gladness, all sounds hope, and all seasons inspiration. That he was by endowment an idealist, and by practice an artist, is proven by his work as an editor, his achievements as an orator, and his life as a man. With the passing years art has made great progress not in the direction of form, or coloring, or symmetry, but toward wider distribution. In the beginning, its ministry was to kings and scholars; its advance has been toward extension, rather than perfection. The pyramid of Gizeh, the most extensive monument ever seen, was reared to perpetuate the memory of a great Egyptian king. A country was drained of revenue and life to regale the pride of one man. The Parthenon ministered to a few great men in Greece. The Cathedrals of the middle ages blest and helped a wider circle. But it was left to the time which is ours, to build chapels and churches, as broad in their aims and ministry as the life of humanity. The early poetry concerned itself about the wars of gods and the contentions of kings. As the sacredness of human life came to be seen, more and more did it tend to catch within the sweep of its rhythm the incidents and traditions and loves of the common people.

It has been the glory of our day to give ideal setting to the "Old Oaken Bucket," and the "Village Blacksmith." Henry Grady had the order of genius that makes the artist. The form in which that genius expressed itself was determined by the time and the section in which he lived. The correlation of the fine arts is nearly as well accepted as the correlation of forces. The persistent force may express itself in heat or light or electricity or magnetism, they are all forms of the same thing, and one may pass to any of the others. Genius it is which expresses itself in art. It may take any one of its forms. Music is genius

in tone. Painting is genius in color. Sculpture is genius in form. Poetry is genius in rhythm. Architecture is genius in sublime combination. Genius of the highest order is capable of expressing itself in any or all these. Michael Angelo was by turns poet, painter, sculptor, and architect. The genius of Henry W. Grady so far arose above the plane of ordinary talent that it was capable of transmutation into any of the fine arts. Had he lived in the thirteenth century he would have been an architect. Had he lived in the sixteenth and in Florence he would have been a painter. Had he lived in the seventh and in England he would have been a poet. Living in the nineteenth, and in the South, he was an editor and an orator. In thought and spirit he lived in the boundless, the radiant, the beautiful. He saw visions as beautiful as Rubens, and temples as perfect as that of Phidias. But his genius was controlled by his heart. His sympathy for men was so constant and so universal that it denied his genius expression in forms which only touched the few. His love impelled his thought to expression as wide as the needs, as deep as the suffering and as complex as the interests and relations of his fellow-men. A temple embodying his genius would not have given him so much pleasure as a poor man's heart made happy by it. Hence, without, perhaps, thinking so, unconsciously he selected that medium through which to express the ideas of beauty, truth, and goodness which he saw, that had the widest flow.

What instrument permitted him to touch most people? In what way could he get into relation with most human want? What touched man on most sides of his character and stimulated most thought and provoked most endeavor? It was the age of the newspaper. It flew into every man's home and carried a message to every man's thought. Into the newspaper he would breathe his message. Through the newspaper he would tell to men the visions which he saw of hope and help and inspiration. Not for money did he write, not for money did he care, but through writing would he make his life contribution to human weal. The newspaper became his brush and letters became his pigments. Through these he determined to make known what he felt for men and what he wished for men. He had genius to embody; he had pictures to paint. The South was his canvas. Upon this broad section he would embody what he saw. By going to

every man's home with a message, stimulating and beautiful, he would stir his heart and move his will. Thus through men he would embody all over the south the ideas which he saw. He would put them into fields of waving grain. He would put them into cattle upon every hill. He would put them into a home for every family. Around every home he would plant orchards and vineyards. Over every door he would trace vines and flowers. In the centres of population he would put great cities, for distribution and for help. Thus he would paint a picture standing over men and under men and blessing men. A panorama filled with the actual things men need, rather than the representation of these to hang in great museums.

Before he left college he delivered a speech entitled "Castles of Fancy." He painted an island beautiful for situation, embraced by the mild waters of a friendly sea. This was covered with residences handsome and inviting. In these lived families without care and without want. This was the vision he had for his loved South. Through the daily newspaper he sent it, with his love to all our people. They caught the truth. He saw his beloved section rising from the desolation of war to independence and wealth. He found his compensation in watching and recording her progress. No Diana or Venus did he attempt to bring from rough marble, but by loving word, to put the beauty of Venus and the enterprise of Diana into the spirit of every sister, mother, and wife. No sublime conception did he seek to realize in temple or cathedral, but he would see his conception distributed and lifted into a dwelling for every man's family, a school for every man's children, and a church where all the people could worship God. He would see his dreams realized in bridges spanning every river, in mills grinding the people's bread, in factories spinning their clothes, and in railroads transporting their products. He would see them lifted into an asylum for the blind, a shelter for the orphan, and a home where the veteran could spend in peace his declining years. Ideas of harmony he had, but he would see them turned into the whir of the spindle, the ring of the hammer, the splash of the steamer's wheel, and the sound of the flying train. The music of children's laughter was sweeter to him than symphonies of Beethoven. Ideas of poetry he doubtless had, but he would translate them into the

steady march of progress, and into the pulsebeats of the happy plowman.

Let it not be thought that he sought nothing beyond the realization of his genius in the material upbuilding of his section. Because of the condition the South was in after the war this was most pressing and immediate. He would put truth in every mind, the flowers of charity in every heart, honor and fairness in every relation, and the consolations of religion in every spirit. Nor is it to be supposed that he was indifferent to the advancement of other sections of our great country, but the greatest need was in his own. While cherishing nought but love and good-will for all, his aim was to contribute toward bringing the South to a level with other sections of the Union in wealth, as it had always been in character and honor. Did ever man have ambition nobler than to lift his countrymen from want to plenty, from dejection to hope, from misunderstanding to love and charity? Did ever fairer, lovelier vision float before artist's eye from out the sky of the ineffable to be thrown into form sublimer, or poem kinder, or music sweeter? He used beauty to stimulate human courage, to embellish human spirit, to enlarge human thought. His conceptions gathered themselves into clothes for human forms, into bread for children's mouths, into inspiration for human hearts. He was God's almoner. Freely he received, freely he gave. Counted by years his life was not long, but it is my honest conviction that he got more of heaven's wealth into this world, and more of heaven's hope and joy into the hearts of his countrymen than any man of his time. He drove out more of life's shadows by the light of eternity's day, and hushed more of its tumult by the repose of eternity's truth than any man I know.

It is the conceit of those whose habit of mind is to look through the eye of sense that they see more in the actual tangible world than those who are accustomed to look through the eye of reason. There never was a greater mistake. Those who see most in the world of mountain, and sea, and sky, are those who look most through imagination into the world of idea, principle, and relation.

Adams in England, and Leverrier in France, discovered Neptune, not by sweeping the heavens with their telescopes, but by careful cyphering in their studies. "Mr. Turner,"

said a friend one day to him, "I never see in nature the glows and colors you put into your pictures." "Ah! don't you wish you could though?" was the painter's reply. In an apple's fall Newton saw the law of gravitation. Goethe sees in the sections of the deer's skull the spinal vertebræ modified. Emerson sings:

"Let me go where I will
I hear a sky-born music still,
'Tis not in the stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the red breasts' yellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things —
There always, always, something sings."

Humboldt habitually dwelt in the realm of principles and ideas. He spent only five years in America, and it took twelve quartos and sixteen folios and half a dozen helpers and many years to put on record what he saw. With two friends he walked up Vesuvius one day, and the world was definitely richer in knowledge that night from this single excursion.

"The poem hangs on the berry bush
When comes the poet's eye;
The street is one long masquerade
When Shakespeare passes by."

It is said that Thoreau, the idealist, saw facts as one picks buttercups and daisies in the field. "The literalist sees only the fact, the idealist sees the idea in the fact and beyond the fact." That Henry W. Grady was an idealist, that he lived close by the clime of eternal realities, and looked out upon the stars which never go down; that he revelled in the light which comes from the sun which knows no sinking; that he kept up constant commerce with the enchanted land of beauty, is attested by the aroma that accompanied his words, and the suggestions of boundlessness and wealth which they always called forth. Was he less practical because of this? He was more so. Was he further from the real world of suffering and toil because of this? He was nearer to it. He heard the music in the mud and scum of things. He was one of the first to call attention to

the wealth of our mountains. In a speech delivered some years ago he told of a burial in Pickens County, Ga. He said the grave was dug through solid marble, but the marble headstone was from Vermont. That it was in a pine wilderness, but the pine coffin came from Cincinnati. That an iron mountain overshadowed it, but the coffin nails and screws came from Pittsburg. That hard woods and metals abounded, but the corpse was hauled on a wagon made at South Bend, Indiana. That a hickory grove was near by, but the pick and shovel handles came from New York. That the cotton shirt on the dead man came from Cincinnati, the coat and breeches from Chicago, and the shoes from Boston. That the folded hands were incased in white gloves which came from New York, and around the poor neck that had worn all its living days the bondage of lost opportunity was twisted a cheap cravat from Philadelphia. That the country, so rich in undeveloped resources, furnished nothing for the funeral but the poor man's body and the grave in which it awaited the judgment trump. And that the poor fellow lowered to his rest on coffin bands from Lowell, carried nothing into the next world as a reminder of his home in this, save the halted blood in his veins, the chilled marrow in his bones, and the echo of the dull clods that fell on his coffin lid. The attention of the people he directed to the marble in our mountains, and lived to see $3,000,000 invested in marble quarries and machinery around that grave. Twenty miles from that grave he lived to see the largest marble-cutting works in the world. He called attention to the iron in our mines, and helped to lift the iron industries of the South to rivalry with those in England and the North. He saw it advance from 212,000 tons in 1880 to the production of 845,000 tons in 1887. He called attention to the immense fund of heat God had stored away for us when he laid the foundations of the world. He helped to swell the mining industry from 3,000,000 tons of coal in 1870 to 6,000,000 in 1880, and nearly 15,000,000 tons in 1887. He saw not only the coal and iron, but the uses coming together to which they might be turned. He saw their relation to human comfort and to civilization, and under his enthusiasm, expressed in brilliant editorial through his pen, there were built some of the largest furnaces and foundries in the world. To bring this raw material of iron

and wood a little way from the mountain and the forest did not satisfy him. He wished to see it carried through nail factories, shovel and pick factories, carriage and wagon factories, on the spot. He wished to see it made ready for use and started from our doors upon the rounds of trade. He urged the application of intelligence to raw material in bridge works, car works, chain works, mill works, and hinge works.

He saw the possibilities of southern soil. In the elements which composed it, the genial skies above it, and the dews which come out of the night upon it, he saw watermelons, strawberries, cherries, grapes, pears, peaches, and all fruits and foods. His editorials on truck farming were prose poems. They carried hope and courage to the southern farmer. He idealized the Georgia watermelon; the blossom that bore it, the vine that nourished it, and the planter that protected it. In flavor, in beauty, in haste to get ripe, he helped it to the first place in the market of the world. He aided the southern strawberry to herald first in northern market the coming spring. The southern peach he made classic. He swelled its power to delight with its meat, and to suggest with its painted cheek the soft skies under which it grew. He made the southern ground-pea a wanderer around the world, and to advertise our section from the peanut stands of all countries. He loved the cotton plant. In no poet's esteem did ever rose or hyacinth or violet stand higher. Its blossom opening its leaves of white to catch scarlet from the down-flowing light, revealed the birth of a king. It was interesting to him because of its relation to human comfort and use. He loved it because it caught so much of heaven's sunshine for man. It appropriated every year from sky and ray enough cloth to protect with a suit of clothes every human being on earth. He saw more in it than its lint. He proved that though the South received $350,000,000 for its 7,000,000 bales of cotton, that it would be a valuable plant though it gave no lint at all. That after the 3,000,000,000 pounds of lint was sold, for the $350,000,000, there was left 3,750,000 tons of seed. That this would supply 150,000,000 gallons of oil, which sold at 40 cents a gallon, would bring $60,000,000. Or that it might be reduced to lard when it would produce 1,125,000,000 pounds of edible fat, which would equal in pounds 5,625,000 hogs

of 200 pounds each. Allowing 200 pounds of edible fat to each person, per annum, he showed that this could keep in meat 5,625,000 citizens. But he saw still more in the wonderful cotton plant. He proved that after the seeds are stripped of lint and the oil pressed from the seed, there remained of each ton of seeds 1,000 pounds of hulls and 750 pounds of meal; that this meal and hulls was unequaled as a fertilizer, of which the cotton crop of the South would yield 3,000,000 tons; that the meal was also the very best food for cattle and sheep, and fed to either produced meat or wool. He showed that it would furnish 6,586,500,000 pounds of stock feed — enough to stall-feed 1,175,000 for one year, and that these in turn would furnish meat for 6,000,000 more people. With good reason he declared that homage was due the cotton plant, for it caught in its fibre and packed into its seed both food and clothing for man.

Out of a few colors Rubens manufactured the radiant visions which illumined the great galleries of Europe. So Mr. Grady had ability to multiply what he saw by the imagination. A scale became a fish, a leaf a tree, and a few sounds a symphony. Twenty years ago he saw the actual South, poor, dispirited, and desolate. But as the perturbations of Uranus suggested to Adams the existence and orbit of Neptune, her very poverty and desolation suggested the wealth and beauty which slept in her bosom. To bid this wealth step forth from its hiding-place, and mingle this beauty with the purposes and hopes of her people, was his work as an editor. An invisible furnace stood by every mine, an invisible wagon factory by every hickory grove, an invisible cotton mill by every field. It was his work to make these ghosts take form. He was an idealist, but his ideas were workable and transferable. Like the engine that moved out of Watt's brain to revolutionize the world, and like the telephone that moved out of its inventor's brain to make us neighbors, the ideals which Mr. Grady had were useful. They could hammer, and spin, and weave. They could build railroads, clear forests, and remove mountains. They were not dainty, nor pale, nor thin. They were robust and hearty. They were in line with the laws of gravity, and the drift of events. The stars in their courses helped them forward. Whether they ripened in the strawberry's red, or hung in the wheat's yellow sheaf, or sweetened in the watermelon's heart,

they were ever human and helpful. Whether they hung in vines over the poor man's door, or turned in the car wheels of commerce, or remained for cheer and hope in the schoolboy's breast, they were infusing purpose and urging forward. Whether they lifted themselves up into a young men's Christian Association, or did their work in a veteran's home, or stirred a city to help the poor, they were the same lofty and generous ideals. They cheered and stimulated like music. They started the feelings in larger flow, the thoughts on wider circles, and the will to higher aims.

As an orator Mr. Grady sought, by spoken word and direct appeal, more immediately to accomplish what engaged his attention as an editor. To build up his section in wealth, to quicken its enterprise and widen its outlook, was ever his aim as editor or orator. As an orator he was in demand all over the country. An audience of 20,000 greeted him at the State fair at Texas. On the rostrum he was a master. He had action, pathos, fervor. In gesture, in manner, he was grace itself. Never did the artist in him reveal itself more clearly than in one of his great speeches. He was the embodiment of strength, unity, and beauty. The multitude hung upon his lips entranced. A living man had come to talk upon living issues, in words exquisitely chosen, in sentences marvellously wrought, and out of a heart overflowing with sympathy and good will. His message was magnetized, and baptized by a personality that conquered without effort. Straight to the heart it went, mingling with the blood and assimilating the thought. It captured and held in the most magical way, imagination, and reason, and conviction. To hear his words as they fell from the chambers of his imagery, shot through with colors of his own soul, and filled with the truth he had to utter, was absolutely delightful. They united hearts by a spell and made them the speaker's own.

On three notable occasions, and by three remarkable speeches, his power as an orator was best illustrated, and his fame as an orator most firmly established. The first was upon the occasion of the New England dinner in New York more than three years ago, when he delivered the address on "The New South." A company of higher character or broader intelligence does not meet in this country. To touch the body of gentlemen composing that club is to touch American thought. To convince that company and

win it, is to convince and win a large place in America's heart. The surroundings were complicated. Demonstrations in honor of Jefferson Davis had been credited to the remains of the spirit of rebellion. How the South could honor its living heroes, and cover with flowers the graves of its sleeping dead, and yet be loyal to the flag and in sympathy with the Union, was not understood.

The crossing of swords by editors of different sections had kept the air full of misunderstandings and misinterpretations. Thus to be called to speak of the South to such a company, and under such conditions, while an honor, was attended with grave peril. Mr. Grady recognized the delicacy of the position, and accepted the responsibility. He had lived long enough to form for himself a conception of the South. He understood her resources, the hearts and motives of her people. He had imbibed from her genial skies, and learned from her loving sons, and caught from her suffering and her trials, lessons which went to make the conception complete. It was not overdrawn; it was not unfair. It was such a conception of the South as squared with the facts. This conception he was not to chisel into cold, unfeeling marble, but he was to throw it out into northern thought, and to make it live entire and complete in northern hearts. His traditions, his instincts, his training, came to his help. His exquisite taste and boundless charity guided him. The mistake of a word or of an insinuation would have been fatal. He accomplished his work like a prince. He embodied his conception in northern sentiment and left it to live and work in northern convictions. It sensibly and perceptibly moved the sections nearer together. It removed much bitterness, and inaugurated a better day. The gulf stream hugged in mid-winter New England's ice-bound coast. The warm winds from its waters softened and scattered the blizzards that rushed over New England's hills.

His next notable speech was in our own city. An awful curse, the liquor traffic, had been prohibited by law in Fulton county. Two years of prosperity and peace had come as the result. More coal was sold to warm the poor; more hats and bonnets were sold to gladden the wives and children of working men; more furniture was sold to make comfortable the homes; more children were in school; more worshippers

were in church; fewer inmates were in the poor-house; fewer criminals were in jail and the lock-up; fewer men were sent to the penitentiary. There was more hope and happiness in the hearts of children, more safety in the streets. More of all that was real and good and useful was in Atlanta because of prohibition. But love of gain led those whose business had been the destruction of love, and the ruin of men, to call another election, with the hope of again inaugurating the awful work. With all his might and enthusiasm he threw himself into the opposition. His friends were in both sides of the conflict, but he had a conception of a city redeemed and moving to wealth, without the blood money of the weak. This conception he desired to see abide in the city of his love, a perpetual benediction. The conflict was raging, the parties were massed and strictly defined; meetings and processions were held first by one and then by the other On a certain night it was announced that Mr. Grady would speak for prohibition at the warehouse, a large building that had been secured for prohibition meetings. Six thousand people had assembled to hear him. Such a speech on prohibition, measured by the enthusiasm it awakened and the applause it called forth, has never been delivered on this earth before or since. He said just before he died that his work in that campaign he desired to be known as what he regarded the best of his life.

His last great speech was in Boston. It was upon the occasion of a banquet given by the merchants of that city. He was asked to discuss the race problem. His former addresses had come to the attention of the republic. He was the acknowledged leader of the South. What he said was insured a hearing, and what he wrote a reading. He was to speak on a subject less understood and more often treated than any in our social life. A theme hackneyed and old, but a theme ever new, because coming up in so many forms, and charged with interests so peculiar and relations so difficult of adjustment. He was to speak in the home of Sumner and Phillips, and under the shadow of Faneuil Hall. He was to be just to the South, fair to a weal and belated race, and true to the facts, from which conclusions had been drawn so diverse. He had a conception of the colored race, and a solution for the colored problem. It was not to be settled by law, or by force, or by editorials written at a dis-

tance from the South, but by love. He was a true and tried friend to the colored people. He had been petted and nursed when a child by a colored mamma. He had been melted by their songs and charmed by their folk lore. All who knew his heart, understood that he could not have been unjust to them. He uttered his message in Boston, and through Boston to the people of this country. They heard and pondered it. They said, These are the words of an earnest, honest, manly man. They are spoken in love. We shall treasure them, and honor the man who uttered them. Those who differed from him, did so in respect and good will. He left the scenes of his triumph, wrapped in the nation's applause, and came home to die, amid the tears and anguish of his people.

He had the simplest habits. He tasted neither tea nor coffee, nor wine nor tobacco. He did not even drink milk. Nothing but pure water ever passed his lips. Yet no one relished more the simple pleasures of life. The world meant more to him and brought him more than to others: The changing seasons stimulated and cheered him. The flying clouds dropped something on their white folds into his thoughts that moved him and lifted him. The flowers in meadow and field whispered to his ear things that others did not hear. The golden air, down which he saw, when a boy, the pigeons fly had a blessed meaning to him. The solemn night and falling dew brought awe and reverence to his spirit. Most of all did he take interest in the affairs and feelings and destiny of his fellowman. He was concerned about all things relating to human life, its business, its loves, its fears, its hopes. Byron said that his college friends, after they had completed their studies, went about the world wearing monstrous masks, as lawyers, soldiers, parsons, and the like. Mr. Grady looked through social distinctions and official decorations to the hearts and interests beneath them. A newsboy's tale of sorrow held him as completely as the movements of senators. As an editor and an orator he sought to advance public interests and social well being; as a man his work was with individuals. He was related by some act of kindness to every individual in his native city. He was constantly speaking a word or writing a telegram about individuals when they had no thought of it. He saw everything and felt everything that concerned the people

about him. Whether they were lawyers or doctors, engineers or bootblacks, if he had come to know them, they were ever after carried in his mind. Their interests were conserved. As best he could, he protected them. Many a bit of stirring news he has kept out of his paper rather than indirectly wound a friend, or those related to that friend. A gentleman who for a long time was Mr. Grady's city editor, and whose work it was to get out all the news he could, said that Mr. Grady was constantly suppressing things he wanted to publish, because they touched somebody he loved. His heart and his pocket-book were open, the one to give sympathy, the other help. During his last days, when delirious, he was often talking of helping some poor fellow to get a start. He would say, "I'll give twenty-five dollars, and this one will give you so much, and thus we will get him on his feet again."

He had a deeply religious nature, a strong faith in God. On a visit to his mother in Athens, he told her he wanted to be a boy again. She toasted cheese for him in the corner, and tucked the cover around him at night, and breathed to heaven a prayer for him as she had for her little boy in the years departed. She went with him to the Sunday school, and when the children sang, "Shall We Gather at the River?" he covered his face in both his hands and cried. When his mother came to see him in his last illness, the first word he said to her was, "Mother, my feet are in the river."

When he was at the University of Virginia he went with Mr. Charlie McKesson to the home of Thomas Jefferson. Having reached the home of the great Jefferson, a party of gallant beaux and fair women who had preceded them, were engaged in a dance. His friends proposed that they get each a partner and join in the dance. "Charlie McKesson," said Mr. Grady, "do you know that this was the home of the greatest man whom this country has ever produced? He was not only the author of the Declaration of Independence, but he was a congressman, governor, foreign minister, secretary of state, vice-president, and president of the United States, and it does seem to me a desecration to sing and dance in thoughtless revelry over the ashes of the 'Sage of the Monticello.'" His friend went into the room to get his partner, while Mr. Grady walked under the stars to commune with

the spirit of the great man who had made that a classic spot in America. To stand with uncovered head on Bunker Hill out of respect to the memory of those who had made that mound classic, was the most natural thing in the world for him to do. He loved his countrymen. He had a nature that had been touched and made soft and universal by the religion of Him who loved all men. This it was that enabled him to hold in his hand the key that promised to bring the lightnings from the dark clouds of misunderstanding above our political sky, harmless to the ground. His death was a great calamity, and has cast a shadow as wide as the republic.

THE GAP BETWEEN COMMON SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.*

BY PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT, OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

In July last, Professor Canfield, of the University of Kansas, read before the National Council of Education a well-considered report on secondary education in the United States. This valuable paper gives a clear picture of the undeveloped condition of secondary education throughout the country, and demonstrates that just there lies the weakest part of our educational system. No State in the American Union possesses anything which can be properly called a system of secondary education. The elementary, or common school system, both in city and country, is tolerably organized in many States; but between the elementary schools and the colleges is a wide gap very imperfectly bridged by a few public high schools, endowed academies, college preparatory departments, and private schools, which conform to no common standards and are under no unifying control. The masses of the rural population,— that is to say, three-quarters of the American people — are unprovided with secondary schools. The town and city high schools are, on the one hand, independent of each other and of any superior educational authority; and, on the other, are entirely in the power of local committees or boards which can but rarely look beyond the immediate interests of the particular region which supports each school. Many States have adopted permissive legislation with regard to the maintenance of high schools; but for the most part this legislation has produced no fruits. Only one State in the Union — Massachusetts — has mandatory legislation on this subject; but in that State a large proportion of the 230 so-called high schools are not secondary schools in any proper sense. Because of the lack

* The substance of this paper was read in New York on the 20th of February, 1890, before the Superintendents' Department of the National Education Association.

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of secondary schools competent to prepare their pupils for college, five-sixths of the colleges and universities in the United States maintain preparatory departments against their will, and in disregard of the interests of the higher instruction.

One would infer from Professor Canfield's report that with regard to secondary education, the condition of things in Massachusetts — a little State in which sixty per cent. of the population may fairly be called urban — is better than anywhere else in the United States. Perhaps it is; but how wide the gap is between the common schools in Massachusetts and her colleges may be inferred from a few facts about the supply of students to Harvard College. Only nine Massachusetts high schools (out of 230) send pupils to Harvard College every year. In 1889, out of 352 persons who were admitted to Harvard College as candidates for the degree of bachelor of arts, ninety-seven (or twenty-seven and one-half per cent.) were prepared at free public schools; but these schools numbered only thirty, and all New England furnished but twenty-three of them. The plain fact is in Massachusetts that not one-tenth of the schools called high habitually maintain a course of study which enables the pupil to prepare himself for admission to Harvard College, or to any other college in the State which enforces its requirements for admission as stated in its catalogue.

If this is the condition of things in what may be called an urban State, what must it be in a rural one? Imagine a patriot compelled to choose between two alternatives,—one, that the less intelligent half of his countrymen should be completely illiterate, the other, that half of the children capable of receiving the highest instruction should be cut off from that instruction. Which would he choose? He would find the decision a difficult one; for either alternative would inflict an incalculable loss upon his country. Yet in the present condition of secondary education, one-half of the most capable children in the United States, at a moderate estimate, have no open road to colleges and universities.

To discover and to apply the remedies for the present defective, disjointed, and heterogeneous condition of secondary education is the problem now most worthy of the attention of American educationists; but while seeking remedies they must use palliatives. Recognizing the plain fact of to-day — that secondary schools are insufficient in number and defec-

tive in quality — what can colleges do, under these adverse circumstances, to make themselves as useful as possible to the population, while awaiting a better organization of secondary education? Is it not their plain duty to maintain two schedules of requirements, one for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, the other for the degree of Bachelor of Science or Philosophy, the latter demanding much less preparatory study than the former? American colleges have been severely criticised for receiving students whose preparation was confessedly inferior to that required of candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts; but even the oldest and strongest of them have done this, and they have done it from a genuine desire to be serviceable to as large a proportion as possible of American youth. One lower grade of admission examinations, leading to a distinct degree, is an expedient concession to the feeble condition of secondary education throughout the country. That grade of secondary schools which cannot prepare pupils for the bachelor of arts course, but can prepare them for the bachelor of science course, is thus brought into serviceable connection with the colleges.

The same may be said of the slight and elementary examinations on which many universities admit to their professional schools. It is much to be regretted that, concerning the great majority of lawyers and physicians, the community has no security that they are men of any general cultivation or liberal training; but the fault or defect is at the secondary school stage. The universities palliate the acknowledged evil by admitting to a professional training which is in itself a strenuous education, men whose defective earlier education can never — except in rarest instances — be made good.

Another expedient measure for keeping colleges in touch with that large proportion of the American population which has no access to systematic secondary instruction is the admission to college, without any comprehensive examination, of persons who prove themselves able to pursue special subjects which are taught in college but not elsewhere, and who without expectation of any degree are willing to submit to all college tests of their industry and capacity. This measure was adopted at Harvard College so long ago as 1826, and was in force till 1848, when it was temporarily abandoned, to be taken up again in 1873. It is an arrangement

liable to abuse, and likely, if not vigilantly watched, to impair the discipline of secondary schools; but through it a considerable number of worthy and able young men, who would otherwise be cut off, get access to the institutions of higher education — to their great advantage and the benefit of the community.

There are those who think that some colleges have gone unnecessarily far in offering different courses with diminishing requirements for admission and different degrees. Such colleges seem to say: if a candidate cannot get into our classical course, perhaps he can enter the literary course; if not the literary, then the scientific; if not the scientific, at any rate the agricultural. The value of all degrees seems to be threatened by this unnecessary multiplicity of titles and conditions; and the standards of good secondary schools must needs be unfavorably affected by a long sliding scale of requirements for admission to the several courses offered by a single institution.

The consideration of the palliatives which colleges may resort to in the present feeble and distracted condition of secondary education, is, however, much less attractive than the study of the remedies for existing evils and defects.

To improve secondary education in the United States, two things are necessary — (1) more schools are needed; (2) the existing schools need to be brought to common and higher standards, so that the colleges may find in the school courses a firm, broad, and reasonably homogeneous foundation for their higher work.

(1.) *More schools.* Secondary schools are either day schools or boarding-schools, the urban school being primarily a day school, and the rural a boarding-school. The public secondary school is now urban almost exclusively, and it must be admitted that it is likely to continue so; for no promising suggestion has as yet been made for a rural area of support for a highly organized secondary school. It is admitted that neither a rural township nor a union of contiguous rural districts can ordinarily support such a school. The county has been suggested as a possible area of support; but there is no sufficient evidence that a rural county, apart from its town or towns of dense population, can support a good high school. To increase the present number of secon-

dary schools which can really fit pupils for college, what are the most hopeful lines of action? In the first place, every effort should be made by school authorities, the press, and other leaders of public opinion, to promote the establishment of secondary urban day schools, both public and private, and to adapt the programmes of existing schools to the admission requirements of some college course which leads to a degree. It is noticeable that, in the older cities, and to some extent in the younger ones also, the best private schools exist right beside the best public schools. The causes which produce one class of schools tend to produce the other. Secondly, rural communities ought to be authorized by suitable legislation to contribute to the establishment (including the provision of buildings) and annual support of urban secondary schools which are conveniently situated for their use. Thirdly, there should be authorized by law special secondary school districts, much larger than the areas which support primary and grammar schools, and constructed with reference to railroad communications. It is much easier for a boy or girl to go to school fifteen miles by rail than to walk to school in all weathers two miles by country lanes. The rural population has something to hope from legislative recognition of railways as chief features in secondary school districts. The Massachusetts normal schools illustrate this principle; for in reality they are slightly modified high schools, partly boarding-schools, and partly local and railroad day schools. Fourthly, every effort should be made to stimulate private benevolence to endow rural secondary boarding-schools or academies, under corporate management. A boarding-school ought always to be in the country; and a rural secondary school would almost necessarily be, in part at least, a boarding-school.

(2.) *Common standards.* The existing means of elevating and regulating secondary school instruction may be conveniently considered under two heads — (*a*) State aid and supervision, and (*b*) college admission requirements. Both agencies are already useful, but both may be greatly improved and extended.

(*a*) *State aid and supervision.* It seems to have been the object of high school legislation in some States, as for example in Massachusetts and in Maine, to encourage the creation of a large number of low grade high schools without really

expecting them to effect any junction with colleges. Such at any rate has been the effect of the mandatory legislation of Massachusetts, and such must be the general result of the aid offered to free high schools by Maine. That unprosperous State now offers to give any free high school as much money per year as its supporting area annually appropriates for instruction in the school, provided the State grant shall not exceed $250 in any case. No inspection or examination of aided schools is provided for. Such legislation encourages the establishment of numerous weak schools, without helping appreciably the schools already strong.

Much wiser is the legislation of Minnesota which established twelve years ago a State High School Board, and offered $400 a year to any high school which was found by the Board after competent inspection to fulfil the following conditions: — the aided school must receive both sexes free, and non-resident pupils also without fees, provided such pupils can pass examinations in all common school subjects below algebra and geometry, and must maintain "regular and orderly courses of study, embracing all the branches prescribed as prerequisite for admission to the collegiate department of the University of Minnesota not lower than the sub-Freshman class." The Board may appoint any competent persons to visit the high schools and may pay them, but not more than three dollars a day. Not more than five schools can be aided in any one county, and any school once accepted by the Board and continuing to comply with all the regulations must be aided for not less than three years. The State appropriated in 1878 only $9,000 for the use of the Board; but this amount was raised the next year to $20,000, and in 1883 to $23,000. The Board consists of the Governor, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the President of the University of Minnesota. By careful inspections the Board has classified the high schools of the State, the nine high schools of the first rank preparing pupils for the Freshman class of the University. This high school legislation seems the wisest which has been adopted in the United States. It encourages no schools but those which are already fairly well organized; insists that aided schools shall connect directly with the University; avoids expensive examinations; provides a reasonable amount of inspection; grades schools by their programmes and general

efficiency, not by individual examination results; gives no pecuniary advantage to a large school over one equally well conducted but smaller; requires aided schools to take non-resident pupils without charge; and applies almost the whole of the State's grant to the direct development of instruction — always the most productive application of money intended to benefit schools or colleges. Minnesota is a new and sparsely settled State, and its High School Board acts as yet upon a modest scale; but the principles of its high school legislation may be advantageously copied in any State of the Union, however old, or rich, or densely populated.

The State of New York furnishes the country with an excellent opportunity of studying another method of improving secondary education through State aid and supervision. This State, in 1784, created on paper an ample framework called the University of the State of New York, which was to include all the academic and collegiate institutions of the State. It must be confessed that neither the State of New York nor the country at large has, until recently, taken this institution seriously; partly because it has not been a teaching body, and partly, perhaps, because a position on the Board of Regents has seemed to be regarded as an honorary distinction suitable for State officials, politicians more or less retired, orators, editors, lawyers, and men of wealth and leisure, rather than as an appointment appropriate for professional educationists. Indeed, the fundamental law concerning the University expressly provides that no officer of any institution belonging to the University shall be at the same time a Regent; so that almost all persons professionally concerned with education in the State are excluded from the Board. Nevertheless, in spite of such mild criticism of the University as the words "legal fiction" and "myth" convey—the Board of Regents has really exercised for many years considerable powers, and has set agencies at work which now have a strong effect upon secondary education throughout the State. The institution in 1863 of the annual University Convocation has added greatly to the influence and usefulness of the Board, and furnishes a striking illustration of the great good which can be done by bringing school and college men together under favorable conditions for discussion and consultation. The largest and most important function of the Board is that of con-

ducting examinations at the academies and high schools of the State in all the subjects taught in those schools, and of issuing to the persons who pass the examinations certificates and diplomas which are good for their face at the New York colleges. The examination results also serve as the basis for the annual distribution of $100,000 of public money among the academies and high schools of the State. The methods, therefore, combine State aid with State supervision; but this supervision is chiefly exercised, not by visits of inspection to the schools, but by uniform and simultaneous written examinations in subjects taught in the schools.

It is unquestionable that the Regents' examinations have tended to raise the average standard of instruction in the academies and high schools, to extend and improve school programmes, to bring schools and colleges together by doing away with useless diversities of programme in secondary schools, and useless diversities of admission requirements in colleges, and to stimulate some of the communities which maintain these schools to give them better support, and to take a pride in improving them. These are great services which deserve the respectful attention of the other States of the Union, and of all persons interested in the creation of an American system of secondary education. The Regents have proved that a State examining board can exercise a stimulating, elevating, and unifying influence upon hundreds of institutions of secondary education scattered over a large State, and can wield that power through machinery which, considering the scale of operations, may fairly be called simple and inexpensive. The system is so interesting and suggestive that even its defects should be carefully studied.

The most obvious criticism of the Regents' methods touches the preparation of the question papers in the forty subjects of examination. The examination papers of the Board do not proceed from a body of men of recognized authority in teaching, and they are not prepared by specialists in each subject. It is understood that one or two persons write all the papers. The Regents' mode of providing examination papers differs widely from the method employed at Harvard College in preparing papers for the admission examinations. At Harvard, each paper is first written by an expert in its subject; next, it is criticised by all the teachers of the department to which the subject belongs, as for exam-

ple, by all the teachers in Latin, or Greek, or mathematics; and lastly, it must be approved by a committee in which all the departments concerned with the admission examinations are represented. With all this care serious mistakes of judgment are from time to time committed. The Regents' method seems too uniform and unguarded, and it can hardly carry the desirable weight of authority.

The next criticism might well be directed to the mode of conducting the examinations. So long as they are conducted at the academies and by the principals or their deputies without supervision by any agent of the Regents, they cannot command that confidence which independent examinations conducted by agents of the Regents would command. If the cost of conducting independent examinations be a serious difficulty,— which one can hardly suppose,— it may be suggested that one examination a year perfectly conducted would serve the interests of the schools and colleges better than the existing three conducted in the present manner. Indeed, a reduction in the number of examination periods seems desirable for many cogent reasons. The integrity of the examinations is of paramount importance; no other consideration, like those of economy, rapidity, or convenience, is of the same order. The Regents' annual reports indicate unmistakably that the marking of the answer papers should be done exclusively by the Regents' examiners. The average percentage of disallowed claims for preliminary certificates in the nineteen years from 1869 to 1888 was fifteen and one-half per cent., showing that the principals and the examiners differed in more than one case out of seven in these elementary subjects. For intermediate and language subjects, and for the optional groups, similar divergencies appear between the verdicts of principals and those of examiners; but the difference between different institutions is so great in this respect, and the total numbers are so moderate, that averages are not very instructive. For the honesty of the examinations the Regents depend on a solemn asseveration made at the end of every answer paper by every person under examination, and on a very comprehensive affidavit made by the principal. These means seem insufficient, and on the whole, unjustifiable. They are distasteful and unnecessary for honorable persons, ineffective for the dishonorable, and entrapping for the thoughtless.

Another criticism might be directed against the quality of the Regents' examiners. Ten persons, four men and six women, are employed chiefly upon the academic examinations, and their average salary is $1,000, only two receiving more than $900. All these are doubtless excellent servants of the Board; but in addition to this anonymous force, a scholar and teacher of recognized position, a college professor, if possible, should be employed to supervise the judging of answer papers in each of the principal subjects—mathematics, classics, modern languages, English, natural sciences, and so forth—and be responsible towards the public for the accuracy and fairness of the work. These places should not be sinecures, but well-paid and laborious posts. The incumbents would not only give dignity and authority to the examinations, but they would guard the system against the chief danger which besets examinations conducted by persons who are not teachers, namely, that the examinations will not keep pace with the incessant improvements in teaching. Signs are not wanting that the Regents' system needs defence against this danger. For example, the last syllabus still prescribes for the examinations in Latin and Greek certain specified amounts of Cæsar, Virgil, Sallust, Cicero, Xenophon, and Homer, and the latest examination-papers present passages selected exclusively from these prescribed quantities; whereas the best opinion among accomplished classical teachers has for some years been that reading at sight is the most satisfactory test of a pupil's acquired power over Latin and Greek, and that classical teachers in secondary schools can only be kept fresh and vigorous by giving them that variety and liberty in their teaching which the at-sight test permits. How can a teacher retain any clear reasoning powers if he is compelled to read every year with his class the Cataline orations, those models of specious and inflated rhetoric?

If it is easy to point out some defects in the academic examinations of the University of the State of New York, it is much more important to call attention to the services which the Regents have rendered, and can hereafter render, to the cause of education. If they develop a wise system of control over secondary schools, by examinations alone, or, better, by a combination of examinations with inspection—a method which they are quite at liberty to adopt, and indeed have

already adopted in a limited way—their example will be efficacious with other States. If they succeed in effecting a close contact between secondary schools and colleges, their success will be a beacon-light for the whole country.

(6.) *College admission requirements.* College requirements for admission act effectively on those secondary schools only which prepare some of their pupils for college; upon that large proportion of high schools and academies which do not, they have only an indirect, although a sensible effect. For the broad purposes of the State, the influence of colleges, even if they were associated together, could not be so immediate and potent as the influence of the State, whether the latter were exerted by inspection or by examination. It is in a narrower field, therefore, that the higher institutions of education can act on the lower. At present they act in three ways.

The feeblest way is by prescribing for admission a knowledge of certain books, or of certain well-defined subjects, and then admitting candidates on the certificate of any schoolmaster that they have gone over all the prescribed books or subjects. If the prescriptions of the college are judicious, they are not without some favorable effect on the curricula of the certifying schools; but it may be reasonably objected to this method that it gives the college inadequate protection against incompetent students, and the public no means of forming a just estimate of different schools. Certificates are apt to be accepted from good and bad schools alike, the anxiety to secure students in a struggling college over-riding every other consideration. Particularly is this apt to be the case in a small college in which the president has succeeded in getting the subject of admissions out of the hands of the faculty and into his own. Under this system, a really good school has no means of proving itself good, and a bad school is not promptly exposed. Within a few years this feeblest of all methods has come into use, without any safeguards whatever, in the large majority of New England colleges, no system of State inspection or examination existing there, no pretence being made that the certifying schools are examined, or even occasionally visited, by the colleges. A more demoralizing method of establishing a close connection between secondary schools and colleges it would be hard to imagine. Nevertheless, even under this loose and unguarded

method, which only the two largest New England colleges have completely resisted, some good has resulted from co-operative action between preparatory schools and colleges to make admission requirements, on paper at least, uniform for the same subjects. The uniform requirements in English, which prevail all over New England except at Yale University, and have lately been adopted by some institutions in the Middle States, supply a noteworthy case in point.

The method just described is a corruption or degradation of a somewhat safer method of securing close connection between secondary schools and colleges which was first adopted twenty years ago by the University of Michigan. This safer method, as developed by that University, amounts to this: — The University admits candidates on the diplomas of any schools, near or remote, within the State or without, which are visited and accepted once in three years by a committee of the Faculty, or by other persons designated by the University. The visit may be repeated if any important changes take place in a school within the three years. The diplomas must specify that the candidates have sustained examinations at school in all the studies prescribed for admission to one or other of the University courses leading to a degree. There were in 1889 seventy schools holding this "diploma relation" to the University of Michigan. It cannot be doubted that this method is well adapted for recruiting rapidly a single dominant State University; but its value as a method for general adoption obviously depends on the thoroughness, impartiality, and publicity of the inspection which it provides. The inspection provided by the University of Michigan seems to fail on all three points. Considering the rapidity with which teachers are changed in American schools, an inspection once in three years seems too infrequent. It is simply incredible that a busy college faculty should have time to inspect properly any considerable number of secondary schools, or that it would furnish a sufficient number of inspectors competent in all secondary school subjects. The Harvard Faculty of arts and sciences is larger than the corresponding Michigan Faculty; yet the Harvard Faculty would probably declare that they could not inspect twenty secondary schools a year with sufficient thoroughness to warrant them in expressing a public judgment on the merits of the several schools, unless indeed they per-

formed this function at the expense of their own proper work of collegiate instruction. Moreover there is not a single member of the Harvard Faculty who would, without a good deal of special preparation, feel himself competent to examine a well-organized secondary school in all its departments. To examine thoroughly such a school, a committee of at least three members of the Harvard Faculty would be required, and these teachers would have to be withdrawn from their college work for three or four days in the case of a neighboring school, and for a longer time in the case of a distant school. As to procuring competent inspectors — not of the Faculty — in numerous remote localities, it seems quite impossible, when we consider how much knowledge, experience, and good judgment are required for examining all the work of any school. The moment we come down to such details as these, we inevitably conclude that the inspection of secondary schools provided by the University of Michigan, single-handed, must be rather cursory. It is also obvious that the method is not public enough in its processes to demonstrate its fairness and sufficiency, and therefore to command general confidence. The single acting authority obviously has interests of its own to serve. For the purposes of this discussion, it is not necessary to maintain that the diploma method, as conducted in Michigan, has not worked well, or even that it has not worked so well as the method of admission by examination, as conducted in Michigan. There is some gain in establishing friendly relations between seventy secondary schools and any university. But it is necessary to urge that it lacks adequate securities, and is therefore not fit for general adoption. The Minnesota method, which provides in the State High School Board an independent inspecting authority, is greatly to be preferred.

There remains the most effective mode in which colleges act on the superior sort of secondary schools, namely the method of conducting careful examinations in all the subjects acceptable for admission. These examinations have a fair degree of publicity; for most colleges circulate freely their question papers. Harvard College also publishes in detail the results of its examinations for admission. Such examinations are no longer, as formerly, held only at the seat of the college conducting them, but may be held simultaneously at as many places as the convenience of candidates may require.

Several eastern colleges now conduct examinations at numerous places widely distributed over the country. Yale University distinctly announces that it will hold an admission examination "in any city or at any school where the number of candidates and the distance from other places of examination may warrant it." The method can easily be given a national application by any institution which has prestige and a numerous staff. In the long run, it grades schools fairly, and it is very stimulating to the older classes of secondary schools. Like all examinations conducted by an authority independent of the schools, it also protects the masters of schools, both public and private, against the unwarrantable importunities of parents, trustees, and committee men. Nevertheless it is open to some serious objections. In the first place, it is not sufficiently public. The question papers may look well; but the standard for passing may be unreasonably low, the public having no means of estimating the degree of strictness with which the answer papers are marked. Secondly, the colleges have until lately, acted singly, each for itself, without consultation or concert. Each college or university is, therefore, naturally supposed to be seeking its own interest rather than the common welfare. Thirdly, in a small college a few men, who, perhaps, have peculiarities or whims, may control all the admission examinations for many years, to the disadvantage of the college and the annoyance of schools. All these evils would be removed or reduced by a system of co-operation among several colleges.

At the conclusion of this rapid survey, the question naturally suggests itself, in what directions patriots who desire to see American secondary schools improved and connected more closely with colleges may look for progress. There are certainly three such directions.

(1.) We may expect State examining and inspecting systems to improve and extend, for they have demonstrated their utility; and, remembering the extremes to which examination methods have been carried in England, we may reasonably hope that State boards will more and more inspect institutions, as well as examine individuals. The profession of school inspector will therefore become recognized as a separate and honorable calling.

(2.) We may hope to see formed a combination of four

or five of the universities which maintain large departments of arts and sciences to conduct simultaneously, at well-selected points all over the country, examinations in all the subjects anywhere acceptable for admission to colleges or professional schools, the answer papers to be marked by persons annually selected by the combined universities and announced to the public, all results to be published but without the names of candidates, and certificates to be good anywhere for the subjects mentioned in them. We see reason to believe that such a co-operative system would be simple though extensive; that it would present no serious difficulties, mechanical or other; that it would be convenient and economical for candidates, and self-supporting on moderate fees; and finally, that it would be authoritative, flexible, stimulating, unifying, and just.

(3.) We may expect to see a great extension of the scholarship system, whereby promising youth are helped through secondary schools and colleges. States, cities, towns, and endowments provided by private benevolence, will all contribute to the development of this well-proved system.

THE RACE QUESTION.

BY HON. WM. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE, OF KENTUCKY.

THE history of America since its discovery by Columbus has been one of the continuous development of race problems. There has been no part of the continent that has not had to meet this question of the relations of alien races; and to-day it remains unsettled, confronting every separate government, and indeed confronting the local governments which in parts of the two continents constitute the respective nations. Upon the hypothesis, which is that on which European and American civilization is built, that the race is one race, created by God in His likeness, it is the inexplicable problem of the ages. If we could realize precisely the condition of Europe when Paul stood upon Mars Hill in Athens and pronounced that wondrous oration, which he delivered in answer to the demand of the Athenian people by some of whom he was called a babbler, and the condition of Europe and America to-day, and recall that it has been through the influence of the principles laid down in that oration that this wondrous change has been accomplished, we would have still greater difficulty in reading aright the mystery of the present unsettled questions growing out of the difference in the races. The central thought of Paul was expressed in that verse which has been one of the most frequently used in all these discussions: "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation."

The only justifiable postulate for the Christian religion and for free institutions is that God created men of one blood, and that in His likeness, and therefore Christ as the Son of God is the Brother of all mankind, and men as the sons of God are necessarily free, and, with equal necessity, equal. If this be not true, there is no substantial and unshakable foundation for either the Christian religion, or Christian phil-

osophy, or free institutions. And we must accept this as the fundamental truth in all our attempts to reach the exact nature of the problem which now confronts us, and by this truth we must measure every proposed remedy for whatever evils we may suffer under. It has been said that ethnology is the youngest and the fairest daughter of science; that she springs from the first act of Divine love to the human race, that is, its creation; but that the facts which she brings to the student are of incessant wars, cruel conquests, inhuman slavery, and the gratification of every base and ignoble passion; but that her conquest will be when in the end the unity of the race will be synonymous with its universal salvation.

It is not, therefore, wise for us to let go of this first and fundamental principle; and perhaps it is not saying too much to aver that this is held more intensely and more universally among the white people of what is known as the "South," the sixteen Southern States, than in any part of the world. The simple and old-fashioned construction of the first few chapters in Genesis, and the received construction of the plan of atonement, have had more acceptance and control in the South, and are to-day more reverently and implicitly received there, than anywhere known to me. It is indubitably true that whatever else may be said about us, we do accept the duties which grow out of the presence of the negro among us, in the light and under the belief that Christ died for him.

But this does not change the concurrent testimony of all secular history and of all biblical history since the dispersion of man on the plains of Shinar at the Tower of Babel, that man has been divided into not only different, but unassimilable, races; that race prejudice, race hatred, race affinity are among the most intense and permanent of all human passions, and he is an exceedingly shallow thinker who can believe that a passion so intense, so lasting, and so fruitful is not based in the very centre of our nature, and that it can be easily eliminated by any political belief or temporary change of relationship.

The other half of the Pauline statement is equally true, and has been as completely demonstrated in the course of the eighteen centuries since he uttered that oration; and that is that "God hath determined the bounds of their

habitation." Nor is it true that the Christian religion has ever attempted or professed to attempt to wipe out race distinctions any more than it directly undertakes to overthrow human governments and supplant them with new and Christian institutions. The conquest of nations by other religions, like the conquest of various peoples by the Mohammedans, so that institutions give way and race distinctions are attempted to be abolished, does not mark the development of Christianity. Its differentiating trait is that it is adapted to all races and to every condition; that it takes each particular man as he is and makes out of him the most of which he is capable, but that it leaves him in the true sense of identity the same identical man that he was before, be he Jew, or Greek, or Scythian, or barbarian. Do not let us, therefore, permit any false view of Christianity or any false sentimentality based upon an improper conception of the work of Christianity to obscure the real nature of the problem that we have before us. Christianity does not make a white man a negro, nor change a negro into a white man, nor make of negroes and white men an amalgam partly white and partly negro. It leaves each white man precisely the same white man he was before, and it leaves each negro precisely the same negro in all that belonged to either of them as members of different races. Racially each is the same after conversion that he was before. I beg to urge this truth upon the Christian thought of the North, and I beg them to look into the history of the conquests by Christianity of the various nations of the world since the Crucifixion to see whether there has been any destruction of race prejudice or passion under the influence of our religion. It has elevated, ennobled, humanized; and, therefore, it has made peace, and love, and justice instead of the sword, and war, and cruelty, mark the treatment of nations and races, and characterize the relation of different peoples. It has not only not destroyed race distinctions, but during the eighteen centuries of its domination there have grown up in contiguous Christian countries race peculiarities so marked and so different as to be to-day one of the most difficult of problems. The long domination of the Moor in Spain did not keep separate the Spanish and Saracenic populations any more than the peculiarities of race between the French and the Germans have been perpetuated

under common beliefs as to Christianity, and environments in many important respects similar. We must, therefore, understand that that development of mankind which is as much under law as is the material world around us, has been and will continue to be under these inextricable principles; that in a sense which is real and controlling, all mankind are one; but, that essential unity is accompanied with a diversity of race so great as to be limited only by the fact of unity; and that these diversities are so important and influential that they are to be considered with the same care as that essential unity. I think I may go one step further and suggest that out of the unity of the race grows our duty to be just and humane; out of the diversity of the race grows our duty to see that each race is as far as practicable kept separate and protected in those habitations which God had appointed unto it.

We claim, with a confidence that smacks sometimes of arrogance, that our particular race is the dominating race of the world, and its remarkable progress towards universal power during the last two centuries gives color to this claim. That power has grown largely from colonization. We have been a race of emigrants, and wherever we have settled we found ourselves confronted with an alien race which we either destroyed or enslaved. In no part of the world has this English-speaking race of ours entered into partnership with any other race. We have admitted by assimilation and merger many thousands, indeed many millions of individuals of other Caucasian families into our communities, and their descendants and we have become one people. But we have formed no copartnership in government with any other people; and as to all races which in the progress of time by climatic and other influences have become colored, we have fiercely and cruelly refused to make any terms save of inferiority. We have considered any admixture of such blood as adulteration, and have put the brand of proscription more legibly and cruelly upon the offspring of such adulteration than the mark of nature itself. And in this country, based upon the conception that man as man was capable of free government, and upon the universal brotherhood of man, we have never for a moment even contemplated the admission of the Indian to political association; and with a rigor that had in it many elements of injustice, and perhaps in distinct violation of

treaty faith, we have excluded the Chinaman from our shores. The fundamental reasons which justify, if indeed this conduct can be justified, our course towards the Indian and the Chinaman were not peculiar to those races; there were certain non-essential peculiarities which each of those races had, but the true justification for this conduct was that we and they could not be partners in the present development of humanity in political experiments. It was not even that we could not make such partnership without detriment to ourselves and harm to mankind; but it was that the partnership itself was impossible. We could not even contemplate such a partnership because of our profound and ineradicable conviction that it was an impossibility. It is true that neither of those problems has been finally settled. Our children and our children's children will have to face each of them. The Indian will give probably no danger, but will hereafter cause annoyance, and, to certain States in the Union, perhaps trouble. But our relations with the Asiatic nations will continue to grow in importance and in delicacy. As we grow in strength; as the necessities for a wider market press more intensely upon us; as we realize our destiny for closer relations with Canada, and have, therefore, a longer and more important Pacific slope, we shall have to meet questions connected with the Asiatic peoples which will be full of perplexity.

In 1619 a cargo of negroes was permitted to land in America. There was never a moment when it was expected that they should have any other relation to the white colonists than that of slavery. They came as slaves, from a continent where the slave trade had been in existence for many generations, where it was recognized that people of the same race and blood might enslave each other and sell these slaves of common kindred to alien races. A few enthusiasts, like Las Casas, looked upon the slave trade as the means of the preservation and subsequent Christianization of the Indian and as also the means of Christianizing the slaves, and, through them, the continent of Africa. But the motive which led to the permissive introduction of Africans was gain,— to use their labor, and to use it under slavery. Whatever of fault there was in this was common to the then Christian world and to every section of America. From the first introduction of slaves into America until the convention

which adopted our Constitution, the slave trader was very much more powerful in introducing and rendering permanent slavery than the slave owner. From the slave owner there came frequent and sometimes bitter protests against the institution. Men from Virginia as well as from other colonies protested in the most intense and eloquent terms against the institution of slavery; but history records no protest made by the slave trader. He who brought these humble and helpless slaves from Africa fiercely contended that it was as righteous a commerce, even though they were bought with rum, and the merchandise traded were rum and human beings, as commerce in any other vendible merchandise. And perhaps the sorrows and losses which during the late unhappy war fell upon the descendants of the slave trader were as bitter and as great as the sorrows and losses which had to be borne by the descendants of the slave owner. The generation which bore those sorrows and losses were not to blame for the institution, in any other sense than that which is described by the sentence that "The fathers ate grapes, and the children's teeth were set on edge."

Slavery became, in the progress of two hundred and forty years — from 1619 to 1860 — an institution, and as such bore a relation to the fifteen Southern States entirely distinct from the pecuniary value represented by the slaves themselves. It is true that many millions of dollars had, under colonial and constitutional charters and statutes, been invested in these persons, and that their enfranchisement was practically a confiscation of the enormous investment. But it was not this which made the institution "peculiar." The slave was a negro, and whatever he was potentially capable of becoming, his history from his very first appearance into history has been one of incapacity for freedom.

Perhaps in natural advantages, in fertility of soil, in salubrity of climate, in magnificent water-ways, in exquisite beauty, in the possibilities of commerce, no continent apparently has greater advantages than Africa. In physical strength no races have been more muscular than those who have roamed or lived over and in that continent. It lies the beautiful but sad corpse of illimitable advantages, in whose beautiful limbs there has been apparently no possibility of life-blood; and to-day, with every civilized nation sending travellers into its wilds, no really successful enterprise has

been founded on its coasts. It cannot be that this is accidental. There must be some causal connection between this condition of Africa and the races which have occupied it. This was well known to the white people among whom the negro slaves were scattered. They too knew these slaves better than anyone else in the world could know them. They could better measure and appreciate their qualities than anyone else. Whatever there was of good — and there was much of it — in the negro as he was then developed, was known to the master and his family. Whatever there was of weakness was equally well known.

It will be remembered that some four millions of this race were scattered among those fifteen States, now sixteen by the division of Virginia, among somewhat over five millions of white people; and yet so unequally distributed that in certain localities they bore the relation of, say, one negro to seven white people, in others of four to three, and in others of twelve to one; and where the negro was less numerous he was a much better man. Ethnologically it is perhaps true that there were differences between the early importations which settled in Virginia, and from which largely came the negroes of the border slave States, and the later importations from which the majority of the "plantation" slaves in the cotton and sugar growing States came; and the development was essentially different, for the institution itself was in many respects different in these States. In Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, Missouri, and Tennessee east of the Tennessee River, it was almost entirely domestic slavery; that is, the slaves were comparatively few, and lived in the family and in daily association with the family of their owners. They were the cooks, waiters, hostlers, porters, blacksmiths, and farm hands. And the daily contact with the white families to whom they belonged was an education. In the planting States there were domestic slaves; but there were also very large numbers of plantation slaves who lived at "quarters," isolated from the whites and the influence of daily contact with them: and this form of slavery was very different from that which was seen in the border farming States.

In 1860 the race was sometimes called the "colored" race, and there might perhaps accurately be different descriptions. The infusion of white blood was much less than has been

often charged; but the various degrees which in the process of two hundred and fifty years had been made gave to the race itself very many shades of color, and perhaps with each shade was some variation of character. When the war ended, it is beyond doubt that those members of the "colored" race which from 1865 to 1877 were in control of eleven Southern States, were almost universally "colored" men, rather than "black" men. And it was perhaps both a demonstration of the incapacity of the "black" man to control, that he was led against his prejudices by colored men, and also a retribution against the white men for the vices of two hundred and fifty years.

It was because the slave was of an alien race, and because of the knowledge that the Southern white had of his characteristics, that the attempt to free him met such resistance. Kentucky, when it made its second constitution in 1798, came very near adopting a plan of gradual emancipation, because it was then believed that emancipation could be accomplished *pari passu* with exportation, and perhaps it was defeated because they were not clear that this could be done; and in the constitution adopted by that convention, was put what was technically called an open clause, probably framed somewhat carefully so as to create doubt, but yet capable of the construction that the Legislature had the power to emancipate the slave by giving compensation to his owner. In 1830 some of the very ablest men in Virginia and Kentucky again attempted to adopt a plan of gradual emancipation, and the most powerful argument against it was the impracticability of the exportation of the negro. All knew that emancipation did not make the negro a white man, and it was also universally understood that it simply changed the conditions of the problem without either solving it or settling the relations of the two races. Emancipation and exportation would have been accepted by very large numbers of persons who violently opposed emancipation without exportation. It was believed then, as has been proven since, that the negro would not be an emigrant. He has not that quality which drives men to migration. Whatever it is that causes a man to attempt to better his condition by breaking up his home and becoming an exile and a colonist, does not seem to form a characteristic of the negro, and therefore emancipation meant the permanent

presence of the negro. It was also believed then, as it seems to be not conclusively but quite persuasively proven since, that the passion of race was as intense in the negro as in the white man, and that emancipation meant the segregation of the negro to himself, his removal from daily contact with the families of the whites, his segregation into negro villages and communities, the gradual but continuous demarkation of the races, and therefore the perpetual confronting of the two races in the same territory and without hope of assimilation, for assimilation was believed to be, first, impossible, and secondly, intolerable; the very contemplation of it was unendurable.

But this isolation of the negro from the whites was further believed to render him capable of being influenced by the meaner members of the white race who, for improper purposes and to accomplish personal ends, would profess to be his special friends; and that, therefore, his presence was a perpetual menace. This unfortunate condition of affairs would not give to either race a full, fair, and just opportunity for development. Each would be developing under limitations which ought not to exist, and which could not but have deleterious effects. None of this belief grew out of personal unkindness either to the individual negro or to his race. The contact which slavery necessitated created personal kindness, while it could not obliterate racial prejudices or differences. This distinction has sometimes been obscured by writers on both sides. The personal kindness which necessarily grew out of the relation of slavery must not be confused with the racial differences, nor must it be permitted to obscure the race passion which was never obliterated; and it is one of the changed conditions which the next generation will have to face. As those of us who were born and reared during the institution of slavery die and give place to our children and grandchildren who have been born and reared since the war, there will be a change of condition growing out of the entire elimination of this feeling of personal kindness which controlled not only the slave owner, but also the slaves themselves.

Within my own knowledge there were numberless instances of great affection exhibited in heroic or touching ways between members of these different races. No one who was born in a Southern family where there was heredi-

tary slavery but can recall personal instances of mutual affection and self-sacrifice. If I may be pardoned a mere personal allusion,— my family had been the owners of slaves for over a hundred years, and I was waited on by young negroes whose great-grandparents, prior to the Revolution, had been the family servants of my great-grandparents; and during the war, the young negro who went South with me and who served me faithfully, though I was a Confederate officer, was the descendant of slaves who had belonged to my great-grandparents in Virginia. And no one who was not raised under similar conditions can understand the personal affection which existed between various members of the families, white and black, who had these common traditions and these hereditary ties. How far our opinions have been colored or modified by this kindness no one can tell; but it is perfectly evident to a careful observer that the children born since 1865, white and black, have not that feeling, and that nothing has taken its precise place. A young child of eight to twelve, whose parents were themselves about that age when the war ended, can scarcely understand what I and persons raised as I was mean when we tell the stories of the country life on the ordinary Kentucky farm from 1830 to 1860. So that the judgment of the white people of the South in 1860 as to the disastrous consequences of universal emancipation did not arise out of any unkindness to the negro, but, on the contrary, had much to justify it in that very kindness which long-continued slavery had produced. I do not mean to say that the negro desired to remain in slavery because of his affection to his master; on the contrary, my observation before 1860, and my inquiry since then, led me to believe that all negroes had the personal desire to be free, especially so if all others were made free. There were those among a certain class of favored negroes who looked down upon what was known as "free niggers"; but if the emancipation of their race could be universal, they desired it. And I have never known since the war one who wanted to go back into slavery; and whenever anyone has said that to me, I have believed that he was lying for some purpose. So, also, there were a great many white people who were extremely anxious for the emancipation of the negro, some of whom were willing to take all the risks attendant upon it, most of whom were deterred from at-

tempting to bring it about because of the uncertainty of the future caused by it. And since the war the number of white people who would have slavery restored is exceedingly small. They prefer, now that emancipation has come, to have the problem solved under the relations which emancipation will produce rather than under those which existed during slavery.

The negro in America and under his present development is a fixture in the locality in which he was left when he became emancipated, and all attempts to induce him to migrate have been abortive. Individual negroes have migrated; some to the Northwest; some to the North; but as a rule, the only tendency to the shifting of families has been from the Eastern Southern States to the richer alluvial lands of the Mississippi bottom. It was predicted that this would occur. The peculiar climate of the Mississippi bottom and its magnificent fertility would hold out inducements which no other section of the country could offer; and therefore it was believed that there would be a slow but gradual drift of the colored people towards those alluvial lands. This is to the aggregation of the negro; while the best solution of the problem would be his diffusion. If the seven and a half millions of negroes living south of the Ohio and Potomac were scattered over the entire territory of the United States there would be no danger. If the proportion between the whites and the blacks could be everywhere as it is in Kentucky about five and a half to one, there would be no danger. The whites would have no alarm, no apprehension of the future, and therefore no temptation to be either unjust or ungenerous. The negro would realize that his future depended upon the good-will and conscience of the whites among whom his lot was cast, and he would have every temptation to be industrious, honest, and provident. The shadow of the aggregation of negroes in the Mississippi Valley darkens the future of every State therein.

It may be confidently assumed, not only for us, but for so many generations which are to come after us, as to fairly say that the negro will always remain in America. I have no patent remedy, no nostrum to offer for any of the evils which may grow out of this problem; and I believe that the realization of the truth as it actually is, is the first necessity towards reaching a wise consummation. Let us not deceive

ourselves with the belief or hope that the negro is going to leave America, nor with the belief that it is possible for him to be transported against his will. It is true that there will be a constant stream of colonists sent to Liberia by the colonization society, and I cordially approve of this, and would be exceedingly glad if some of our wealthy citizens would give to that society more ample means for this Christian work. We have seven millions of negroes who may fairly be called Christian, the largest, most intelligent, and most hopeful body of Christian negroes in the world; and Africa needs Christianization, and out of these seven millions of American negroes and their descendants ought to come the missionaries to Christianize Africa, and the best possible missionary is a Christian family transported from America and located in Africa; and the more numerous we could make these families, the more hopeful would be the outlook for the redemption of Africa. Perhaps five negro families, if not more, can be transported to Liberia and supported there for a year for the annual pay of a single missionary. The reflex power of this emigration both upon the whites and the negroes of America would be very great, and yet this will always be, compared to the numbers with us, a very small palliation. We, therefore, must accept the perpetuity of the negro in America.

The last census demonstrated that the lines of settlement of the white migration to America were parallel with the drift of the colored migration in the South. The number of foreign-born white people in the sixteen Southern States is not any larger perhaps than the number of colored free people in the Northern States. The twenty-six Northern States, counting the four new States and the Territories which will soon become States, have received almost exclusively the white migration. I think that this will not be so exclusive under the approaching census. But it will be so in a way that is as alarming. I think it will be found that Texas, the northern and western portions of Arkansas, Missouri, certain parts of Tennessee, Kentucky, certain parts of North Carolina, and Virginia, have grown in the most gratifying way and have received large numbers of whites from foreign countries and from Northern States; but I fear that this will not be found to be the case with those States into which the negro is migrating. In other words, the present

outlook is that the negroes are becoming more and more consolidated instead of more and more diffused. This renders him more impervious to the best influences; more subject to doubtful if not actually vicious influences; intensifies his race prejudices; and intensifies the apprehension of the resident white people as to his power and his purposes.

Local government, home rule as it is sometimes called, the power to control your own domestic affairs, is the only possible mode of securing content; and content is the very beginning of harmonious growth and prosperity. No one knows so well as the South the almost infinite difference in value, in prosperity, as well as in comfort of having seven millions of contented colored people and having seven millions of discontented colored people in their midst. No one knows better than the thinkers of the South that the worst possible use you can put a man to is to proscribe him and make him hopeless; and that there is no influence so potent for good as hopefulness. The central principle of home rule is that no people can be so interested in good order, in public tranquility, in harmonious relations, in the just administration of the law, in the accumulation of individual property, and the development of combined prosperity, as the people in each respective locality. Being the most interested in the good order of their community, they must be presumed to be better able to understand its necessities, to know the reason for its disorders, and to be able intelligently to apply the proper remedy, than any non-resident power can possibly be. Non-interference is the absolute necessity of good order in a given community. All outside intermeddling under any pretext whatever, justified by any apparent outrage, must work evil and only evil. There can be no truth more important in this question than this: that no non-resident power can go into a community and interfere therein without harm. If the general government attempts to go into a State where there are whites and blacks, it must unite with the whites as against the blacks, or with the blacks as against the whites, or, as a common master, control both. It can do neither of these permanently, and during the experiment it can produce only harm. The effort at reconstruction, however pure may have been the motives of many, was disastrous. No language can paint the corruption of that sad and unhappy period in colors too severe; it was, by the very nature of the

people of America and our institutions, doomed to be both temporary and a failure. From 1877 to to-day, progress has marked those States, and public order has been preserved; and while the growth has not been so great as in other parts of the country, it has been greater than any other country ever exhibited, and under all the conditions which surrounded those States, it has been almost miraculous. When we consider the extreme poverty which covered the South after the war; absolutely without money and without credit; every corporation in its limits bankrupt; all private credit destroyed; its business prostrated; devastated by the operations of the war; and with that sudden termination of the institution of slavery, and with the relations between the races absolutely unadjusted; with military domination, followed by the rule of the corrupt; and now see the constant evidences of growth and prosperity, the honest and self-denying attempts to provide proper means for education, and the general tranquility which has existed; we need no other demonstration of the futility, not to say cruelty, of any interference which will suspend this progress and render the experiment more doubtful and perhaps disastrous.

The development of political institutions and the growth of mankind are under the operation of law, as controlling as the laws of the natural world around us, and no interference of any power can permanently put "the bottom rail on top." Intelligence in the long run will conquer ignorance, even if from the hands of intelligence are taken all physical weapons, and to ignorance is given every form of brute force. The subtile and invisible powers which reside in our peculiar race have the same influence that chemical solvents have; they work silently, perhaps invisibly, but irresistibly. Now, we have seven millions of negroes in our midst. The more numerous they are in any given locality, the more intensely interested that locality is to make the most out of them that can be made, for it must in some way support those who live in it, and the more industrious, the more frugal, the more intelligent its members are, the more prosperous that locality will become; and as all these qualities are based on justice and humanity, the more just and humane it will become. Otherwise, the hypothesis that we are capable of self-government is absurd; and we might as well acknowledge it, and enter into the beginnings of the over-turn-

ings of our institutions. I am profoundly convinced that every interference by any body with the internal affairs of any other community than that in which he lives is a mistake, no matter with what motive or with what purpose; and I have no doubt if the people in the Southern States could once be assured that their own local affairs would be turned over to them in each State, according to the principles of our institutions, that there would be at once peace and good order, followed by frugality and prosperity, and accompanied by justice and generosity. You cannot continuously keep any part of America in subjugation; legislation cannot be but a temporary barrier against the trend of popular sentiment; the outrageous election by the House of Representatives of a representative of a district against the will of the voters of the district and in disregard of every principle of justice, and in defiance of every rule of evidence, does not relieve a single human being of any evil, nor remove from any locality any grievance whatever. Election laws designed to perpetuate the power of a certain party, and drawn so as to exclude the dominant element in a given locality from control and put into power the lewd fellows of the baser sort, do not permanently remove any evil, but only intensify animosities, increase bitternesses, and give to the lower class justification for outrages which otherwise could be prevented by the intelligent. Force in the shape of the army or of a non-resident constabulary or in any other shape, can only postpone the settlement which it cannot affect.

The people of the North and of the South are generically the same. A man from Charleston who goes to New York and becomes a cotton factor or a banker, is so like his kinsman who comes from Boston as to be scarcely distinguished from him, while the man who migrates from Massachusetts to New Orleans soon becomes, in all essential regards, precisely as if he had been born under a magnolia tree. We are the same people, somewhat differently developed, and our motives are the same; we look forward to being judged on the same Judgment Day, by the same Judge, upon precisely the same principles; and if we could once have that confidence in each other which each deserves, we would come much nearer the solution of this great problem.

The present President of the United States was elected by colored voters. There can be no doubt that if the col-

ored men who voted for him in New York, Indiana, and Ohio, to say nothing of other States, had voted for Mr. Cleveland, all three of those States would have elected Democratic electors. And yet the people of the South are held to exhibit a hatred for doing unto these people precisely what the people of the North and this administration do unto them. No colored Congressman has ever been elected in the twenty-six Northern States. The number of members of the Legislature elected in those Northern States could probably be counted on the fingers of a single hand. I do not use these in any spirit of criticism; I do not use them as I might other facts in any spirit of censure; I simply use them as illustrations that the best judges of what is best in a given locality are the people who live in that locality; and that however there may be temporary outbreaks there, even outrages that no one can defend and everyone condemns, the only policy which can be pursued which gives hope is to permit the good people of the locality to correct the evils, redress the wrongs, remove the grievances, and apply the remedies which are necessary; and upon our hypothesis of local self-government and of home rule we may rest assured that if this is done the result will in every case in the end be for the best, and that every interference increases the difficulties, augments the evils, and postpones the solution. The country must know—every right thinker in it does know — that there can be no solution of the colored question upon the hypothesis of the deportation or subjugation of the white people in any part of the country. It is distinctly understood, no matter how much it may be denied or obscured, that there can be no interference, however bitter, rigorous or cruel, that in the end will drive the white people away from any part of the country or permanently subjugate them; and any policy which has in it the threat of accomplishing that purpose means annoyance, dissatisfaction, and resistance, and in the end, failure.

If to this someone says: "Must the North and the Government then be helpless when outrages are committed?" the true answer is, that outrages are committed everywhere by fallible human beings, but the punishment for those outrages must be by the locality in which they are committed, and that those localities soon find out that unless the outrages are punished the locality itself is in danger of destruction.

Sometimes the mode of punishing those outrages, that is, of freeing the given locality from the domination of the lawless, is by extra lawful means, precisely as the gamblers were hung at Natchez, or as the vigilance committee finally reconquered San Francisco from the criminals. Sometimes it requires almost a revolution, as the destruction of the Tweed Ring in New York. But in the end the result is always certain, that good order, public honesty, private tranquility, obedience to law, must be dominant, and the given locality will see to it that this is done.

Now, the negro cannot be selected out and special protection be given to him, special laws made for him, for in the end those laws must be administered by the people among whom he lives; they must be construed by persons who are under the influence of the intelligence which surrounds him. Temporarily, there may be a federal judge who, imbued with a certain spirit, will render his court an engine of oppression or of political corruption, but this must right itself. There may be some federal office-holders who, drunk with power, and sustained as they suppose by the federal government, will in the name of the negro in some very circumscribed section of the country exercise some harsh and doubtful authority. This, in the nature of the case, can only be temporary; it does not protect anyone that is outside of these very narrow limits; and it creates animosities and passions which in the end do more cruelty than the apparent protection does good.

In the city of Lexington, Kentucky, where the negro population was twenty years ago about equal to the whites, but where the municipal affairs have always been in the hands of the Democrats, a system of public school education has been in successful progress by means of which every colored child in the city has ample opportunities to obtain a common school education. In the twenty-five years which have elapsed since the war, while there have been at times some outrages complained of, the general tendency has indubitably been to the preservation of good order, to the protection of everybody in all their rights, to the equality of all classes in the courts of justice; and in spite of sometimes hot political dissensions there have been peace, and harmony, and prosperity. On local questions of taxation, the negro vote has been divided; and I think every intelligent person in that community,

of any color, would look upon any interference from the outside as a very grave mistake. And I think that precisely in proportion to the absence of outside interference, has been the harmony of the races. In that city have resided, and do now reside, some of the most intelligent Republicans of the country; men of high social position, of great personal worth, having the entire confidence, respect, and, in many cases, affection of the community, without regard to political associations. And in the efforts to cause the city to grow, political differences have in the main been ignored; and I have no doubt that wherever this has occurred in all parts of the South there have been prosperity, development, rapid growth, and entire harmony.

We know that we have to carry the negro with us as we go upward in the race of life, or that he will pull us down. We know that everything done that makes him a better man, more capable of self-support, more provident and frugal, is advantageous to us. Without our fault, we belong to the generation which had to meet the question whether the problem should be solved under the relations of slavery, or with these people as freedmen and voters. We have attempted in good faith to perform the duties which the changed relations have put upon us. We are perfectly aware that we will not solve the problem, that it has to be transmitted to our children, and to their children. And we want, if we can, to eliminate from it all of its bitterness, so far as that is possible, that their children and ours, when they confront each other, and confront the necessities of their relations, may do so freed from whatever animosities slavery may have produced, and freed from whatever passions the war and the period of reconstruction have caused. Will not the Christian people of the North unite with us in trying to eliminate from this question all its bitternesses? or will they persistently, under the guise of humanity, add to that bitterness, increase those passions, and, in the end, make the negro man the sufferer therefrom?

ALFRED TENNYSON AND THE QUESTIONINGS OF OUR AGE.

BY JAMES T. BIXBY, PH. D.

He who would discern the present situation and future trend of religious thought will find his readiest and most accurate method in the study of the faith of its representative thinkers. As the lens of a spy-glass, though but an inch or two in diameter, images in little, the gigantic bulk of a mountain peak, or the still vaster ranges and craters of the moon and all its curious phenomena, so do the superior minds of an age reproduce in epitome, all the hopes and fears, doubts and convictions of whole peoples. And of all the varied forms that modern genius assumes, it is in the poet, I think, that we find the nature that is more sensitive than any other to the forces of the day. The same delicate impressionability that gives the poet his exquisite sense of melody and discord in the great symphonies of nature, makes his ear quick to hear the chords to which the human hearts around him are daily vibrating.

Religion and poetry have always had strong poles of attraction and interaction. They both live by the light that never was on sea or land. The inspiration of both is in the visions of the true, the noble, and the beautiful which only the inner eye discerns.

That the poet sees these visions with any more clearness than the religious man I would not claim. But in voicing them, he certainly has an advantage. The poet rarely, from the very nature of his work, echoes the strains of any mere conventional piety, or speculative dogmatism. Such notes do not sing well. They have little melody in them to attract him. He must find strains that come from the heart, and chord with the eternal needs to which the heart is keyed. The poet, therefore, usually gives us a more candid and penetrative view of the honest faith of mankind at large,

than do those sets of abstract propositions and traditional formulas, which creeds and professed theologians give us.

Those who wish to characterize epochs by some single trait or phrase may not unaptly call the times of Luther and Cromwell, the age of reawakened faith, and passion for the recovery of spiritual truth. They may distinguish the next hundred years after Cromwell's death as a period of conventionality and reverence for the past. They may characterize the age of Napoleon as the age of revolution and the glorification of reason. But our age can be included in no one of these categories. Its manifestations can be reduced to no single force or trait. All these diverse energies of preceding ages combine in it, and multitude more, born with itself. This many-sidedness and comprehensiveness is, in truth, its most characteristic feature, its truest expression.

But if we would desire anything less general which we may particularize as a predominating note, I think it is the questioning spirit of our age. Our generation is ever ready to put all things to the test; to search into the heights and depths. It is eager to get at the real facts, the ultimate foundations, and rest on nothing else. This it is that makes it so ready for all experiments, tolerant of all vital forces, responsive to all the varied impulses of humanity.

Now in Alfred Tennyson, we find these traits of the age amply reproduced. His nature, as disclosed to us in his great masterpieces, is a nature well rounded,— delicately vibrating to all the undulations of modern thought.

He has always had an eager interest in all the discoveries of modern science, and the inquiries of contemporary philosophy, and has kept well abreast of their results. He has a robust fearlessness in looking those results straight in the face, and in following wherever it is plain a servant of Truth should follow.

Carlyle's personal acquaintance with Tennyson led him to describe the poet as "a most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted man," a "true human soul," and a careful study of his character as revealed in the self-communings and ideal figures of his poems, confirms this judgment.

In Tennyson's Sea-Dreams we have a description of a vision that came to a thoughtful woman one night at the sea-shore, in which the cliffs were changed to huge cathedral fronts of every age, swelling and lessening with the

varying music, and whose statues, king or saint or founder, fell, as often as the sinking music broke.

And then comes a striking description of how the men and women clustered about, strove and wrangled; these crying for the restitution of the statues; those to leave them where they had fallen; while the great wave swept away the men of flesh and blood and the men of stone, to the waste deeps together; till the Virgin Mother herself, that had stood highest of all on the minster-front, began to totter and the Christ-child in her arms sent up a cry of fear.

It is a picture of the manner in which all the objects of popular reverence, even the divine forms themselves, have been jarred and tumbled from their pedestals in these latter days.

Tennyson not only recognizes this as a fact, that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," but that thereby God is fulfilling himself in some fresh way. He does not sulk over these changes, as a child who has lost his accustomed playthings, but faces them, man-fashion. He probes boldly the whole system of his faith, to learn what of it is dead, and what still possesses vital force. Without wincing, he grapples with the most sweeping doubts, the knottiest enigmas. In his very earliest poems we find already this craving to find someone who will unriddle him "the how and the what, the what and the why."

There was, to be sure, a period when he seemed to have turned aside from this path to become a mere minne-singer, chanting of love and fair women in melodious refrains. But it was not long before he returned to these more serious themes, to deal with them with a stronger touch than ever.

With what force of antagonistic argument, and what intensity of contending feeling has he depicted in his "Two Voices," that inward duel of doubt with faith, of which every true child of the nineteenth century knows more or less. And again in "In Memoriam," that spiritual autobiography of our generation, how pathetic are those frank delineations of the alternate waves that now bury his heart in the depths of despair, now lift him on the crests of hope to glimpses of the light. It is the Pilgrim's Progress of the soul in this nineteenth century, contending with giants more dangerous, groping through caverns more gloomy, and climbing "hills of difficulty" incomparably craggier, than any with which the Christian of Bunyan's day had to contend.

Tennyson has little respect for the conventional forms of popular religion. In his sonnet to his friend J. M. K. he hails him as one who "will stir the dusted velvets" and "scare the church harpies from the Master's feast."

Hypocrisy is to Tennyson the sin "that neither God nor man can well forgive."

What a picture has he given in Simeon Stylites, of the sanctimonious, self-depreciating, yet self-worshipping ascetic.

And in Sea-Dreams, with what scathing sarcasm he brands the false friend:

> "With all his conscience and one eye askew,
> So false he partly took himself for true;
> Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
> Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye."

Equally abhorrent to him are the slanders upon the fair name of God, which those indulge in who go about preaching, not the coming of the kingdom of heaven, but the terrors of hell. Such perversions of Christianity are to him the nurses of infidelity, and the spawning ground of the blackest glooms. With what tragic power has he depicted in his poem of "Despair," the baleful influences of the fatalistic creed of Calvinism, and how those who are nursed in that "dark night-fold" and made to believe that "Christ spake of a hell without help, without end," are so maddened by it, as "to break away from the Christ,—their human brother and friend."

To Tennyson, "One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of heaven."

The doctrine that God made everlasting hell, that "He made us, foreknew us, foredoomed us, and does what He wills with His own," is a doctrine he feels, that transforms the Infinite Love into Infinite Wickedness. It is with truth to the experiences of life, as well as with profound artistic power that Tennyson derives the disbelief and hopelessness of the poor suicide in "*Despair*," from the travesties of religion supplied by one who "bawled the dark side of his faith and a god of eternal rage."

In many of the brightest minds of our age, such as Huxley, Clifford, and Robert Ingersoll, and even in philosophic minds like that of Herbert Spencer, it is evident how influential the popular misrepresentations of Christanity have been in repell-

ing them from its eternal truths. Atheism often is but the camp-follower who skulks in the rear of ecclesiastical dogmatism and superstition, stripping and giving the *coup-de-grace* to the maimed souls whom its five terrible bayonet points have already left on the battlefield, as the helpless prey of the first marauder.

But to Tennyson, the answer of the sceptics is equally as repugnant as that of the bigot and the dogmatist. There are seasons when the drifting icebergs from the north send their chill over all the sea and land to the south of them. So there are many modern poets in whom a cold wave of scepticism, radiating from the polar regions of science, seems to have filled their whole spiritual atmosphere with gloom.

Tennyson has evidently more than once been near enough this wave to understand its power. But it has never frozen the springs of faith within his heart. The philosophy of a Lucretius, he sees, not unnaturally results in suicide. If the night of Calvinistic decrees is cheerless, the glare of that unbelief which fancies that it has found out that every heavenly light is a lie, is far drearier. If there be

> "No soul in the heaven above,
> No soul on the earth below."

Then it is not strange that that earth seems but

> "A fiery scroll written over with lamentation and woe."

It is incredible to Tennyson to think that

> "We are wholly brain, magnetic mockeries,
> Let science prove we are, and then,
> What matters science unto men?
> At least to me? I would not stay."

Such is the healthy reaction of Tennyson's sturdy, moral nature against the fashionable scepticism of the time, to which, as he pithily says :

> "Doubt is the lord of this dunghill, and crows to the sun and the moon,
> Till the sun and the moon of our science are both of them turned into blood."

Tennyson would steer clear alike of the Scylla of this

popular unbelief and the Charybdis of the gloomy theology, also so popular. Between these bounds, the pendulum of his thought swings from side to side; and it is the alternate expression, now of the strains of doubt, now of those of faith; or again their subtle intermixture, in a score of varied gradations, which lends such interest to his poems. His most characteristic productions, such as the "Two Voices," and "In Memoriam," have been written under the contending influences of such opposite impulses, the currents of science pulling them one way, while the inward whispers of heart and conscience draw the other. Sometimes the frail skiff of faith seems perilously near the cataract, and it seems as if there were no other issue for it than to plunge over the precipice into the engulfing vortex. But when we look again, some quiet, but strong, backwater of spiritual instinct has carried it up into a haven of peace, and as we gaze after him we see

"Distant gates of Eden gleam."

When the argument is finally summed up, Tennyson finds the balance on the side of faith. But to many his belief may easily seem quite too vague and wavering. He is no dogmatic believer, cocksure of every point, to whom there is no other side. His faith is rather

"A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper, breathing low."

It is not knowledge; it never claims absolute demonstration. It is rather the magnet that bears witness to itself, not by syllogisms or historical documents, but by its own potent, though subtle attractions. It is "a dream of good," the cry of the infant in the night; the outstretched arms of the suppliant who falling with his

"Weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God;"

yet will grope and call

"To what he feels is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

Tennyson's religion is always therefore tolerant. He has great tenderness to those who walk in darkness, and pity even for those who stumble and rebel, recognizing that the honest doubt has more true God-service in it than any mechanical repetition of theological formulas. He believes that God and heavenly spirits watch

> "The rolling hours
> With larger, other eyes than ours,
> To make allowance for us all."

The creeds are to Tennyson but imperfect and traditional garments to the eternal truths. Our little systems are but "broken lights" of that Sun of righteousness which alone abideth.

He would let Science wing her exploring way as high and as far as she can. But where knowledge is divorced from love and faith, he believes that it is in danger of becoming

> "But some wild Pallas from the brain
> Of demons, fiery hot to burst
> All barriers in her onward race for power."

All that criticism, investigation and the most searching doubt can say ought always to be heard; but when they have done their worst, the spirit within demands to be heard. There is something further to be accounted for, and that is precisely that which is highest and most enduring in men. He cannot but ask: —

> "Who forged that other influence
> By which he doubts against the sense?"

And he feels that

> "Something is or seems
> That toucheth me with mystic gleams."

And when the freezing reason would paralyze him with doubt, then

> "Like a man in wrath,
> The heart stood up and answered, 'I have felt.'"

It is from this personal experience of the soul as from a living fountain, that the stream of Tennyson's faith flows

forth. It is contradictory to all our instincts that God has created us merely to mock us and leave us in the dust. The human love implies a sweeter, stronger love in the divine source. This immortal love is the "strong Son of God," who

> "Made these orbs of light and shade,"

and therefore

> "All is well though faith and form
> Be sundered in the night of fear."

One of the leading forms that his faith assumes is, therefore, that of trust in a beneficent Providence. As "In Memoriam" opens with an invocation to immortal love, so it closes with an affirmation of

> "One far-off Divine event
> To which the whole creation moves."

As steps to that goal all finite events have their use.

> "Wildest dreams are but the needful preludes of the truth."

The fire of the furnace is what purifies the metal from its dross, and he trusts that

> "Somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill."

But God is to Tennyson no less the one law, the one element. The world, in his view, is no mere machine or system, ages ago started and left to run on, with only occasional assistance from its Creator; but God is the continuing Power that lives and loves in every place. He recognizes the vital oneness of the whole Universe and that if he could understand fully the simplest flower which he plucks from the crannied rock, he would also "know what God and man is."

At times, indeed, the agnostic mood of our generation seems to take possession of him and the cloud of mystery hangs heavily about all. The power which he would address he knows not how to name. It is only "a Power in darkness which we guess."

At other times, as in the Higher Pantheism, he soars into the dizzy heights of a fervid mysticism, in which sun and

stars, seas and plains become the vision to us of the Invisible Presence, who is "closer to us than breathing and nearer than hands and feet."

Tennyson's usual conception of the Deity, however, is soundly theistic. God to him is no impersonal, unconscious, all engulfing All, but the Infinite Mind and Heart of which humanity is the miniature.

> "Thou seemest human and divine;
> The highest, holiest Manhood, Thou!"

are the words in which he invokes the Divine in the poem of "In Memoriam." And in "The Human Cry," he crystalizes his thought of God in those three terse epithets that surpass all the definitions of the theologians.

> "Infinite Ideality!
> Immeasurable Reality!
> Infinite Personality!
> Hallowed be thy name,
> Halleluiah!"

I believe that one may search the tomes of divinity and the creeds of all the churches from end to end, to find in any one sentence, so much philosophic insight and fit characterization of God, as Tennyson has put into those six words.

Believing thus in a Providential order in the world and a meaning in all the experiences of life, — Tennyson naturally has faith in progress. The golden year is not a thing of the irrevocable past, but to him who works and feels that he works, it is ever before him, at the very door.

> "Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

But the world is not to be healed in a day, of all its diseases, by any single reform pill. This fine old world, he would have us remember, is

> "but a child, yet in the go-cart.
> Patience. Give it time to learn its limbs;
> There is a hand that guides."

But we must not linger longer upon Tennyson's ideas of the Divine. Let us pass to his view of applied religion.

What is the proper worship with which the soul should meet its maker? Tennyson's conceptions on this point are full of dignity, yet eminently practical. To the poet there is a strong temptation in the picturesqueness of the mediæval ritualism, to put these in the forefront of his senses and gild them with the halo that displays so well his prettiest colors.

But this device which is found so plentifully in the Romantic and Pre-Raphaelite School, is one to which Tennyson never descends. He has no admiration for mystic raptures nor antique ceremonials, nor for the quaintnesses and affectations of asceticism and he will not glorify them.

In his Harold, *e. g.* it is not the saintly Confessor, the beholder of visions, with whom he sympathizes, but the honest, sturdy soldier whose word is as good as his bond, and whose heart is as fearless in battle as his arm is strong; and in the Idyls, the mystical glories of the Holy Grail are to King Arthur, his ideal hero, a source of alarm, lest his knights in following wandering lights, leave human wrongs to right themselves. The "thrice-blest" are they

> "Whose lives are faithful prayers,
> Whose loves in higher love endure."

The nobility of mortal freedom with which God has invested us, binds us in honor to devote ourselves as loyal sons to his service.

> "Our wills are ours, we know not how,
> Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

In Tennyson's ideal of character, as he paints it, *e. g.*, in the words of Oenone, "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," must unite to lead men to sovereign power.

> "And because Right is right, to follow right
> Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

His ideal consummation of social action is that which he describes in his Ode for the International Exhibition, that namely, when

> "Each man finds his own in others' good,
> And all men work in noble brotherhood."

"There are two thoughts," says Principal Shairp, in his essay on Poetry versus Agnosticism, "which if once admitted into the mind, change our whole view of life; the belief that this world is but the vestibule of an endless state of being, and the thought of Him in whom man lives here or shall live hereafter."

The latter thought, the thought of God, has been, we see, fully recognized by Tennyson. How is it then with the first? Is death the end of all?

Among all the questionings of our age, there is none into which more intensity of feeling has been thrown than into this. We sometimes smile at the eagerness with which mourners rush to so-called mediums to get a word from the departed; and at the easy credulity with which the marvels of spiritualism are accepted. It is a noticeable witness, a pathetic testimony to the hunger of the soul to obtain some assurance on this most vital point.

As a true son of his generation, Tennyson has given to it more thought and attention than to any other one subject, I suppose. In many of his earlier poems, the problem is dwelt upon at more or less length, notably in the "Two Voices." But when the dart of death struck down his most intimate companion and friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, his tenderest heartstrings were lacerated. The question was driven home to the inmost depths of his nature, and some answer to the dark enigma was inexorably demanded. This is the central problem of "In Memoriam," — the Gordian knot, which is turned over and over with such anxious hands in the effort to disentangle the snarl. As the reader passes from canto to canto of this marvellous threnody, richly decorated as the marble mausoleum at Delhi, yet red with warmest heart's blood of stricken affection, it is as if one were passing through the successive crypts and chapels and winding galleries of some solemn cathedral, to emerge at length on the lofty outlook of its towers, and stand among its heaven-kissing pinnacles. The grace, the delicacy, the perfect art with which each part is finished, hides from the careless eye the strength of the stone-work that has been thus exquisitely carved. But he who studies it, finds that in no other modern poem has there been such depth of feeling and such cogency of argument jointly embodied, and such enlightening gleams of reason and hope supplied to our

faith, in spite of all the mysteries, that are recognized as closely veiling us round about.

The battle that the soul has to fight in this spiritual trial, is a long and a hard one. Tennyson avoids no sloughs of despond, but patiently struggles through them all. We need not accompany him as he gropes through the valley of the shadow of death. The spectres and gorgons who haunt it and who would turn our hearts to stone, are all too well known in these days of free-inquiry. The thing of interest to us is to know the steps and influences by which the poet rises to the brighter heights.

Is not the grave the end of all to each man?

That is the first and most terrible gorgon that with his snaky face would petrify the mourner.

Tennyson finds the answer in the nature of human life itself and the relations which alone it is rational to believe the creative life sustains to the conscious and loving children whom God has called into existence. If our life ends with the body, it is as futile, then, as frail.

> "My own dim life should teach me this,
> That life shall live forever more.
> Else, earth is darkness at the core,
> And dust and ashes all that is."

Is it objected to this desire for continued existence that such longing is ignoble and selfish?

It is the product on the contrary of our noblest affections, our purest spiritual aspirations;

> "Of what we have,
> The likest God within the soul!"

If God be the holy being whom we believe Him to be, and virtue be in His eyes the highest thing; He cannot be conceived as remanding it, after its long and patient evolution and brief manifestation in our threescore years and ten, back again at once to the dust. As Tennyson has put it, in a brief later poem, virtue ought to receive at least *this* much of wages, the privilege of "going on." The power that makes for righteousness must preserve the righteous. If the end of God's worshipping righteous sons be merely to

"Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills,"

then, indeed, man is

"A discord. Dragons of the prime
That tear each other in their slime
Were mellow music matched with him."

Such a self-conflicting interpretation of man, such a dishonoring view of God is one in which the poet's mind and heart both refuse to rest.

But when this spectre of the mind has been laid and the poet's heart has for a brief period bounded with joy and hope, another ghost comes to haunt him;

"The spectral doubt that makes him cold,"

viz., that he himself may no longer be fit mate for his departed friend; that he who has gone before, may forge so far ahead that he shall never be found again by his friend; and even that the soul that has been snatched from earth, (merging its own individuality in the universal sea of spirit) will lose forever all possibility of knowing again the lost beloved, and renewing the ties of affection with him.

Again the clouds of doubt and despair hang blackly overhead, and the harp can only sigh forth melancholy, troubled refrains.

But at last, like his noble friend, he beats his music out, and light is again with him. If the Divine love may be counted on to continue our existence, surely it will continue it, not in such a way as eternally to frustrate the cravings of our hearts, but for their fruition. If our beloved do not die, then we may be sure that they do not

"Lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although we change."

That impersonal immortality which Pantheism paints in vague but glowing colors, is to him a faith "as vague as all unsweet." He cherishes instead the hope that

"Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside
And I shall know him when I meet."

"And we shall sit at endless feast
Enjoying each the other's good."

This alone is the dream consonant with the mood of love on earth.

Thus with alternate sinkings and soarings, our poet's muse rises from stage to stage of clearer faith, till the thought of his friend, so far, yet so near, at once human, yet heavenly, more deeply loved, yet more dimly understood, becomes a dream of good with which all the world is mingled; a diffusive power and presence all about him, cheering, brightening and sanctifying his whole life.

Such are the fundamental views of Tennyson on the great questions of religious faith and life. They cannot, I fear, be pressed into any strict accordance with the accepted creeds of the church. The Scriptures whose authority weighs most with Tennyson are those written in the great Stone-book of nature and on the living tablets of the heart. His faith seems often both unconventional and vague in details and lacking in positiveness of affirmation. It is often but a hidden hope, a beam in darkness, and its word to us: "Wait: Behind the veil, behind the veil, there alone shall we learn the whole truth. Meanwhile, trust only that all is well and will end in good."

But I shall not criticize Tennyson for this. His religion is unmistakably that of "a true human soul," who has earnestly struggled for light and strength, and who has worked out his own salvation, not without much fear and trembling. His general conclusions are those of essential Christianity.

And if he does not repeat many of the shibboleths of the churches and is dumb oftentimes before the mystery of mysteries, does it, after all, become mortal man, who here can see but through a glass darkly, to speak too dogmatically on these points? Is it not presumptuous to declare so positively as many do, the inmost counsel of God, and the scenery and rules of the heavenly land? If God wished us to know all about them, — why has he drawn around them the veil which He has?

Enough, if we may feel a reasonable confidence in those great practical faiths of natural piety which have ever sustained the human heart.

Enough, if with quick and sincere feeling we can join our

voices with Tennyson's in such an aspiring prayer to the Living Will of God as forms the climax of "In Memoriam," and like our modern psalmist, desire above all things that the vitalizing stream of this Divine Power may rise in the hard rock of our careless hearts, "flow through our deeds and make them pure," and so enable us to trust

> "With faith that comes of self-control,
> *The truths that never can be proved*,
> Until we close with all we loved,
> And all we flow from, soul in soul."

IBSEN AS A DRAMATIST.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

THE drama of the day is in a transition stage. It is on the road between romanticism and the representation of life. The great school of genuine romantic writers has declined to a mass of men skilled in the mere mechanics of the stage, while the realists are mainly confined to the writing of dramatic stories, or timidly putting forth here and there a genuine drama of life.

In this transition stage the works of Henrik Ibsen are coming to have great significance. No doubt there is a good deal of manufactured admiration current, but there is enough of genuine enthusiasm to make his ideas and works an issue. His significance is very great.

He not only represents the latest phase of dramatic writing, but he stands (consciously) for the idea of progress in art. He stands for actuality. He is consistently and wholly progressive, and may be taken to represent the whole movement in art commonly called realism but which might be called "modernism."

Realism, in its true sense, in the sense in which the Spanish novelist Valdes uses it, and as Mr. Howells uses it, does not mean the reproduction in a drama of tanks and fire engines, or real burglars blowing open a safe. Neither does realism in the novel mean the study of murderers, insane or criminal classes. Realism in its broadest meaning is simply the idea of progress in art. It does not despise the past, but on the other hand it does not accept any man or age as model.

Realism in this sense has no model but life, no criterion but actuality. It has only one law, to be true, not to the objective reality but to the objective reality *as the author sees it.* This idea is already entering into painting in a crude way in the French impressionists, and has found notable expression in America in the later works of our landscapists, Enneking for convenient example, and consists in accepting

nature as she is, rather than *building* landscapes. Still it remains to say that the number of painters who have risen to the point of seeing Nature's naked beauty are few.

In the drama less has been done, but Ibsen, the great Norwegian poet and dramatist, approaches the realistic idea more nearly than almost any other playwright now before the public, and for that reason study of his methods is likely to yield good results.

He is a realist first, in his choice of theme. He is not content with the themes common to dramas. He deals with life and modern life. Primarily with Norwegian life, but with the life of other lands secondarily, for the reason that his theme is common and modern, and his aim truth. The passions, situations of his drama appeal to us as real, because they are actualities of his land and time.

He is modern, in that his domain is one upon which Shakespeare, Molière, Schiller have not trenched. Values in his plays are readjusted to suit modern life. He not only treats of modern themes but gives the modern man's comment upon them.

Thus his choice of theme in itself announces a widening of the domain of the drama. No longer restricted to the cardinal passions, love, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, all emotions and especially new, distinctively modern and intellectual emotions are to be used as basis for the coming drama.

Life is to be depicted, not love-life. Sexual attractions, perplexities, intrigues, do not form life but only *part* of life. Even the old passions are taking new forms. Ambition concerns itself with new objects and hate has new expressions. Life is in continual process of change and in conformity to these social and individual changes the drama always has changed and must ever change.

Ibsen's work not only predicts the impending change; it heralds it. His themes could not have been used by any other age, in no past age would they have been understood. Nor are they now, for a vast and electric prophecy runs through them all.

It is an advanced condition of mind, an exceptional mental development that enables Ibsen to find poetry and significance in the realities of modern life. He was born a reformer. His plays are not merely radical in theory, they are sections of life — segments not circles, for nothing begins

or ends in this world. All is ebb and flow. It is only in the romance that things are finished, rounded out and smoothed down.

His realities are, moreover, common realities. Take "The Enemy of Society" for example, perhaps the most radical in form and subject (dramatically) of all his plays. See how little the passion of love or jealousy plays in it! See how great a part pure intellect plays!

The theme is sociological. The treatment so magnificently direct and masterly, the characterization so honest that we feel these are our townsmen whose secret feelings and thoughts are being laid bare to us. Note what wide representative reach has been attained by being faithful to actual conditions. It might all have happened at Bar Haven or at Boomtown, Nebraska. The same lying, booming, robbing goes on where the social conditions are similar, the same deceits and corruptions; being true to the Norwegian village he attains the widest interest.

I repeat he is a realist in his choice of subject, because he treats of ideas, emotion, situations new to the drama but common to life, and deals with them all in a new way. We are done with machinery, fustian, and clap-trap as we enter his dramatic world. Worn-out themes have no place in the six or seven social dramas he has given us.

How true and unconventional his style. We hardly realize how false and stilted current stage-conversation is, till we hear the real word spoken there. His words come to us at times like thrusts of the naked fist. They shake the hearer with their weight of real passion. In one sense it is astoundingly direct, and then again it is subtly indirect — as in life. Observe how his love-making proceeds. How chary of words. Only a hint here and there. Expression is left mainly to the tone of the voice or put into the vibrant undertone when talking of the weather, or is read in the face.

For example see Hovstadt with Petra in "The Enemy of Society." As in life where the word love means most it is used charily, especially is this true among the middle classes. On the stage, however, it is so common as to lose all significance and sacredness.

Observe also that in the superb reality of his plays, the soliloquy is lost, that hoary monstrosity! That cheap way of explaining to the audience what the dramatist had not the

skill to suggest. That ancient device, by which the hero tells the gallery that his heart is breaking, while the villain explains the plot and unfolds his wickedness. The soliloquy, the strong-hold of the conventional drama, is gone when we enter the theatre where Ibsen's later plays are being performed.

Verity demands also simplicity of plan. Observe this in "The Doll-Home," in "Ghosts," in "Rosmersholm." No complications, no external intricacies, hardly anything approaching a plot; the interest depending entirely upon the characterization and the thought. The pursuit and not the end, has become, as in the novel, the leading motive.

The plan springs from the characters, and unrolls mysteriously, with all the unforeseen changes of life itself. Nothing can be foretold any more than in a novel of life. At his best he takes a common man or a representative man and follows him through a moral or mental change, with all his logical connections, and leaves him as abruptly as he began.

There are no heroines, villains, and heroes in these incomparable dramas. Their race is run. The accommodating gentleman who keeps things stirred up through four acts in order that the hero may display himself, is out of business in this modern drama. Krogstadt is the nearest approach to this factotum, the villain, and he is only a man gone wrong and persecuting not for love of it but for love of his children, persecution based on the affection of a father and not on lust and greed.

This brings me to one of the greatest distinctions of all and that is the dramatist's treatment of motives. One hardly dares say how much this may come to mean to the realist. Nothing shows the great Norwegian's power of delineation, and his love for verity and for justice more clearly than his treatment of the moving forces of his characters. He sees them completely in form and dress, speech and motive. They are men and women.

As one reads "Pillars of Society" for example, following the study of Bernick, it seems at first like a merciless satire, — but wait and see! The drama mounts at length into the region of motives. It tells that the hypocrite Bernick is himself a product of conditions. He has his side of the story and the power to state it well-nigh irresistibly. "Perhaps you think I acted from selfish motives," Bernick

pleads. "If I had stood alone then I would have begun the world again cheerfully and bravely. But you don't understand how the head of a great house becomes a living part of the business he inherits, with its enormous responsibility. Do you know that the weal or woe of thousands depends upon him?"

Lona.— "It is for the sake of the community then, that for these fifteen years you have stood upon a lie?"

Bernick.— "A lie?"

Lona.— "I call it the lie — the threefold lie."

Bernick.— "Would you have me sacrifice my domestic happiness and my position in society?"

Lona.— "What right have you to stand where you are standing?"

Bernick.— "I've gained more and more right every day for fifteen years — by all I've labored for, by my whole life, by all I've won."

We begin to ponder, we ask ourselves whether we would have done better had we been in his place.

Thus each character has, in a sense, his justification. We see things from their standpoint. The fluent and all-embracing sympathy of the dramatist has gone around these men and women. Malformed and twisted as they are, they have always a *dramatic* justification for their action.

We come now to his dramatic situations where again his faithfulness to fact is shown. In life how slight a thing leads to a tragedy! A misapprehension, a feeling of foolish pride, a jest, a word or two spoken hastily,— these are the causes of many a life-long separation, many a tragic sorrow. Considered from the stage how slight is the barrier between Nora and Thorvald in "The Doll-Home," but how insuperable considered from the standpoint of life.

One of the most remarkable of studies of this rising of an invisible and infrangible wall between man and wife, I think of at the moment, was made by E. W. Howe in "The Story of a Country Town." Nothing prevented either wife or husband from going a mile or two and explaining all — nothing save the very life and soul of each! So the barrier between Nora and her husband is not a stage tradition, it is an insuperable psychologic wall.

We have a difference arising between the brothers Stockman in "The Enemy of Society," a difference based upon

deep mental disagreements, upon fundamental facts, and which will separate them forever. There is something recognizably immitigable in these terrible moods. They shake us, for we recognize our own liability to such disasters. But in the melodrama and the romantic play no matter what happens we remain tranquil. Though the heroine be burned at the stake, and the hero thrice set upon, we know that through flame and fleer, through bolt and bar, in spite of leagues of land and wastes of sea, in spite of villainous hate and justice bought, they will come forth vindicated and unharmed in the joyous fifth act. We know this, and yawn.

But in the plays of Ibsen we do not find ourselves able to predict what changes may come, for the reason that the action springs from and depends upon the characters. The full meaning of this may not appear at first sight. To have the action spring from the characters is to destroy the traditional plot. It means to have individuals, not situations. It means that this is the farthest present remove from the immitigable doom in Æschylus, and the fixed complications of Shakespearian comedy. It destroys romantic plots and under-plots.

These dramas are not written for stock companies, with an eye to the "leading lady," the "soubrette," the "walking gent," and "first old man." The point of view is absolutely changed. The writing of the play demanded something new and daring in the author, the proper *playing* of these dramas demands and will get a new school of actors.

On the same general principle of verity first and effect afterwards, is Ibsen's superb treatment of what are called irrelevant characters, irrelevant incident. He selects certain characters for delineation and then uses such others as naturally come into the range of his drama, and as the action passes on and leaves them behind, they do not reappear. They served their purpose and are lost to view.

The dramatist takes two or three life-lines which he holds in his hands, and like the novelist traces them through the maze of incident. For examples in "The Doll-Home" there are two central figures. Around them are changing groups of men and women. The hearer or reader feels that these people are a part of life, that other men and women meet and influence them for a time and pass out of their lives. Only the few are in any way accounted for at the end.

This is in accordance with the ideas put by Olive Schreiner into that strange and powerful preface to "The African Farm": —

"Human life may be painted according to two methods. There is the stage method. According to that, each character is duly marshalled at first and ticketed. We know with an immutable certainty that at the right crises each will reappear, act his part, and when the curtain falls all will stand before it bowing. There is a sense of satisfaction in this and completeness. But there is another method, the method of the life we lead. Here nothing can be prophesied. There is a strange coming and going of feet. Men appear, act, and react upon each other and pass away. When the crisis comes, the man who would fit it does not appear. When the curtain falls no one is ready. . . . Life may be painted according to either method, but the methods are different. The canons of criticism that bear upon the one, cut cruelly across the other."

Here is the creed, if creed it may be called, of the absolute veritist or realist. Ibsen may be criticised but only with reference to this principle of verity. If there is irrelevant incident in life, then it does not belong to the drama. There are no traditional criterions by which to judge a man whose aim is, not to conform to tradition but to ignore it.

See the power of an "irrelevant character" in Dr. Rank! Apparently unrelated, yet what power lies in his coming and going. Nothing in the play seemed to me more irresistibly courageous and true than the handling of that modern man. His resignation, his hopelessness, his terrible resolution, and his tender regard for his friend, shake me with emotion, if I but think of it.

But *was* he irrelevant? Is he not subtly related? Does he not throw into relief the life, the abounding animality of Thorvald and the unthinking happiness of Nora? Yes, he is deeply significant as a foil such as we see ever in life, when the dead lie silently in the dim room,—

> "And the summer morning is cool and sweet,
> And we hear the live folk laugh in the street."

Every character we note closely, stands in a subtle relation to us in real life, and every character which comes naturally into the drama of verities, has significance. The traditional

law that it must "help the story on" has no significance where the story is lost sight of in the development of character, where the pursuit and not the end is the first consideration, as with the realist.

On the score of pure modernness, originality, and truth, both in subject and method, I am inclined to put "The Enemy of Society" at the head of the six dramas I have read of the great Norwegian. It is the most modern, the most unconventional, the most radical, and, to me, one of the most enthralling dramas ever written. It is not a play, it is life itself. Love plays in it but the small part it should; other ideas and emotions absorb us. Like a section of life it has no beginning and no end. It has no machinery and nothing is forced. It is as modern as the telephone. Yes, and as lacking of beauty, says someone. To *you*, I reply; to me it has something that is better than prettiness, it has truth.

Using the same criterion, life, we see that "The Pillars of Society" is not quite so modern. It has a little of the machinery of the stage left. Things *happen* here and there, but it is powerfully unconventional for all that. It is filled with superb living figures and the treatment of Bernick is beyond praise. A powerful satire, it does not fail of doing justice to each figure.

Finally Ibsen's treatment of woman stamps his radical departure from old standards more clearly, perhaps, than any other point. The feudalistic woman has been for centuries either a sovereign or a servant, a heroine or a buffoon. In the ordinary drama she is long-suffering, patient, and beautiful, or is pretty and provokes laughter.

Predominately from the days of Edmund Spenser to the last issue of the dime novel, the heroine has been characterless, colorless, and passive. In the romantic drama, she has languished in dungeons, been the passive subject of duels and abductions, calumny and reproach. She has been deceived, driven from home, cheated of her inheritance, schemed for by villains and rescued by heroes, while gazing with big round eyes out at the world which was a chaos of crime and wickedness. Her bodily allurements have been harped upon and exaggerated till the poor creature imagined the whole world eager to possess her, warring only for her. It is impossible to estimate the harm this sort of lying has produced.

To pass from such an atmosphere to that of Ibsen's plays

is like going from a questionable ballroom, filled with painted and simpering faces, out into the crisp bracing air of the street filled with healthy and vigorous men and women; like going into a home where man and wife, equal in fact as in law, are discussing the questions of the day with a party of valued friends. And yet in the feudalistic picture there was once large element of truth. It is no longer true, it should be discarded. A new woman has appeared in life.

Dramatically Ibsen's women are centres of action. Not passive dramatic "bones of contention" but *active agents in their turn.* Indeed they take the play in their own hands at times. Witness Lona in "Pillars," Nora in "The Doll-Home," and Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts." They re-act upon men, they rise above men at times in the perception of justice, of absolute ethics, as Lona above Bernick, Mrs. Alving over Manders.

These women are out in the world, the men's world. They may not understand it very well, but they are at least in it and having their opinion upon things, and voicing their emotions. They are out of the unhealthy air of the feudalistic romance, so much is certain, so much is gain. They are grappling not merely with affairs but social problems.

My criticism of Ibsen in this particular is again on the score of reality. In his rebound from the false and degrading pictures of women as having but one life, love-life, he has, in my estimation, used too large a proportion of remarkable women, to be perfectly true to his time and country. And in order to emphasize the growing power and expanding individuality of the modern woman, he has once or twice included the improbable if not the impossible in the action of his women.

This does not refer to Nora; her action seems to me consistent with her character, and to arise out of her own convictions and the pressure Helmer lays upon her. I refer for example to the point in "The Lady from the Sea," where Ellida the wife, upon receiving her enfranchisement, her absolute freedom from her husband, finds herself free from fatal power of the stranger.

Such a point may be called allegorical; but after all, the rest of the drama is so true and strong one does not feel that it was necessary to a dramatist of *Ibsen's* power. There is a strain of morbid psychology here and there in one or two

of these dramas which I do not care for. I prefer his studies of more common phases of modern intellectual life. Yet the whole outcome of even these studies of morbid conditions is helpful, fine, and strong, and he does not lose his grasp on surrounding facts, when studying these special cases.

It will be observed that I have kept to my text and avoided all analysis of his social theories except as subjects for dramatic treatment; but his radicalism as a teacher would be shown by the mere enumeration of the titles of his plays. The theme of "The Doll-Home" is higher consideration of woman,—that a true marriage should bring mutual confidence and respect. "Rosmersholm" tells of the storm and stress a man must face who passes from conservatism to radicalism. It has in it the statement of the influence of a powerful feminine intellect, that of Rebecca West, upon a born conservative. In this drama with only six characters some of the deepest problems of the day are fought out. And so each drama has a theme as modern as its treatment is frank and true.

It is a trite saying that the sense of humor is a "saving grace." This element is not lacking in Ibsen, but it is not so well developed as to give that peculiar touch of saving grace. There is a plenty of grim humor, but there is little of *kindly* humor in his plays. He is kept from being extravagant not by the sense of the ridiculous, so much as by sheer intellect and deep vibrant sympathy. The humor that is everywhere a corrective in the fervid sympathy and burning social discontent of Mr. Howell's latest novel, "A Hazard of New Fortunes," is not found in Ibsen, and lacking it "The Doll-Home" lacks the fine poise a humorous sense of human frailties gives to a serious work of fiction.

One closes a reading of these astounding dramas, with the consciousness that something electric has passed by. They stand so sheer above any dramas of the age that it is no wonder the critics are amazed and enraged. The person who comes to like these dramas and their methods is likely to find his taste for conventional heroics disturbed if not destroyed. The romantic absurdities of the day cannot flourish long in the same atmosphere. Ibsen is a great herald, his dramas lead to the future.

Observe I do not claim for him superhuman merit. These plays are not the farther wall. They are not yet on a plane

with the great novels of the day. Their purpose is too obvious, but they are a superb advance. Ibsen already sees the beauty and significance of the common life of the day. He begins to recognize no such thing as "commonplace." He exemplifies the magnificent sayings of Tolstoï, Valdes, and Whitman, all using almost the same words.

"In nature there is nothing either great or small, all is equal. All is equally great, equally just, equally beautiful. To talk of the trifles of life is not possible to him who has meditated on the great problem of existence. The trifle does not exist absolutely, only as a relative term. That which is a trifle to some is a great fact to others. In all that is particular we may be shown the general, in all that is finite the infinite. Art is charged with its revelation."

Realism is not a theory, it is a condition of mind, of sensibility. The realist has only one law, to be true to himself, only one criterion, life. He must love genuinely what he depicts and be true. Anything that he loves the artist will make important to others as to himself. He must not be discouraged if the general public does not love the same fact as himself. He will find sympathizers at last.

If there is one great idea dominant in the present age, it is this: "Art is not the reproduction of art, each epoch must have its own art." Each age writes, paints, sings of its own time and for its time. All genuine modern art must conform to this general and inexorable law.

Looking to Turgéneff and Tolstoï in Russia, Ibsen and Björnson in Norway, Valdes in Spain, to Thomas Hardy following George Eliot in England, to William D. Howells in America, the realist announces his belief that if America ever produces an indigenous and therefore enduring drama, it will be by delineating the common life of our day, being sympathetic, and above all, true. It must be done not as Tolstoï or Ibsen would do it, it must be done as characteristically as our novel is being written. It must arise from the free play of our distinctive genius. Without model save life, without master save truth, with only one condition imposed upon the artist, to be true to his own soul.

The study of Ibsen must not be an exchange of masters. He aims to set men free. He does not desire discipleship.

WANDERING IN THE DARK.

NO-NAME SERIES. NUMBER FOUR.

Go forth, my son, (said the Chancellor Oxenstiern) and see with how little wisdom the world is governed.

Let us go forth, then, expecting little, and we shall not be disappointed; but let us sing *Io triumphe*, when we find one nation that has had a fair share of common sense in its government, one nation in which the robbers and the robbed have not made the all-engrossing spectacle, while the ship of state was drifting among the breakers, whirlpools and cataracts in the midst of which so many empires have been wrecked. What is history but a record of wrecks, sometimes swift, sometimes slow, and of drifting, water-logged empires, which survive because the storms have not yet been fierce enough to sink them. When will Russia sink into chaos as France did a hundred years ago?

And shall we not rejoice still more if we find one church, however small, of which its founder would not be ashamed — one republic free from demagogues, in which the rights of small minorities are respected — one college which has not shown more zeal in the defence of its large inheritance of ancient primeval ignorance, than in the acquisition of new knowledge,—one learned profession which has not resented with fierce indignation the audacity of inventive and creative genius in showing that it was not infallible, and that it had much to learn — one community, however small, in which original, creative, era-making genius was not regarded as a most unwelcome intruder, fit only to be cold-shouldered, vetoed, expelled, ostracised, imprisoned, hanged or burned in accordance with the stage of civilization attained by society. It is commonly supposed that we are now so far advanced in civilization that we have reached the cold-shoulder stage, and that the epoch-maker has nothing more than this to dread; from which opinion the writer very respectfully dissents, for most satisfactory and decisive

reasons, which he prefers not to mention at present — not that he has any personal experience or any ambition to be an epoch-maker — but that he claims to speak as Empedocles, the grand philosopher of antiquity, claimed to speak for himself as a calm spectator of games in which he did not engage.

Gentle reader! You may be in sympathy with such expressions, for you may have seen what the writer has seen (and there are hundreds with whom the writer wishes to shake hands), but if not, he would say with Themistocles "Strike but hear me." Sweeping assertions that embrace the scope of Universal History may not be demonstrable in the few pages which it is thought proper to offer the hasty American reader. The busy men who wield the power of society expect us when we approach them in grave earnestness to talk briefly to the point, and in doing so the writer hopes to satisfy them that he is no pessimistic dreamer or rhetorical and sensational declaimer, but that he deals in conclusions which *inevitably* result from the facts within our reach.

As to churches, whether Buddhist, Confucian or Christian, "it goes without saying" that they are all thoroughly degenerate. I doubt if even the best friend and haughtiest ecclesiastic of any church would attempt to defend them from the charge of woful degeneracy. Nor can any sane ethical thinker who sympathizes with the Sermon on the Mount, imagine Jesus, Buddha, Krishna, and Confucius, in the realms of eternal light and love, conferring together upon the condition of mankind, without that profound sense of sorrow over human inferiority, wretchedness, and suffering, with which we watch at the bedside of a friend passing through the agonies of fever, and near the gate of death, with no other consolation than the conviction of his ultimate recovery. They foresee an ultimate redemption for humanity, and if they did not, Heaven would be no heaven for them. And Mahomet, (I beg pardon for omitting his name)—how would he look down upon his followers carrying fire and sword in Africa—slaughtering, kidnapping, and enslaving the survivors of massacre. He would regard them perhaps as Jesus regarded those who invoke his name for the horrors of the Inquisition, the burning of Bruno, the terrors of Siberia, and the perennial slaughter of war, between so-called Christian

nations, or their puny attempts to spread the gospel in Africa and Asia while sending a much larger amount of the hell-fire of alcohol, to ruin body and soul together.

Is it because the great teachers have not been understood? Their language was plain and forcible, adapted to all capacities. Is it because human nature is feeble in striving for its ideal, or is it that the ideal itself is low, and that conformity to custom, varnished over with pharisaical language and ceremonial forms, is the ideal which has been substituted for that of the New Testament — the ideal that identifies the church and the worldly mind as one, and that one the worldly mind. But criticism like this is familiar to weariness with every good thinker, and it is far more agreeable to seek the few bright examples of earnest and heroic life in the performance of the highest duty, if we had time to look at the holy and beautiful side of human life, which may be seen everywhere, as every wilderness has its flowers — but we are not gathering nosegays just now.

If mankind are not to be redeemed by churches, because they lose the spirit of the master and gravitate back to the dull selfishness of common life — all inspiration gone — may we not hope something better, some redeeming power from human intellect, gathered in Universities and learned societies, living in salaried ease for the pursuit of wisdom? Is it not true that vigorous intellect must in time master the mysteries of physical science and rise from thence to the understanding of immortality, and the relation of the two worlds, from which may be learned the eternal wisdom of duty — the wisdom of a life planned for the immeasurable reality — the life that countless millions are now enjoying?

Fallacious hope! Universities have had some noble souls, but *in the main*, only a crowd of intellectual paupers — beings who feed and feed, but produce not — who live upon the mouldy product of the intellect of the past, and being fed to dyspeptic repletion, are seldom impelled to produce their own food. A farmer's boy, who has never been thus fed, may find his own intellectual food, and originate science or invention to astonish the professors. Inventions and discoveries as a rule are not the product of universities. The intellect devoted to repeating the lessons of text-books changes into the likeness of a parrot, and parrot professors appreciate only a greater parrot than themselves — a man of

massive learning, even though his reasoning capacities are semi-idiotic. For sturdy resistance to advanced thought and hostility to advanced thinkers, we can always count upon the universities, and the men whose minds they have formed. Macaulay in speaking of Oxford and Cambridge used even stronger language than this, and the indignant scorn with which Bruno spoke of the stupid pedants of English universities, shows that they were from the first too firmly organized in stolid bigotry and pedantic ignorance, to permit much hope of their lineal successors of to-day. Pessimism and narrowness are their natural outcome. Their most learned champion Dr. Dionysius Lardner, triumphantly proved the impossibility of steam navigation across the Atlantic, and discouraged all attempts, until the ship captains of Savannah, in defiance of college authority, sent their steamship to England. Never did a university enlighten the people as to the atrocity of witch-burning, or the folly of any superstition, or the wickedness of any form of government, or any practicable method of ameliorating the misfortunes and evils of human life, unless within a few years. Never did they extend the hand of patronage to struggling genius, or struggling philanthropy, or true statesmanship.

Their medical departments especially have been signalized by hostility to progress. The medical profession has always been a field of irrepressible contention between two classes — on the one hand the text-book parrots and the authoritarians, who enforce with harsh dogmatism the doctrines of the leaders; and on the other, a very small and often proscribed class, who fearlessly study nature, of whom Harvey was a notable example, saying as he did, "I profess both to learn and to teach anatomy, not from books, but from dissections; not from the positions of philosophers, but from the fabric of nature," and for this he was reviled until he almost regretted that he had endeavored to teach mankind.

Standing on as high a platform now as Harvey, JOHN HUNTER was regarded by "most of his contemporaries as little better than an enthusiast and an innovator." He was buried in such obscurity that when, after sixty-six years, it was thought proper to put his remains in Westminster Abbey, it was difficult to find them, and they were at last discovered in a vault along with two thousand other human bodies which concealed his.

Dr. Elliotson stood about the head of the medical profession in London, when he dared to examine and introduce the facts of mesmeric somnambulism, for which he was dethroned and dishonored. A half century passes and the French faculty are crawling along with timid steps toward the goal which he had attained, and presenting the phenomena of hypnotism fifty years after they had been widely displayed before American popular audiences while the doctors scowled at such quackery and delusion.

The list of medical follies arising from stolid narrowness of mind is very extensive and might well be displayed in a medical journal; but we may refer only to some amusing absurdities, such as the energy with which they protested at Paris against the use of leavened bread, and in Bavaria against the introduction of railroads. The Royal College of Bavarian doctors declared that "Travel in carriages drawn by a locomotive ought to be forbidden, in the interest of public health. The rapid movement cannot fail to produce among the passengers the mental affection known as *delirium furiosum*. Even if travellers are willing to incur the risk, the government should at least protect the public."

This, however, was but the average stupidity of the time; for in England the introduction of the railroad by Stephenson was opposed in Parliament by Lords and Commons; his bill was rejected; his engineers and surveyors were mobbed, the great lawyers and scientists scoffed at his scheme, and the people thought the smoke from his engines would kill the birds, and destroy the cattle, and perhaps ruin the fields, and drive people crazy. The universities were no more enlightened than the mob.

To-day, all this sounds strangely — like a dream or a nightmare; we feel very much enlightened. Of course we are not capable of any such follies. Oh, no! Wait till the year 2050, and see how our record reads to those who are "looking backward" then. If the writer should point to some things at which the third generation frown to-day, "looking backward" might smile in pity of our stolid follies; he would do no good, for he would be in a fearfully small minority, and "minorities have no rights," not even the right to laugh. But being an anonymous nonentity, he ventures to say that the list of moral, intellectual, social, and political monstrosities of this end of the nineteenth

century would require a very respectable volume to record them historically after mankind shall have outgrown them.

The world has always been ruled by a limited intelligence, because men of limited knowledge and feeble reasoning capacity — creatures of habit — have always been an overwhelming majority, many of whom have had sufficient force and courage to win leading positions, and it has never been safe for a *bold and profound* thinker to proclaim his best thoughts, and defy the multitude. Bruno tried it and was burnt. And if another greater than Bruno should come, leading onward and standing firm against what falsehoods he detected, even many of those who honor Bruno would be ready to ostracize him for differing from them.

The people of any age have no suspicion whatever of the way in which they will be regarded by posterity, and it is very common to hear criticisms upon ancient bigotry by men who consider themselves liberal, but whose mental constitution is substantially the same as that of the bigots whom they condemn.

In the great kaleidoscope of destiny all things turn round, changing apparent position and color. In 1692, Rebecca Nourse, of Salem, was considered infamous, and hung for the terrible crime of witchcraft. In 1889, her descendants assembled to honor her memory and give her the monument that she deserved. The next two hundred years will show a far greater progress, for twenty years now show a greater progress than any century before the settlement of America. Must there not, then, be a still greater overturning of all things and reversal of judgments, and may not that which we despise now be held in high honor then? Therefore, O Pharisees and conservatives, be careful where ye shower your scorn; and ye self-satisfied men of science, be careful how you illustrate your infallibility to-day, lest you place yourselves in the pillory at which the finger of scorn shall forever point. Trample not on any germinating truth which is barely visible above the moist earth.

But the world must go on just thus through darkness, and struggle in its immaturity as the spring vegetation must battle with the uncertain frosts; for when the bold innovator comes, who is there to determine whether he is a profound thinker and true prophet, or a half-crazed enthusiast? His zeal and

sincerity are no evidence, for the deluded are zealous and sincere. Society is incompetent to determine. Only men of the same capacity for profound thought can appreciate the original philosopher, as Liszt appreciated and sustained the despairing Wagner; as Hunt appreciated the gifted but obscure Millet, whose smallest picture now commands more than a hundred thousand dollars, though he worked once, with all his genius, on the borders of starvation. And as the original philosopher seldom meets his peer, as Wagner and Millet did, he must be content to struggle and to wait the slow progress of the race—wait for the applauding voice of profound thought and generous sympathy, or the slow process of scientific experiments that one by one verify his conclusions as they did for Dr. Thomas Young.

The German scientist MARGRAAF, made the discoveries which became the foundation of the beet sugar industry, worth a hundred millions a year to Europe; but, alas, he met with the usual blindness and stupidity (as did John Fitch in endeavoring to introduce steam navigation) and the coffin had long closed upon his remains, when another chemist Archard, by the order of Napoleon, took up the subject and introduced the process which now employs seven millions. Even then the truth might have been crushed again, if Archard had yielded to the large bribe offered him in behalf of the cane-sugar interests, to report against Margraaf's discovery.

Transcendent genius always fails of popular recognition. The distance is too vast between it and what Douglas Jerrold calls "the average stupidity of mankind." Wagner, in 1849, said at Paris, "To sell my wares in this market is impossible to me." He would have been glad to sell his services for $225 a year, and might have ended his life in despair had not Liszt lifted him out of obscurity and penniless poverty. Washington Irving after he had given the public some of his best writings, could only hope that in the future he might, as he expressed it, "get this great stupid public by the ears." Carlyle and Hugo could find no booksellers to publish their first works. Milton, Brougham, Macaulay, Jeffrey, and many others, could testify as to the difficulty of procuring any recognition of a great author's first works, a difficulty still greater among great scientists. Galileo, Kepler, Harvey, Galvani, Columbus, Swedenborg, Gall, Fourier, Priestley, and

Fulton could give some strong testimony as to the stupidity of the educated classes, to whom they appealed, and Hawthorne once said that he had enjoyed for twenty years the distinction of being the most obscure literary man in America!

The profounder and more original the thinker, the greater is the barrier between himself and the learned and unlearned multitude, whom he would approach. The able historian, Froude, in his inaugural address at the University of St. Andrews said, "Great poetry, great philosophy, great scientific discovery, every intellectual production which has genius, work, and permanence in it, is the fruit of long thought and patient and painful elaboration. When completed it will be small in bulk. It will address itself for a long time to the few and not to the many. The reward of it will not be measurable and not obtainable in money, except after many generations, when the brain, out of which it was spun, has long returned to its dust. Only by accident is a work of genius immediately popular in the sense of being widely bought. If any of you choose this method of spending your existence, choose it deliberately, with a full knowledge of what you are doing. Reconcile yourselves to the condition of the old scholars. Make up your minds to be poor. Care only for what is true, and right, and good. On those conditions you may add something to the intellectual stock of mankind, and mankind in return may, *perhaps*, give you bread enough to live upon, though bread extremely thinly spread with butter." And there is a very small class beyond those of whom Froude spoke, who get stones instead of bread. Every advanced thinker must meet his obstacles.

Boston is commonly considered an enlightened city; but it is not the province of enlightened cities to know anything about genius or invention before they are well endorsed; and when the great inventor Morse appeared here, poor and seedy-looking, he met small hospitality. It seems amusing to-day, but when he succeeded in arranging his wires, and sent a message in the presence of suspicious spectators from Faneuil Hall to the lower end of Quincy Market, the Boston *Atlas* readily saw through the trick, and pronounced the whole performance a juggle between the telegraph operators. Wiseacres of this class are certainly not extinct. An experimenter in electricity recently sent the patent office an appli-

cation in behalf of some apparatus which had for a long time been working successfully, and the pragmatic examiner refused to consider it because to him it was so *obviously impossible!*

One might suppose that simple mechanical inventions would escape the hostility of fools; but they don't. So simple an invention as the percussion lock, which has superseded the old flint lock, was invented in 1807, but it was thirty years before it could be introduced into the English army.

We don't find any greater amount of sagacity among business men (if we leave out the present generation) than among the professional class; in fact, rather less. The learned and the unlearned mob stand on the same plane. When the noble Robert Livingston, to whom we were indebted for the introduction of steam navigation in the United States, had arranged with Napoleon for the purchase of Louisiana in the time of Jefferson, there was a furious partisan opposition throughout the country. Leading (so-called) statesmen of that time saw so little value in that grand acquisition that they thought only to reserve the east of the Mississippi for the whites, and push the Indians into the territory west of it. Even Napoleon made nearly as great a blunder when he dismissed Fulton and refused to introduce steam navigation.

How difficult was it to introduce coal or even to introduce gas; the candle still survives in England. When the first oil-well was sunk in Pennsylvania by Col. Drake, it was considered so crazy an affair that he had great difficulty in getting men to do the work. When anthracite was discovered in Pennsylvania, by Nicholas Allen, near Pottstown, he tried to sell a load but got discouraged, dumped it in the river, and emigrated westward. When Robert Morris and others secured a large tract of coal lands expecting to make a fortune, they failed to introduce it and gave up their scheme. When coal was first introduced in London (early, I believe, in the fourteenth century), it produced a great outcry, and a law was passed against it making the burning of coal a capital offense. It is said that one man was executed, but this is hard to believe. Some persons were so hostile to coal that they refused to eat any food cooked by a coal fire. The opposition was not quite as great to the

introduction of gas. The first cargo of ice sent to New Orleans was driven away by the mob. It was imported something like seventy years ago, by Judah Touro, and being put into an ice-house in Congo Square, before it was completed, a mob rushed in, drove off the workmen, demolished the building, and ordered the captain to leave the port. The ice was sent to the West Indies, and the newspapers next day were fierce against the importation of ice.

The greatest follies and crimes are those which come in the name of religion. The liberal mind is familiar with the horrors and crimes which have been thus associated. It is a sad, sad story, and we grow tired of it, but it has its ludicrous side also. Society, to-day, would be horrified at the idea of dining without forks. But forks have not long been in use, and when they were introduced in the fifteenth century, they made way slowly on account of the fierce religious opposition. Ministers preached against their use as sinful, since the Lord had made fingers to handle our food, and there was a great war of words before forks became established as allowable without sin.

Franklin's proposition in 1749 to use conductors as a protection against lightning was denounced as impious by Abbe Nollet and those who sympathized with him — as impious as for a child to ward off the chastising rod of the father. Such ideas are not yet obsolete. A Pennsylvania clergyman (whose name I have just forgotten, for the names of fools are innumerable) announced that the awful fire at Secretary Tracy's, and the death of his wife at Washington, was an outburst of God's wrath on account of the wickedness of our nation!

And now, kind reader, for I have held you by the button long enough for one interview — long enough to give you some idea of a certain style of thought — is it not rather a gloomy prospect for poor humanity, considering the vast multitude of fools in the only civilized portions of this globe, and the hopeless darkness of the rest? Perhaps so — but perhaps not. Your unseen friend is not a bit dismayed! He does not expect the morning sun to be free from fogs — the sun of humanity is just rising; he does not expect a boy of ten to have the knowledge, wisdom, or self-control of a man. Humanity is hardly ten years old; it is not yet adolescent; it knows very little; it is hasty, passionate, igno-

rant, gullible, and has not yet outgrown the nursery tales of its babyhood; it is not old enough to have any idea how it was born, how it came into existence, and its great Father has not yet informed it. But the time is coming, as sure as noon follows morning, when man shall realize his godlike nature, shall master all physical powers and processes, shall, therefore, live in comparative ease, shall perfect his own nature, cover the earth with peace, prosperity, and beauty, and make earth the ante-chamber of heaven. The ways and means exist, and our destiny is as fixed as the orbits of the planets. Hence to look at the dark side of existence is not disturbing or discouraging to one who sees the infinitely greater realm of brightness beyond.

OUR CIVILIZATION AND THE MARRIAGE PROBLEM.

BY HIRAM M. STANLEY.

THE civilization of to-day is unique. For the first time in history, scientific thought and mechanical invention have become ruling factors. In previous civilizations the scientific element has not existed at all, or in nothing more than an elementary stage; to-day it dominates all thought, and profoundly modifies literature, art, religion, philosophy, and morals. To the philosophical historian the present era is an intensely interesting period, as affording an opportunity for the observation of a new and powerful factor ruling human affairs. Not only is our civilization unique in its ruling factor, it is also unique in its extent. We are emerging from nationalism to a cosmopolitanism which embraces the globe. Ancient nationalism was merged in the limited cosmopolitanism of the Roman Empire; but the civilization of to-day is limited only by the earth itself. Every social question has thus more than a national significance; it embraces the world in its scope.

It is an induction of historical science that this largest of social entities, which we term a civilization, is an organism; it is born, it grows, culminates, declines, dies. This induction is as certain as the similiar one that all men die. We believe without questioning that all men are mortal, including ourselves, and the reason that the proposition, all civilizations are mortal, including our own, is not equally believed, is from a natural vanity, and also because of the largeness of the phenomenon. We smile at Virgil's firm belief in the immortality of Roman civilization, and the intelligent readers of one thousand years hence will smile at our mistaken beliefs as to the perpetuity of our own institutions. While, however, the individual civilization dies, civilization still lives. The fact that an increasing heritage of culture is handed down to each succeeding civilization, preserves us from pessimism.

What is the mortal disease which brings civilization to inevitable death? All organisms die because the cells lose their assimilative and reproductive power. The cell is for the body what the individual is for society, and the body politic dies a natural death through the inability of the individual member to sustain himself and to worthily reproduce himself. We see civilization after civilization perishing thus; a vigorous people grows into a civilized nation, wealth and art find place, corruption creeps in, the new generations fail in the work of progress because the renewal of individuals is left to the unfit, and the civilization dies. Sometimes, indeed, the civilization is regenerated by an infusion of barbaric blood, as in Roman life; but often it perishes forever, leaving no issue, as in the case of many American, African, and Asiatic states. Our civilization, however, cannot find regeneration by infusion of fresh blood because of its complete cosmopolitanism; renewal, if it comes at all, must come from within. Whether society contains inherent forces sufficient for its own renovation is a hard question upon which history throws little light; but it is a question which surely confronts us in these "last days." The dying Roman civilization was renewed by the internal stimulus of Christianity, combined with the external stimulus of fresh Northern blood, and there sprang into being our modern civilization. The Eastern Empire, possessing only the internal stimulus as its controlling force, became meagre and sterile, but in the West, by the forceful blending of both elements, there arose our modern nationalism. In any case we cannot expect a rude and vigorous people to resuscitate us, and it is quite unlikely that we shall receive immigrants from another sphere. We must work out our own salvation by scientific methods.

We judge, then, that the science of history makes certain to us that civilizations, like all else human, inevitably perish; and it points to the mortal disease as lack of reproductive power and inclination in the best individuals. Science cannot make the individual man nor the individual civilization immortal; but it can promote a normal healthy lease of life for each, and enable each to do powerfully and completely its work in the world. And what, in a word, from the scientific point of view, is the object of human society, and how is it to be attained?

In dealing with these questions, science starts not from an "ought," but from an "is." The factual determines the ethical. The tendency of deer is to become fleeter, and this, if it could be apprehended by them, is the "ought to be" for all deer. The end for any species of organisms is the perfection of the kind. The natural history of man shows him first as simply one species in the fauna of the country he inhabits, and differentiated from the surrounding animals by a slightly superior intelligence and social organization. This spiritual power is that which makes man human, and the end for humanity is humanization by the completest development of brain power. Scientific ethics thus reaffirms as the end of human society what has always been affirmed as such by both religious and philosophical ethics, that man was evolved for the subjugation of nature, in order thereby to give a free course for the fullest development of the highest spiritual elements; art, religion, science, philosophy, and morals. Now, the perfection of kind in any class of beings is for the most part secured by the co-operation of two factors, the sexual selection by which the fit are born, and by the natural selection of the struggle for existence by which the fittest survive. The working force of these two factors is greatly weakened in the case of man, so that society more and more suffers from the dead weight of hosts of individuals which in any other class of beings would never have been born, or at least never allowed to live. Here is the vital point of all social problems. The measures imperatively required for the alleviation of society, are not the alleviatory but the eliminatory. Ethical, educational, and religious organizations take the individual and endeavor to mould a nature; but nurture is infinitely weaker than nature, and all this enthusiasm about reformatory and educational measures has tended to obscure the real problem. As is so clearly pointed out by Prof. Lombroso in his recent work, Criminalite, the nature given by parentage and ancestry is by all means the chief element in society. Nurture can only develop what is given in nature. By selection man applies this law in raising the best kinds of plants and animals. In his own case, however, he blindly allows the bad to come in, and with most wearisome effort strives ceaselessly to make the bad good, to develop wheat from tares. It is safe to say that the majority of births in any year in our large cities, is not for the best interests of

civilization. We behold the melancholy spectacle of the renewal of the great mass of society from the lowest classes, the highest classes to a great extent either not marrying or not having children. The floating population is always the scum, and yet the stream of life is largely renewed from this source. Such a state of affairs, sufficiently dangerous in any society, is simply suicidal in the democratic civilization of our day. A visitor from some more enlightened sphere, in looking at the great masses of our unfit and weak, might well ask, Why were these people born? what sort of a society is this which allows such beings to be born, and then spends its best energies in a vain endeavor to elevate them and alleviate their lot! Illness produced by direct violation of obvious laws of health, instead of being regarded in its true light as a sin and a crime, is too often regarded as a pitiable misfortune, and petted into chronic invalidism. Illness, to be sure, is sometimes, like homicide, justifiable; but the cases are almost as rare.

It is a truth which it is perfect folly for us to ignore, that our civilization is in the most vital part of its decadence, and unless some effective measures are soon adopted and strictly enforced, our case will be irremediable. Since natural selection fails so largely in the human species, resort must be had to artificial selection, and that very speedily. The drunkard, the criminal, the diseased, the morally weak, the brutish, should never come into society. Not reform, but prevention should be the cry. The axe must not be merely trimming the branches, it must be laid to the root of the tree. The supreme importance of selection by repression of unsuitable births for the prevention of over-population and for the perpetuation and progress of human society must be made plain to every thinking man. When public sentiment is thoroughly aroused we may expect action, but at present many difficulties confront us in applying this only certain remedy for the evils of society.

In the first place, there is a marked timidity in discussing the most vital of social questions. A false fastidiousness and vicious delicacy prevents the open discussion which is so desirable and necessary. The breeding of men and the breeding of horses are subject to the same general principles, and what horse-breeder does not fully discuss the principles of his craft? He is always looking for valuable qualities and

for the best means for reproducing and strengthening them. He knows that blood counts, and he keeps himself perfectly conversant with lineage. Man must be his own breeder, and he must breed upon the same scientific principles so long applied in the case of the lower animals if he will save the race for the fullest development of its most desirable qualities. To this end discussion must be absolutely free, and society must ultimately restrain and direct reproduction by strict legislation.

But the chief obstacle lies in our modern individualism. This has so long asserted complete freedom in the matter of marriage and offspring that it is now simply assumed by the vast majority as an indisputable and inalienable right. Public sentiment, indeed, is sometimes repressive, and custom fixes barriers and lays down rules; but these are more likely to be wrong than right in their tendency. The evil results of this much-abused freedom are but too apparent in both the individual and society. How many most sorely regret their parentage as they feel in themselves hereditary disease and mental and moral perversities which had been avoided if they had been born of sounder parents, and yet passion and instinct lead them to perpetuate these very weaknesses! A reckless individualism is responsible for the sorest ills of modern life. Perfect freedom with reference to marriage and reproduction is a wild license which leads society into inevitable decadence and ruin. With birth the evolution is nine-tenths completed, therefore the most vital interests of society lie in caring for the unborn, not for the born; and it is insane folly to leave this to the ignorant and thoughtless desire of the individual. Landor thus emphasizes this vital importance of marriage: "Death itself to the reflecting mind is less serious than marriage. Death is not even a blow, even a pulsation; it is a pause. But marriage unrolls the lot of numberless generations." That Landor, despite this saying, was supremely foolish in his marriage, but exemplifies this evil of reckless individualism.

Another great difficulty in improving the human race is the tendency to sterility in those whose qualities are most desirable for reproduction. The pressure of high specialization tends to destroy both function and desire. It seems possible that specialization in the case of man may be ultimately carried to the same extent as in bees, where division

of labor is brought to its acme. The great body of mankind in the fierce competition of the near future, when the earth is practically peopled, may tend to become specialized working neuters, the breeding to be done by a few highly differentiated forms. The tendency to infertility in many of the best specimens of mankind of both sexes should certainly be checked. As only the best should perpetuate themselves, society is bound to conserve the strength of these as carefully as possible, to remove all over-pressure, and to encourage by all legitimate means the rearing of children. In the true golden age, which lies not behind but before us, the privilege of parentage will be esteemed an honor for the comparatively few, and no child will be born who is not only sound in body and mind, but also above the average as to natural ability and moral force. In order to the improvement of any stock the breeder knows that an above the average must be struck for new individuals, and no permanent improvement can come to man, as a whole, except by the application of this simple law. It is a grave question whether the average is really being raised, in the case of the human race, by our tardy post-natal methods, whereas by thorough scientific selection and by the most scientific care for the whole pre-natal period, progress would be most evidently rapid. Where the field is perfectly open and control perfect, as, for instance, in the case of the trotting horse evolved in one hundred years, we see in short spaces of time marvellous results. By a like selection of the fittest and special care for them man would quickly attain wonderful results in his own development in special directions. The only force of any magnitude acting at present is the imperfect, unregulated natural selection of competition.

The more we observe and reflect, the more we are forced to conclude that society is spending much of its most precious energies in unavailing efforts to help the helpless and reform the incorrigible. The most careful and persistent culture will not raise good fruit from bad seed. What we most need is not new methods of culture but new seed. Since the character of society depends in such a paramount measure upon the nature of the individuals born into it, and since unconscious natural selection has become so weak in modern civilization, it is absolutely necessary to the salvation of society that artificial selection based on scientific

principles be carried out. Through voluntary organizations and ultimately by State management, men and women must be bred for the highest qualities. We believe most firmly that it is high time for civilized and mature men in a scientific period to put away all childish romanticism and sentimentalism as to the marriage relation. The destiny of mankind should not be left to ignorant caprice and romantic fancies, or to merely utilitarian considerations of rank and money. The most important matter in society, the inherent quality of the members which compose it, should be regulated by trained specialists. It is passing strange that our most trivial interests are confided to the specialists, while the interest of supreme importance is left to the desire of the individual, but slightly regulated by the ready-made law of public opinion. The essential superficiality of popular methods of reform must be made manifest, and action will follow. If a tithe of the energy which is spent in such a movement as the Prohibition agitation was turned toward the radical reform we have discussed, the temperance question would solve itself. In fact, the prime object in all social reforms is not to remove the temptation, but the temptable. It cannot be repeated too often, or emphasized too strongly, that the safety and progress of our civilization will not be assured by reformatory measures of any kind, but only by a radical change in public opinion and action as regards the scientific regulation of marriages and births.

*ÆONIAN PUNISHMENT.

BY REV. CHARLES HOLLAND KIDDER.

A FRIEND of mine, a physician of great ability, recently placed in my hands a copy of THE ARENA for April, and requested me to read Dr. Manley's article on Eternal Punishment, an article which had caused him much disquietude. He felt that if all the statements contained in the article were accurate, his religious instructors had been either knaves or fools — knaves if they taught what they did not believe — fools if they believed what they taught. It is to be regretted that this unhappy dilemma has been introduced into the discussion, for it brings in a personal element, and is more likely to arouse the *odium theologicum* than to aid in the discovery of truth. Let it be distinctly understood that I shall avoid entirely the "*Tu quoque*" argument, which would call for a counter-accusation against Dr. Manley of wilful fraud or improper motives in his treatment of his subject.

It is sufficient for my present purpose if I show that the defenders of the ordinary view are not so thoroughly unscholarly as would appear from the doctor's representations, and if a part of the testimony come from avowed rationalists, or from men of great liberality of thought, so much the better; they, at least, were not prejudiced in favor of traditional opinions. The proof of this point will carry with it an exculpation from the charge of "wilful perversion of the record by men of eminence in the Church" (page 545),— the accused were simply using their "right of private judgment," in choosing among various interpretations that which, in their opinion, accorded best with the teachings of the Church. It will be seen that there is another side to the question — that the man is not necessarily swayed by prejudice or interest, who prefers the orthodox interpretation of a passage touching on the special Sonship of our Lord or the allusions to

* The word "Æonian" (see Tennyson's In Memoriam, xxxv. 3) is used simply to vary the title, it being an exact English reproduction of the debatable word "*aionios.*"

"the day of judgment," to a crude conjecture of Wetstein, or a vagary of the brilliant but erratic Gilbert Wakefield, who "was as violent against Greek accents as against the Trinity, and anathematized the final ν as strongly as Episcopacy."

It may seem an unlovely task to thus appear as a sort of *advocatus diaboli*, or devil's advocate, at this universal canonization of humanity, but it is worth the while, if only to reassure those who may feel shocked at the manner in which they have been deceived (according to Dr. Manley) by their spiritual advisers.

There are special difficulties connected with a discussion involving so many theological and linguistic technicalities. The disputants resemble two men who leave a crowd and go behind a thicket to fight out their quarrel. Hidden by the thick foliage and the dust of the conflict, they deal each other doughty blows, and return, apparently none the worse for their efforts, each claiming a complete victory. Dr. Manley, in his clear and vigorous style, which requires no apology, suggests problems which demand for their solution a far deeper dip into the sea of technicalities than is apparent in his essay. It is no easy matter to steer between the Scylla of superficiality and the Charybdis of a technical treatment which, in a popular essay, might seem to savor of pedantry.

The statement that "all other causes combined do not produce so great a number of cases of insanity and suicide" as the doctrine of eternal punishment, is open to question. A large increase is claimed in the number of those who accept, in whole or in part, the Universalist theory, yet the census estimates make the total number of insane people in the United States 91,997 in 1880, against 37,432 in 1870. This gives, at the later date, a ratio of one insane person to every 543 of the population, and is an apparent proportionate increase of nearly 100 per cent. It is the opinion of experts that "the yearly ratio of new insane cases is increasing each year more than that of the population." As for suicides, a careful reading of the accounts of cases which form a leading feature in the current news does not seem to bear out the doctor's assertion. Financial difficulties, unhallowed love, or disappointment in love, alcoholism, where the suicidal mania works too quickly to permit the case a place in the published cases of insanity, — these and

kindred causes seem to be the most prominent. In France, nominally Roman Catholic, in the main, religious indifference is so great that the clergy, a year or two ago, deplored the fact that not more than one in thirty of the population came to their Easter communion. Is suicide less prevalent in France than elsewhere? It is probable that the fear of eternal punishment has prevented more suicides than it has caused, as it has induced many to endure their present hardships rather than "fly to others that they know not of."

If every school for theological and classical instruction organized by a Bishop for his diocese, during the first centuries of our era, counted as a "Theological Seminary," the number was far more than six. Dr. W. G. T. Shedd, a man of great learning, and one reputed truthful, says that, "The common opinion in the Ancient Church was, that the future punishment of the impenitent wicked is endless. This was the Catholic faith; as much so as the belief in the Trinity. But as there were some Church fathers who deviated from the creed of the Church respecting the doctrine of the Trinity, so there were some who dissented from it in respect to that of eternal retribution. The deviation in eschatology, however, was far less extreme than in Trinitarianism." (Dogmatic Theology, by W. G. T. Shedd.)

The appeal is, however, made "to Scripture alone" (page 540), and to Scripture we shall go. The first alleged case of "wilful perversion" is the translation "the day of judgment," for words which Gilbert Wakefield preferred to render "*a* day of judgment." As the latter, judging by other parts of his version, acknowledged a day of general retribution, it is difficult to see what he gained by the change. "There is no more important word in the Greek language than the article," is the just remark of Dr. Manley. This truth was impressed upon the minds of the Socinians of his day by Bishop Middleton, with his masterly work, "The Doctrine of the Greek Article." It is more frequently used in New Testament Greek than in the classics. In the latter θεὸς, denotes the Divinity (God), while ὁ θεὸς, means a particular god of their Pantheon. In the New Testament the word when representing the supreme God of the Old and New Covenants frequently takes the article, but not always. In the expression criticised the word ἡμέρα, is rendered sufficiently definite by the genitive limiting its meaning (κρίσεως,

of judgment) calling attention, as it does, to the well-known future day of retribution. Besides, as Hadley says: "The omission of the article may have *emphatic* force, attention being given wholly to the proper meaning of the word, instead of its particular relations." (Greek Grammar, 530. c.) DeWette was classed by the Orthodox with the Rationalists, and by the Rationalists as being entirely too Orthodox, while all admitted his great exegetical skill and uniform fairness. The use of the article in German is still more precise, if possible, than in Greek, as there are two, the definite and indefinite, while the Greek has only one. In translating all these passages, DeWette renders the words in question, "*am Tage des Gerichts*," "in the day of judgment." Matt. xi. 24, is made definite enough by Luke x. 12, "in that day," with the article, and, as it stands, refers to a future judgment for Sodom, which for many centuries had been buried, with its inhabitants, under the Dead Sea. "The men of Nineveh," (Luke xi. 32) were to rise up "in the judgment" (*εν τη κρίσει*,) with a generation which came upon the earth more than six centuries later, when Nineveh was so completely destroyed that, four hundred years before the Christian era, Xenophon marched a day's journey (one stathmos, six parasangs) within its limits, apparently without recognizing it. (Anabasis iii. 4, 7–11.)

The two resurrections mentioned in John v. 24, 28, 29, are not necessarily both figurative. It seems rather that the first is a condition of obtaining a share in the resurrection of life. Again the limiting genitive renders the noun definite enough to take an English article. DeWette here translates: "Zur Auferstehung des Lebens, . . . zur Auferstehung des Gerichts," "To the resurrection of life, . . . to the resurrection of judgment," precisely the rendering of the Revised Version. How much clearer is Alford's note on verse 28 than the Origenic exposition adopted by Dr. Manley: "'The hour is coming,' but not 'and now is,' this time because He is *now speaking* of the great day of resurrection; when not merely 'the dead,' but 'all that are in the graves,' shall hear His voice, and 'they that hear' are not specified, because *all* shall *hear* in the fullest sense. Observe that here and elsewhere, when the judgment according to *works* is spoken of, it is the great *general* resurrection of Matt. xxv. 31–46."

The witnesses adduced by Dr. Manley against the special

Sonship of our Lord, in a little excursus, are Satan, the heathen mariners introduced (about 140 years ago) by the conjecture of Wetstein into a boat which the disciples (placed there by the Scripture narrative) were abundantly able to navigate, and the centurion at the cross.

The case of Satan is a very sad one. Admitting that he spoke Greek, instead of the vernacular Aramaic of the scene of the temptation, either he sinned against the rigid philological requirements of the Anti-Trinitarians, or he really "for some reason, best known to himself," did not mean that his words should imply the exclusive Sonship of Jesus. (Page 542.) There is no escape from the dilemma, he was defective in his grammar or his theology. It is to be feared that the latter was the case, but as his reasons were doubtless satanic, his high authority can be conceded to the impugners of the Divinity of Christ, without any suggestion that by adopting Satan as their champion, they bring into being such a synagogue as is mentioned in Rev. ii. 9.

To ordinary readers it seems that "they that were in the ship" (Matt. xvi. 33), were the disciples who remained in the vessel when St. Peter started to walk upon the water. If they were really heathens, the weight of their authority is somewhat lessened by their peculiar views. The centurion at the cross, supposing him to be a polytheistic Roman, stands in the same position, provided always that the grammatical criticism be perfectly accurate, which is not admitted.

It is unfortunate that the impression is left by Dr. Manley that these are the only texts supporting "the exclusive Sonship of Jesus." Was St. Peter a heathen, when, in the strongest terms that a Jew could use, he said to Jesus: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God"? (Matt. xvi. 16.) Was Nathaniel ("an Israelite in whom is no guile") a heathen, when he confessed: "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God"? (John i. 50.) The Greek text here has the full complement of articles (*ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ θεοῦ*). In the very verse (John v. 25) quoted by Dr. Manley on page 543, the expression (the Son of God) has the two articles. So in John ix. 35, where Jesus asks: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" then adds: "Thou hast both seen him and it is he that talketh with thee," thus claiming all that the name implies. In the following passages, both articles occur: John i. 34; xi. 4, 27; xx. 31; Gal. ii. 20; Eph. iv. 13;

Heb. iv. 14; vi. 6; vii. 3; x. 29; I. John iii. 8; iv. 15; v. 5, 10, 12, 13, 20; Rev. ii. 18. The expression "Only begotten," as applied to Jesus (John i. 14, 18; iii. 16, 18; I. John iv. 9), is a clear enough designation to an exclusive Sonship, and is thus rendered by Davidson, a friend of "the higher criticism," and by De Wette (Germ. "eingeborne,") though both were perfectly aware that the Greek word (*μονογενής*,) is used in the Septuagint (Ps. xxii. 21; xxxv. 17) for "most dear," or "only beloved."

As for John i. 1, the literature concerning which would fill many volumes, the shortest explanation can be made by using technical terms. The last word in the verse connotes not personality, but consubstantiality, and is used without the article, for this same purpose, in the Athanasian Creed. *Θεὸς ὁ πατὴρ, Θεὸς ὁ Υἱὸς Θεὸς καὶ τὸ πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον.*

"The Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Spirit is God." An application of the uncritical principle suggested by Dr. Manley (Page 542) to the passage just quoted, would, therefore, make the framers of the Athanasian Creed Tritheists, in spite of their immediate denial of this construction in the words: "And yet they are not three Gods, but one God." Was St. John a polytheistic heathen, deifying attributes? Luther's version, made before the Socinian controversy blazed forth, preserves the Greek inversion of the subject and predicate: "Und Gott war das Wort." De Wette and Gossner, with a full knowledge of the force of the apparent variation, translate: "Und das Wort war Gott."

"The Greek *mellō* (*μέλλω*)" frequently has the meaning assigned to it by Dr. Manley, but it is not shut up to that meaning. It is probable that John the Baptist's "wrath to come" did refer to the near future; so Alford understands it: "John is now speaking in the true character of a prophet, foretelling the wrath soon to be poured on the Jewish nation." It also means *to delay*, being the verb in Acts xxii. 16: "And now why tarriest thou?" It was also used for simple futurity. The Greek name for the future tense was *ho mellōn* (*ὁ μέλλων*). Prometheus, bound, and bewailing even his prophetic powers, cries out: "I clearly know beforehand *all futurity* (*πάντα τὰ μέλλοντα*,) Professor Jowett, probably the first Greek scholar of the day, the translator of Plato and of Thucydides, was one of the authors of Essays and Reviews, a book which

under that name was widely known as being decidedly unorthodox. The Liberal Christians of New England circulated an edition with the alarming title changed to Recent Discussions on Theology. In Thucydides I. 138, he renders: "He [Themistocles] could best divine what was likely to happen in *the remotest future*." The italicized words are represented in the original by *tōn mellontōn epi pleistōn*, (*τῶν μελλόντων επὶ πλεῖστων*). The last two words only intensify the meaning of the verb. If this always referred to a near futurity, the effect of these words would be to limit rather than to extend the range of the great general's mental vision.

It was a frequent thing for the prophecies of the Old Testament to refer to both a near and a remote future. Thus, prophecies which treated of the temporal restoration of Israel, were mingled with others which plainly reached far beyond the age of the Davidic kings and the land of Palestine. These were obscure to the prophets themselves (1. Pet. i. 10–12), and the only answer vouchsafed to their prayers for greater precision was the assurance that the ultimate fulfilment would be reserved for a later generation. The fulfilment would be required as the key. The rule was that the temporal and nearer blessings were mentioned first, then the spiritual and comparatively remote deliverance was introduced.

Of this nature are the prophecies of our Lord concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, and the end of the current Æon. To one who accepts the whole Bible, it matters little whether the words "end of the world" be taken in the sense objected to by Dr. Manley, or be considered as connoting the end of the present world-age. The most profound Biblical scholar of my acquaintance was accustomed, in the class-room, to translate the word Æon (*αἰών*), in many passages, "flow-of-time." This is an exact reproduction of the German *Zeitlauf*, which Stier uses several times for this word. It may at times refer to the Jewish dispensation, with its limit fixed at the judgment executed upon the holy city, and the destruction of the temple. It may again mean this world-age in which we live, extending on to the final consummation described in the Apocalypse. It does not always mean an age, for this meaning is inadequate for the "worlds," *aiōnas* (*αἰῶνας*) of Heb. i. 2, and xi. 3, and would reduce the creation clearly described in the latter passage to an

empty emanation of Æons, akin to the wild dreams of the Gnostics.

In Matt. xiii. 38, 39, De Wette and Davidson translate both the words mentioned by Dr. Manley (*kosmos* and *aiōn*) by "world" (German, Welt). The Berlenburger Bibel has, for the second word, Weltlauf, "course of the world;" Stier, his favorite Zeitlauf, "course or flow of time," above mentioned. To one who accepts the whole Bible there is no difficulty here, for it is understood from other Scripture, that the world and the course of the world, end at the same time. When the oath shall be fulfilled of the angel (Rev. x. 5–7) who shall swear "that there shall be time no longer," when "in the days of the voice of the seventh angel" the mystery of God shall be finished, "as He hath declared to His servants the prophets," the consummation of all things will solve all these problems and, as the set phrase has it, "Time shall be swallowed up in eternity."

As Dr. Manley says (page 540): "Not one of them [the passages adduced by him] could be fully explained in much less space than what will be required for the whole discussion." I shall, therefore, take the greater part of the remaining space assigned to me, for the discussion of the meaning of the cardinal words *aiōn* and *aiōnios*, using in most cases this English transliteration for the convenience of those readers who are not familiar with Greek. It should be noted, however, that the use of "Hades" for "Hell" in many places in the Revised Version, was not, and was not intended to be, the surrender of any doctrine. The prevalence of this idea is partly a gift of newspaper exegesis. When the Revised Version was published, the press, quick to seize on any matter for a jest, caught up the change, and rang upon it a merry roundelay of quirks and quibbles, which reminded one of the enthusiasm of the sea-captain in Mallock's New Paul and Virginia, over Professor Paul Darnley's new Gospel: "The captain, in particular, who had a wife in every port he touched at, was overjoyed at hearing that there was no hell; and he sent for all the crew, that they might learn the good news likewise." A single reading of the parable of Dives and Lazarus (Luke xvi. 19–31), will convince the candid reader that the word Hades is still full of meaning. It signifies "the unseen world," and is used for "the place of departed spirits," including two very differ-

ent conditions. As for Gehenna, it was used by the Jews to denote a place of punishment, which they thought to be eternal for some, at least. In the Zohar, quoted in Isaac Myer's learned work on the Qabbalah (spelled by ordinary people Kabbala, or Cabbala), we find that Rabbi Yo-seh said: "All those who tarry in their sins, and will not repent for their sin before the Holy, blessed be He! He will hereafter cast into *Gai-hinnom* (Gehenna, hell) and they can never come forth from there again." (Qabbalah, pp. 353–4.)

Discussions as to the exact meaning of *aiōn* and of *aiōnios* are among the commonplaces of Greek study. A universal negative is hard to prove, none more so than the assertion of Dr. Manley that the word *aiōnios* is "*never* used by classic authors *in the sense of eternal*." Aristotle finds the derivation of *aiōn* in *aei* (ἀεί), ever and *ōn* (ὤν), the participle of *einai* (εἶναι) the Greek verb *to be*. When seeking the proper term for the existence of his retrospectively and prospectively eternal heaven, he says: "That end which contains the period of each existence is called its *aiōn* [*aevum*, age or being]. According to the same reason [or definition], that which constitutes the enclosing limit of the whole heaven [or universe], that which embraces the infinite period, and the infinity of all things, that, is *aiōn*, *eternity*, taking its name from *aei einai*, ever being, immortal and divine." *De Caelo* I. ix. 10. (See Lewis' Plato against the Atheists, pp. 300-6.)

Prof. Jowett's excellent credentials for shaky orthodoxy are given above. In his translation of Plato's Timæus (p. 37, c. d.), in a passage where *aiōn*, *aiōnios*, and *aidios* are all used, he renders as follows (I will indicate by the transliterated forms, where these words occur): "When the Father and Creator saw the image that He had made of the eternal (*aidios*) gods moving and living, He was delighted, and in His joy determined to make His work more like the pattern; and as the pattern was an eternal (*aidios*) creature, He sought to make the universe the same as far as might be. Now the nature of the intelligible being is eternal (*aidios*), and to bestow eternity [here the word is represented by a pronoun "this," (quality or attribute,) and refers to the meaning of the preceding *aidios* for its force] on the creature was wholly impossible. But he resolved to make a moving image of eternity (*aiōn*), and as he set in order the heaven he made this eternal (*aiōnios*) image, having a motion

according to number, while eternity (*aiōn*) rested in unity; and this is is what we call time."

A careful examination of this passage will show, that at first sight *aidios* and *aiōnios* appear to be used interchangeably, but that really the root-word *aiōn* is taken as the strongest term to exclude time, duration, and succession, The "motion according to number" is called time, but eternity (*aiōn*) itself "rests in unity," *i. e.*, has no divisions, no successions, nothing, in short, to take it out of the realm of infinity. As Riddell well observes on this passage: "The fact that Plato has seized this word (*aiōn*) for his purpose, shows that it is the word in the Greek language which comes nearest to expressing existence unconditioned by time, — 'eternity,' in the sense in which we apply the term to God in distinction from His creation."

Still more decisive, if possible, is the passage in Plato's Laws (x. 904 a.), "When the king saw that our actions had life, and that there was much virtue in them and much vice, and that the soul and body though not eternal (*aiōnios*), were indestructible, like the gods of public opinion," etc. (Jowett's Translation.)

Riddell thinks that this passage "outweighs for precision, all the others. It is used unequivocally and intentionally for retrospective and prospective eternity."

Dr. Farrar, since the publication of his sermons on Eternal Hope, has not been considered as a very staunch defender of the doctrine of Eternal Punishment, yet he virtually admits (Eternal Hope, Excursus III. p. 202) that those who adopt the translation forbidden by Dr. Manley are only "attaching to the word *aiōnios* a meaning in which scores of times it is undoubtedly found." The former Head Master of Harrow School, the author of Chapters on Language (in which he successfully held his own against Max Müller) and of a Greek Syntax, concerning which a competent authority said: "Dr. Farrar's volume surpasses all the Greek Grammars we have seen,"—it was impossible for him to take the untenable ground that *aiōnios* is used by classic writers "never in the sense of eternal."

The word is used in the Septuagint (Gen. xxi. 33; Isa. lx. 28) and in the New Testament (Rom. xvi. 26) to describe the mode of existence of "the everlasting God." If Dr. Manley's position be correct, Jehovah was only a temporary

god, age-lasting, whose name, in Greek, ought always to have been written without the article.

It is well understood that the special sin in view in Heb. x. 26, 27, is open and notorious apostacy. From this point on to xii. 29, the writer is warning against this sin and exhorting to constancy in the hour of trial. The note above given on John v. 28 contains a criterion to test the various judgments mentioned. It has been thought by many besides St. Augustine that in Matt. xxv. 46, the co-ordinate clauses containing the word "eternal," indicate an equal duration for the punishment and life therein threatened or promised, respectively. The discussion of the Apocalyptic questions raised by Dr. Manley would be "Æonian." Eichhorn arranged the Apocalypse as a drama, with a Title, Prologue, Prelude, three Acts, and an Epilogue. The Acts (I. "Jerusalem is overthrown, or Judaism is conquered by Christianity"; II. "Rome is overthrown, or Paganism is overcome by Christianity;" III. "The Celestial Jerusalem descends from Heaven, or the eternal felicity of the Future Life described") remind one of Dr. Manley's divisions. Floerke risked the anathema against Millenarianism in the Augsburg Confession, to propound the strangest of theories, making the Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia describe as many successive ages (æonlets) of the Church. Baxter has been working for forty years on a Napoleonic Antichrist theory, not discouraged by the death of Napoleon III. (which forced him to alter his engravings), or by the fall of the Prince Imperial. "Plon-Plon" is now his main stay. It is needless to say that the truth of Christianity is not bound up with any of the diverse schemes of would-be expositors.

It is trusted that sufficient has been given to show that those who accept the popular doctrine on this subject are at least free from the taint of unfairness which has been made a leading point in Dr. Manley's charges. They had enough support from traditional teachings and from apparently accurate interpretations of Scripture to exculpate them from the charge of a necessarily wilful fraud.

It has been impossible, of course, to follow out every line of thought, or reply in set terms to every objection in the large gathering offered by Dr. Manley, but suggestions have been made which would enable any reader believing in the whole of the Bible, and at all accustomed to Bibical study, to

work over the most formidable of the array, and this will give confidence that perhaps the rest are not so alarming as they appeared at first sight. The claim to absolute correctness is as dangerous as the Papal claim to the possession of infallibility. A single failure breaks the wall, and leaves the suspicion that the strength of the enclosure has been overestimated by the defenders thereof. Are we to suppose that so ripe a scholar as Bishop F. D. Huntington was so uncritical when he gave up his Liberal Christianity, as to be deceived by the frauds alleged by Dr. Manley, frauds which, if his positions are all correct, are so transparent that the first acquaintance with a Greek lexicon must have opened the eyes of all who were not blinded by their former teachings?

Our Lord was "the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."—John i. 9. He was sent into the world "not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." It is not for us to settle the eternal fate of others, nor are we called upon to do so by any formal definition of the faith of the Church Catholic. The main difficulty of popular modes of presenting religious teachings is that many men, fixing their eyes mainly on the future world, and their lot there, seem to look upon religion (as Goulburn's happy phrase has it), as "an insurance against spiritual bankruptcy at the hour of death and in the day of judgment." As long as so low and grovelling a view of religion prevails, just so long will those who attack "the faith once delivered to the saints" have only too much justice in their assaults upon the practical side of current orthodoxy.

Much that is assailed by Universalism is not a necessary portion of the creed of the Church Catholic. The words of Faber, adopted as his own by so decided a champion of the doctrine of eternal punishment as Dr. Pusey, may fitly close this essay: "I have no profession of faith to make about them (those without) except that God is infinitely merciful to every soul; that no one ever has been, or ever can be lost by surprise or trapped in his ignorance; and as to those who may be lost, I confidently believe that our Heavenly Father threw His arms around each created spirit, and looked it full in the face with bright eyes of love, in the darkness of its mortal life, and that of its own deliberate will it would not have Him."

UNGAVA.

A COMPANION IDYL OF MAMELONS.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

CHAPTER VIII.

DUEL OF THE OLD DUMB CHIEFS.

THEN each his hatchet threw, and all the might of their old withered arms went with the deadly cast. The bright blades whirling on met in mid flight, and steel and handles shivered at the shock like glass. Then up from either line of faces battle-painted, ochred in panoply of death, rose a shrill yell as the war hatchets shivered, — a sight no warrior standing there had ever seen before, though some were gray in war and scarred with half a hundred battles. But on the heel of that wild yell of thoughtless rage and pride, the prophets of each tribe sent forth a wail, low, wild, and long as is the cry of crouching, shivering hound above the dying hunter, — dying in the snow. For well they read the sign, and knew that never yet had warriors lived whose axes met midway between their heads and shivered in the air.

Then the two aged, tongueless foes drew bow and loosened quiver, and quick as lightning's flash set shaft to tightened string. The air between them on the instant thickened with flying shafts; the rounded shields of walrus hide, hung from their necks above each shrivelled breast, rang like two anvils tapped by falling hammers as the steel-headed arrows smote them. So rained and rang the bolts of death upon the two opposing shields, and, when the sheafs were spent, their tawny, shrunken arms and shoulders were cut and pierced with gashes red and deep, and blood fell downward from their wounds as fall the first drops from a cloud before the thunder rolls; while at their feet the feathers from the

broken shafts lay thick as plumage in a glade above whose turf two hungry, hunting eagles, swooping at one prey, have met in mad and disappointed swoop, and clinched. But by no bolt had either shield been pierced, and underneath the tough, protecting hides their old mad hearts, untouched, beat, hating, on.

Then rose a mighty murmur, and each line of battle, forgetful of its hate, swayed in around the fighters; for never on wild Ungava's stormy shore, where bloody war had been for twice a thousand years, had there been seen by mortal eyes such dreadful fight before. It was as if these two old chiefs had burst their cerements of bark and risen out of graves, shrivelled, dried, death-dumb, to *fight*, and show the younger men that gazed, how their old grandsires fought it out. The Trapper, leaning on his rifle not ten paces off, saw in the gloomy orbs of the old Chief the death light shine, and knew that this was his last battle. Thrice lifted he his rifle butt from sand, then drove it back. Thrice did his mighty fingers seek hatchet handle, then fall away, and with a groan he said: —

"Nay, nay; it may not be. It is a mighty fight and fair. My God! it must go on! But his old eyes will never gaze again on the loved rocks of Mistassinni!"

Thus mingled were both wars. The Esquimau stood side by side with hated Nasquapee. Their painted faces almost touched as they stood thronged around the dreadful two whose hearts were hot with hate kindled in old fights fought on those barren shores before the warriors round them had been born.

Then the two fighters, grim and gray, with stately motion lifted their old hands, palm outward, and called mutual truce. Then signalled the gray Esquimau in dumb show to his tribe: —

"My children, here fight I my last fight. My fathers call me and I go. The trail has waited long and I must tread it now. This chief and I have met before. With this right hand I tore his tongue from out his mouth. Lying half smothered in the brands, his hand launched knife at me, which passing through my face made my mouth dumb forever. We both have wrongs to right, and we will right them here. Take ye my body to that bold bluff where all my fathers sleep abreast of Anticosti. Lay me with them

there where I may hear the tides come roaring in, and see the seals at play. Let there be wail for me as for an old-time chief among the tents which empty stand and will stand empty ever more beside the sea whose moan shall sound forever for a race forever gone. From this last field of mine bring into Spirit-land such news of deeds and death as shall make welcome for you such as warriors give and get around those spirit fires which light the lodges of our sires beyond the northern sky. I, dying, give cheer to you about to die. So fare you well."

Then to the Trapper signalled his dumb friend: —

"Trapper, the trail is ready and I go. This Esquimau and I will end our quarrel here. The trail is long and lonely, but never yet hast thou failed dying man. I love thee, Trapper, for thou art true. No white is in thee. Thou art red. I shall not see thee ever after this. Thy trail runs to the front of Atla's throne; mine to my father's lodge. Tell her from me, that he who made her grave at Mamelons sent greeting to her when he died. Take thou my body to far Mistassinni and lay it in that cave where sleep my sires and where forever sound the voices of the dead. When we have ended this, let these damned Esquimaux feel thy rifle butt and knife. At sunset, out of this last fray of mine, let both come forth well wet with brains and blood. It is my last behest. I love thee, Trapper, like a chief. So give me word and bond. May no knife ever girdle head of thine. So fare thee well."

Then spake the Trapper:

"Old friend, as thou hast said, so shall it be, if life holds with me after this. Thy greeting will I give her when we meet. Thy body will I bear to Mistassinni, and in the cave where sleep thy sires and where their voices sound forever, there shall it sleep. These dogs of Esquimaux shall feel my rifle butt and knife. From this last fray of thine they shall come forth both red and wet. I give thee word and bond. So lay on, Chief, and make thy vengeance sure. Thy heaven may not be mine; and so I say my long farewell, and give thee dying cheer."

Then once again the old gray haters faced, and their throats rattled, struggling with wild yells. Their sunken eyes glowed hot as burning coals. They dashed their shields to earth and stooped low down. Then drew their knives,

long, bright, and keenly edged; sprang into air and met, — and *struck*. Each knife drove, heart-deep, home; and, as they fell apart, each bosom held the other's blade sunk 'twixt the ribs to the strong handle. So they died.

Then for a space was silence. Deep as death's, it hung above the host and stayed the pulses of the air. Then into it and through it, swelling slowly up and wavering on, the Indian wail arose, wild and weird, the saddest of all wailing ever sounded out of throat of woe. Quavering it swelled, lingered in long plaint, then died away in thinnest sound, and all the bloody plain was silent as the grave again. Then, suddenly, like crash of thunder in the breathless pause of some hot summer night, there burst a yell that ripped the silence into fragments. It burst from out a thousand throats as if the thousand had been joined in one, and through it hell had sent from out her caves its scream of hottest hate. Then deadly strife went down and rioted among them. Mixed and jammed they were together. Each man found foe beside him. No room for arrow or for spear was there. Each hand set fingers into nearest throat until their nails in torn flesh met. Then knives were plucked and reddened to the handles as they found flesh, and half the battle in the sand lay coiled and knotted like a field of snakes. So wrestled they and clung, bit, struck, and died.

When rose the signal yell the Trapper's rifle cracked. Both barrels rang almost in twin report and two tall chiefs sank brainless to the sand. Then, swinging heavy hatchet in mighty hand, into the jammed battle did he, headlong, plunge. Half through the thickened throng of fighting men he hewed his way. Through lifted shield his red axe sank to covered head and clove to shattered jaw. The warding spear shaft, gnarled and thick, shivered like rod of glass beneath his dreadful stroke. He warded neither knife nor spear. The terror of his arm was his defence. In his red wake the Nasquapees rushed in. They guarded safe and sure the back of their great friend. He knew it not. He only saw his thickening foes in front, and strode straight on. He grew in rage as grew the fight. In him war stood incarnate, fierce and red. The ancient dead fought in him. For o'er his head he heard the steady tramp of feet, and through the air the old Iberian murmurs run. And 'mid the whiz of arrows, whir of hatchets, crash of axes, and the thug of spears

as they were driven home, he heard a voice he knew cry clear and loud: —

"Lay on, John Norton, lay thou on! For the old Tortoise's sake, — whose son thou art, and king shalt be, — show thy full strength this day and make good her right to name thee lord and master to the mighty warriors of her race, now gazing at thee, under lifted shields above Ungava. Lay on, I say, for tribal sign and her!"

Then he went wild. He cast his dreadful axe in air, and, clutching rifle by the muzzle, drove headlong at them. His mighty face, lean-featured, rigid, battle-white, sharp set as flint edged for the pan was horrible to see. His great, gray eyes, beneath his shaggy brows, were black as night, in whose black centre lightnings burn and blaze.

From left to right — a mighty sweep — his heavy rifle swept. Stock, locks, and woodwork shivered as he struck, and flew in splinters wide cast. Around him centred all the battle. He was the battle. Ahead of him the Esquimaux rallied thick as bees in bush, when some intruding shock has burst the hive, and inner comb and dome of gray lie on the ground in patches. Through buckskin shirt and jacket stout their pelting arrows stung. They spotted him with blood. He felt no smart nor sting, but like a maddened lion ramped on. In Esquimaux no coward blood e'er flowed. They are a hardy stock, and all their lives are lived in peril. They breasted bravely up against him by the score, their coarse hair bristling and their small eyes adder-red. On shoulders broad and stout, on thickened skull and wide breast-bone, the bevelled barrels fell and crushed. He smote them down as thresher's flail beats banded bundles on threshing-floor. With every stroke his breathing sounded wide. So fought he, and so they, quivering, died.

Then into the wild battle ran a figure clothed in black. At waist a tasselled cord was tied. His head was shaven bare. In high uplifted hand a silver crucifix gleamed white. Upon a pile of dead men, tumbled like jammed logs, — a dreadful heap of death, — the holy friar leaped and held high the sign of Calvary. Then Nasquapees and Esquimaux dropped on their knees and flung their weapons down. They knelt to Heaven's sign. With steady hand the holy man held silver cross on high, and to the dreadful slayer called:

"Stay hand! Stay hand, thou dreadful man! For Holy

Mary's sake and her dear Son's, stay now thy bloody hand! Above this awful field I lift this sacred sign and bid this strife to cease. Let these poor men that live, go free."

Then stood the Trapper. From dripping brow the battle sweat he wiped with one red hand, and, gripping hard the bloody and bent barrels in the other, said: —

"In yonder dell the tongueless Chief of Mistassinni lieth dead. Between his ribs the driven knife still clings. In fair and mighty battle did he die. I was his friend. He knew his doom and bade me long farewell. He loved me like a chief, and therefore charged me, under word and bond, that I come forth from this last fray of his with rifle butt and knife well wet and red with brains and blood. I gave him word and bond, and joyfully he took the trail that led him to his sires.

"Bond and word have I kept on this full field. Above the dead and dying thou hast lifted sacred sign. I am a Christian man. Let, therefore, these damned dogs go hence alive. I am a Christian man."

So spake he. Then turned his back on priest and living foe, and, lining steps by the long row of bodies he had smitten down through bloody lane made by his awful rage, he came to where the silent Chief of Mistassinni lay silent evermore.

But when he came to where the old Chief lay, he started, for lo! amid the dead, robed in black furs from head to foot, a hood of night's jet blackness on her head, her serpent wand of twisted gold in hand, her face white as the snow, her great orbs fixed in mournful gloom upon the dead man's face, his withered hand in hers, there sat *Ungava!*

Then spake he, as he stood all dripping red, the wrath of battle in his blood and half its fierceness blazing in his eye.

"Never on battle plain did I see dead so thick! I would that his old eyes had seen a man without a cross keep word and bond. This was last fray of his, and had he lived to see it foughten out, he would have had a tale to tell the chiefs he met as he burst into Spirit-Land that would have sent their hatchets whirling high in air as they gave warrior's welcome. Thou hast seen either world, but did'st thou ever see such fight before, in living-land or dead-land, Ungava?"

Then she made answer. Sitting by the dead amid the dead, and lifting eyes of gloom to his great face, she said: —

"Fights many have I seen on sand and ice beneath a sun that neither set nor rose, and under lights no mortal hand e'er kindled in the North, which burned the unseen, rounded end of the world,— but never such a fight as this. Above you, as you onward hewed your way, the old-time dead stood thick as sedge at edge of salted streams in summer. Some were of my red race, for they waved hatchets over head, and on their naked bosoms, crimsoned bright, I saw the Tortoise sign. I knew the Totem, for often have I seen it on the breast of him, your friend, who saved the fight on the flat banks of Peribonka, where my father died. But others did I see, more vast of limb and huge; a giant throng, tall, big-breasted, lofty as pines, who, under oval shields bright as the sun, pure gold, their edges lifted high, gazed at you as you hewed on. And when, at last, thou did'st cast hatchet high in air, and, bare-headed, without guard, did'st beat them down with heavy rifle clubbed, and all its stock and polished woodwork into splinters flew, their mighty swords on golden shields did clash and such a roar went up as never lifted air of either world before. O dreadful man, it was a dreadful fight, and long and wild will rise the wail from maid and wife in the skin tents of Labrador, when from the North there shall be bruited down from tribe to tribe the tidings of this fray on far Ungava. God grant thee mercy, Trapper, when in hour of need He reckons with thee for this dreadful day."

"So be it," gravely answered he, "God grant me mercy full and sure for sin done here or anywhere, when in my hour of need he reckons with me for this fray or other red ones I have fought in. Thou art a girl, Ungava, and can'st not understand a warrior's soul in battle. I did give word and bond to this old chief, my friend, who for the length of warrior's life had walked the vocal world of God with silent mouth, shut off from all he loved and lived for by the great wrong done to him at the stake by the damned Esquimaux. Through savage circle, as they tortured, did I break when blazed the fire they lighted round him. This foot it was that cast the fagots wide, when, from the thongs cut by my knife, he fell headlong among them. For thirty years he lived seeking this day, his foe and chance. Foe and chance did he find on this far field, and mighty battle did he make, though age had whitened head and shrivelled hand. Here,

dying, did he put me under bond to right the wrong which he had borne for half a life. So stood the matter. I fought for friendship and for right, and God will grant me mercy, if, in battle fiercely set, I did in wrath strike one red blow too heavy or too many. So let it rest until I come to where the scales are poised for warriors and for wrongs righted in battle. I will bide issue like a Christian man, not doubting. Now will I lift this withered frame that once held mighty soul, and bear it to the cave where you shall fit it for long journey toward the grave which waits its coming at Mistassinni. For there, in that dread cave where all his fathers sleep and where he will sleep the last of all thus chambered, must this old frame be laid: that cave whose fame fills all the North, whose caverned passages, as you know, are filled forever with the voices and the murmurs of the dead.

"So now, old friend, on back of him who keepeth word and bond, from thy last field and fray thou shalt be borne. A heavier burden I have often carried, but never sadder. Ah me! ah me! the dead grow fast and friends grow few as life's swift days fly on! The Queen died on my breast. The Chief is dead. At Mamelons my love sleeps. And now full half a thousand miles I go with him who made her grave, to his own grave at Mistassinni. Ungava, white of face but dark of soul, die not, lest out of that old cave in the Great Rock I shall come forth into an empty world."

Then tenderly the empty frame which once held mighty soul he lifted on his shoulders broad, and, casting one long look across the field whose fame would be his own till all the tribes died out, he went up toward the Conjuror's cave which stood on the high cliff at whose worn base the great tides rush and roar. Him toiling on, Ungava followed, white of face but dark of soul, whose birth was out of mystery and under doom; whose magic was the wonder of the North; whose voice the dead obeyed; whose touch might heal or kill; whose serpent wand of gold was like that rod that Aaron cast at Egypt's feet; and with her in the cave he left the dead, that she, with strange preserving force, might make it fit for distant journey to its distant grave.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL TO UNGAVA.

"TRAPPER, behold the whiteness of the world. How still it lies, like angel sleeping on a couch of down plucked from the white swan's breast. See how the moon wheels up her rounded orb from out the eastern sea, which whitens at her touch to her own beauty. The waves roll pearly pale and fling their spray in silvery showers far up the gleaming cliffs. The snow is whiter as her beams fall on it, and yonder icy islands shine like mirrors as they meet her face turned full upon them. All things are seen in distance, softly dim as some loved face that gazes at us in our dreams, through the gauze curtains which hang but for an hour between us, dreaming, and the spirit world; soon to be softly drawn aside for our own entrance within that peaceful realm where wait the angels, once our friends. Hark! to the low, soft note of mother-seals calling with sweet interrogation to their babes, safely sleeping in the crystal crevices of the ice. Was ever scene more peaceful?"

"It is, indeed, a peaceful scene, Ungava," replied the Trapper, "but barren to the eye of one who loves the stir of life, the motion of the world's activity, the busy hum of going and of coming, and the glow of human happiness. If one could people this pale realm with buoyant motion; set this still air to music and make the moonlight dance, then might he say in truth it were a perfect world produced by magic."

"O thou of blinded eyes!" Ungava cried. "I did forget thou could'st not see, save as the orbed sentinels on guard beneath the arches of thy beetling brows imperfectly report to thee. What, then, if I should give thee sight which brings the unseen world within my vision, and thou should'st see the Fairies, Sprites, and Elves, the Gnomes and Witches, which people all this winter world above, around, and underneath us, with frolic and with pleasure, as they hold nightly festival. Would such a sight please thee?"

"Thou art in joking mood," returned the Trapper, smiling. "There are no Fairies in the world; that is the faith of children."

"Children are wiser than the older folk, John Norton," returned Ungava, seriously. "They come as spirits out of

spirit-land, and, taking forms of flesh, are subject to its limitations. O Trapper, this earthly form in which we live, is but imprisonment; bondage to eyes which otherwise might see, and mask to our real faces. Through flesh we only show ourselves in glimpses. And the fond faith of children in the marvellous, to which they cling, is but the struggling of their souls against forgetfulness of that bright, animated world from which they came. And those who laugh at them, because of their sweet credence, are like those blinded ones—the Gnomes of under-earth—who, born in blindness, beyond the reach of light, laugh at our stories of the sun, and smile at us who do put faith in stars. Would'st thou have eyes for once, O Trapper, and see what thou dost laugh at?"

"My eyes are fairly good," replied he, laughingly. "But if thou can'st give better to me, then, let them come, Ungava."

"Nay, nay, thou sceptic," answered she, "I may not give thee eyes to see what is beyond thy ken at present; but I can command the spirits of the earth and air to take such form as shall upon the lenses of thine eyes cast full reflection and so become objective to thy senses. They are compliant to me. Shall I call?"

"Aye, call, Ungava, call. If childhood's faith in spirits by any chance be real, I would be child again," he answered, smiling.

Then, as she stood, Ungava lifted wand, and suddenly around the two there grew a light far whiter than the moon. It came as dawn and day would come which had no flush of color. So came it round them as they stood upon the cliff above the lighted sea which darkened with the contrast. So standing in the whiteness, Ungava called:—

"Come, Spirit and Sprite,
  Come laughing and dancing;
Come out of the night,
  To this white light come glancing.
Come, Elfin and Fairy;
  I form ring of magic;
Come sing us some song,
  Come dance us some dances.

"Come from sea and from land,
  From deep earth and high heaven,

See, I lift now my hand,
The signal is given.
From the fires of the North,
From the foam of the sea,
From your caves now come forth
And appear unto me!"

Then, slowly from a mound of snow that lifted dome of whiteness near to where they stood, form of beauty did arise, clothed in soft vestments woven from whitest fleece and edged with fur of ermine. So into sight she rose, and with her other ones of equal beauty came and, standing in the brilliance, sang: —

I.

"I am Queen of the Snow, of the pure white snow.
I eddy, and circle, and whirl as I go.
I am Child of the Frost. I am born above mountains;
I mantle the forest; I cover the fountains.
I waver and fall, I stream and I flow,
With the currents of wind. I am beautiful snow!

CHORUS.

"She is Queen of the Snow, of the pure white snow.
We flakes are her subjects; we whirl as we go;
We eddy and circle; we stream and we flow.
She is Child of the Frost. She is beautiful snow!

II.

"When flowers are all withered, and their fragrance is fled;
When the wild grape is fallen, and the green leaf is dead;
When out of the forest the song-birds are flown,
And the harvest is reaped from the seed that was sown;
Then, then, from the sky to the earth far below
I come down in mercy. I am beautiful snow.

CHORUS.

"When flowers are all withered, and their fragrance is fled;
When the wild grape is fallen, and the green leaf is dead;
Then, then, from the sky to the earth far below
She comes down in mercy. She is beautiful snow!"

So sang the elfin ones and vanished, and the white silence softly lay unoccupied on cliff, and sea, and shingled shore.

"Call yet again," the Trapper cried. "Call yet again, Ungava; for never yet did mortal eyes see sight so sweet, or mortal ears hear sweeter song."

Then lifted she her wand once more, and waved it to and fro as one who beckoning calls. And as the wand in easy circles moved, she, smiling, sang: —

"Come, lily so white,
Come out of the night.
Come, rose-tree so red,
Bring wreath for my head.
Let the odor of hill,
  Let the flower of the street,
Let the Spirits of bloom
  Gather here to my feet."

Then, even as she sang, out of the earth there slowly rose a soft green lobe of monstrous size, and opening, lo! the Spirit of the Lilies, in its yellow heart stood forth revealed,— then sang: —

I.

"Have you breathed me by night, when on the still air
Came the song of the lute, came the murmur of prayer?
Have you breathed me at morn, when the odorous trees
Were thrilled from their sleep by the kiss of the breeze?
Have you breathed me when mingled with mine was the breath
Of the woman you loved, and must love till death,
As her lips clung to yours, their caress to bestow,
While I lifted and sank on her bosom of snow?
If you have, then you know that no other such bloom
Blows for man or for woman 'twixt cradle and tomb.

II.

"Oh, for love and for lovers my perfume is shed.
I am flower of the living, I am flower of the dead.
At the feasts of the rich, by the lovely and fair,
I am grouped in the cups, I am twined in the hair.
By the hand of the groom, ere he sleeps by her side,
My white leaves are sown on the couch of the bride.
And if she be taken, on the door of her tomb,
As a sign and a symbol, he chisels my bloom.
Oh, for love and for lovers, not since the sweet air
Has been breathed with their sighs has there been flower so fair.

III.

"I am old as the world. When the Stars of the morn
Sang together for joy, for their joy I was born.
In the dawn of the world, when women were given,
In their sweetness to men, I was dropped down from heaven,
To be charm for their charms, and a potion, for never
Did a lover love once, and not love forever,
The woman that wore me on her bosom the night
When he knelt at her feet in love's wild delight.
Oh, for love and for lovers, not since the sweet air
Has been breathed with their sighs has there been flower so fair.

IV.

"When the sons of God chose from the daughters of men
The sweetest and fairest to be wives to them, then
Thy race did begin. When thy first mother was wed,
The stars were made floral to be wreath for her head.
Since then I have come, both for bridal and bier,
When wand has been lifted, or song sung to appear.
Ungava, Ungava, am I needed as breath
In the sweetness of life, or the faintness of death?
Oh, tell me, for ne'er since thy race breathed the air
For love and for lovers has there been flower so fair."

Then silence; and in it lingered long the dying strain, sinking as sinks at death, perhaps, our memory of other days, which we in dying leave regretfully, so sweet they were to us in living, filled to the brim like jocund cup with wit and laughter and love's sweet wine. Then, strangest sight that magic ever gave to wondering mortals, — around the two, on that high cliff, there spread a lawn of emerald, dewy and fresh, in which were floral mounds and clumps of roses whose wealth of bloom weighed the strong bushes down; and hedges fenced it in whose every twig was odorous, and every bush, and bloom, and leaf was vital. For from this forest sweet a group of fairy, elfin forms, each garlanded with her own flower, came gliding forth and made obedience to Ungava. Then, standing round her, sang: —

I.

"Queen of our hearts, by stream and hill
We heard thy magic summons thrill,
Queen of our hearts, in bower and hall,

We caught the sweetness of thy call.
From Southern pool and stream afar,
We, guided by the Northern Star,
Have come our homage here to give, —
For thee we live! For thee we live!

II.

"Last of that race, whose bridal morn
Was ushered in when we were born;
Last of that race to which we gave,
To sweeten bridal bed and grave,
Our sweetest breath, our fullest bloom;
And laid on cradle and on tomb,
The richest offering we could wreathe, —
For thee we breathe! For thee we breathe!

III.

"Last of thy race! thy eyes of night
Hold in their depths the farther sight,
We are of earth, and may not know
The feeling in thy breast of snow.
We wait thy will. We do not dare
To crown thy head, to wreath thy hair,
Nor garland waist with bridal zone.
Still do we live for thee alone.

IV.

"Last of thy race! Perchance 'twill be,
That we thy face no more shall see.
At Mamelons, on breast of snow,
A snow-white lily lieth low;
There on that dreadful hill of fate
Sweet Atla saw her morning break;
But know, in life or death, that we
Still breathe for thee! Still breathe for thee!"

Then died the tender strain, and singers faded with the song, and once again the white silence softly lay unoccupied on cliff, and sea, and shingled shore. Then she, as waking out of trance, raised eyes of tender gloom to his and said: —

"Trapper, behold the sky! What eye may count the stars which to the thoughtful soul do punctuate its spaces with interrogations? Can'st thou believe that all those shining points which powder it with golden dust are worlds,

inhabited like ours? See how the o'erarching dome is all bespangled with fretted fire. What noble roofment has this little earth thus canopied with glory? Tell me hast thou a star in yonder sky which thou dost call thy own? A star linked with a loved one's face?"

"Nay, nay, I am not fanciful, Ungava. I am a plain, blunt man. I know my friends. My foes know me. My loves are simple. I am a man of fact not fancy. I eat my food. I quench my thirst. I love my friend. I hate my foe. Word and bond keep I unto death. The rest I leave to God."

"But, Trapper, lift thou thine eyes again. Select some star, distant or nigh, and to it link a name—the name of her thou lovest over all. Let its bright ray be to thine eyes a face, and tell me of her. I would know the woman thou dost love."

"The woman I do love, Ungava, lives not in any star. She lives—I know not where. I know not where to find her when I die. I only know she loves me with a queenly love; and when my eye grows dim and all the trail fades out, I trust her faithful hand will guide me on. I know no further, and I have no further hope."

"But, Trapper, if thy love is dead and gone—forever gone—and where she is thou knowest not, nor how to find her, nor whether you and she shall ever meet. If all is dim, uncertain, dubious,—then thou canst surely love some other one—some fair, sweet one, who should give all her soul to thee; be comfort to thy days, and to thy face lift eyes of worship because to her thou art as God."

Then said the Trapper, gravely:—

"Ungava, of little loves man may have many, born of his vagrant moods or transient passions; for man is as the earth, and out of him, prolific, spring many growths, some sweet, some foul, which, whether sweet or foul, are only of a day, and die. But one great love, and only one, may be to man who stands large natured and with powers too strong to die. Such love is central to him. Rooted in his soul it lives with it forever, and all the sweetness and the strength of him are in it as the sap is in the tree. So flower and fruit come from it, and such high ornament as make him glorious evermore. Such love did come to me, and in my soul I feel it growing more and more. One love I have, and only one.

Another one I may not have, nor wish. It fills me as a cup is filled with water when its brim is wet. I drink of it, and drinking the sweet draught, I thirst not, and I need no more."

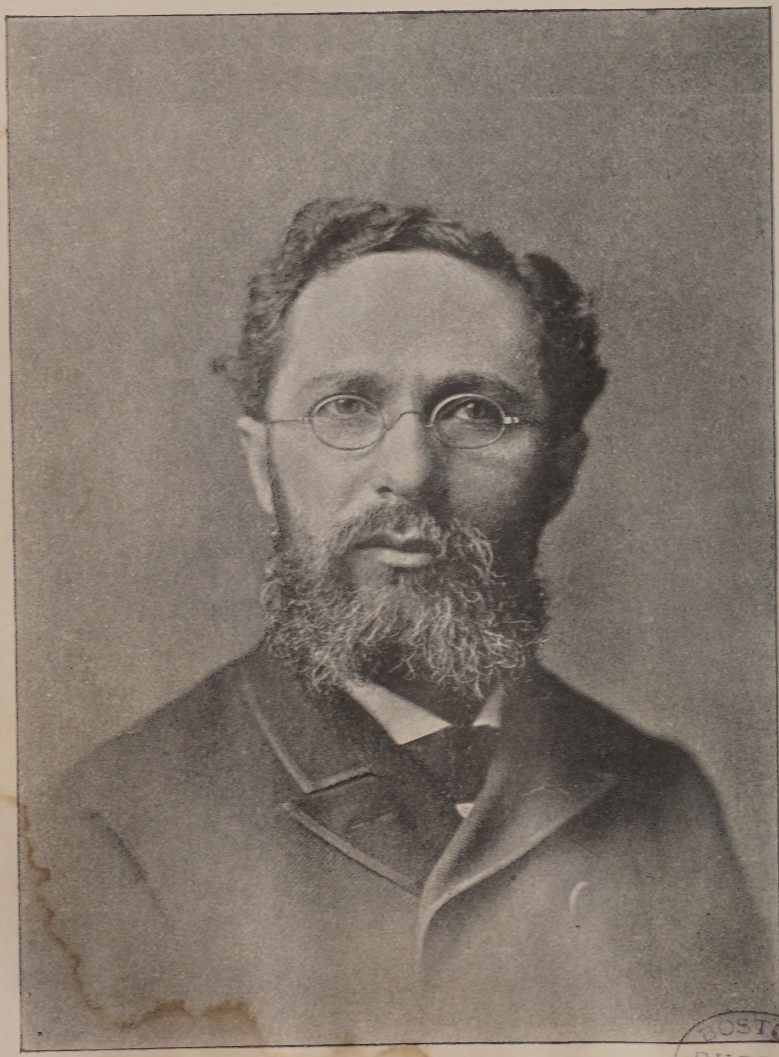
And as he spake, yea, as the words were on his lips, across the moon there grew a cloud, and darkened all the world. Black grew the sea, and heaving without cause from out the darkness came a moan, and a great wave rode in upon the darkness, and underneath the cliff broke with a fall that shook it; then, silence.

Then said Ungava, speaking softly in the gloom:—

"Trapper, thy heart is fixed, and fixed too is my fate. I would not change thy steadfast soul. It is enough for me as woman to have known thee and have loved. Thou art of ancient time. To word and bond, and nobler yet to love, living or dead, thy soul holds true. Long is the trail, but heart of truth makes tireless foot."

So said she, and then vanished. Then the cloud passed, the moon came forth, and on the crest of that high rock above the sleeping sea, he stood alone, while the white silence once more softly lay unoccupied on cliff, and sea, and shingled shore.

THE END.



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Yours truly
Solomon Schindler

THE ARENA.

No. VIII.

JULY, 1890.

PROGRESS AND PAIN.

NO-NAME SERIES. NUMBER FIVE.

HAVE pity on thy world, O God!
It is more sad than words can tell,
More woeful than Love's last farewell,
Dreary as paths all men have trod
To graves where their lost loved ones lie,
Beyond the reach of human cry.

A hundred thousand homes each day
Upon the door-knob wear death's sign;
Within, around the empty shrine
The mourners look on lifeless clay,
And sit in silent sorrow there
Blank images of dumb despair.

Upon a million beds somewhere,
Poor feverish, pain-racked sufferers lie,
In agony, waiting to die;
And round them glide, deep worn by care
And anxious watchings, millions more,
Whose hands, and feet, and hearts are sore.

How many thousands languish now
In dark, dank prisons buried deep;
How many wring their hands and weep
And under too great burdens bow,
Which they all bleeding still must bear
Nor look for comfort anywhere.

How many millions each day rise
With heavy hearts to thankless task
To win the bread their children ask;
Each chained to work until he dies,
Or is thrown out crippled and old,
Unfit, now, to be bought or sold.

How many million women bend,
From blush of dawn far into night,
O'er work which barely gives them right
To linger on, till death, sole friend,
Fast hastening shall come to bring
Release from all their suffering.

How many thousands, lost to shame,
Turn labor's sweat to poisonous drink,
Who day by day still lower sink
Till hope expires and care for name;
Who, while they life, in liquor drown,
Drag wife and children with them down.

How many thousands, too, I see,
Blighted in youth's fair primrose time
And sold to lives of helpless crime,
Where love dies with sweet purity;
And all the pathways downward lead
To death, of sin the appointed mead.

Behold the countless souls, fast bound
By ties which Love's soft fingers drew,
And now love not where love is due,
But feel the galling chain's sore wound
And walk shut out from joy and light
In darkness of a rayless night.

How many thousand lovers pine,
Forever separate from bliss,
Nor care for aught since they must miss
The one thing which makes life divine;
In sight of Eden, doomed to hell,
By senseless fate's inhuman spell.

What countless thousands more are gay
Only because they cannot see
How quick will come black misery

To throw a pall o'er all their day,
Changing to loss all that was gain
And all their joy to bitter pain.

How many thousands sad and old, —
Fathers and mothers left alone
In homes whence all the young have flown;
Who sit there shivering in the cold,
Remembering far-off happy hours
When children's eyes gleamed 'mid the flowers.

How many thousand cripples, too,
Maimed or in body or in mind,
Misshapen, palsied, feeble, blind,
The inner and the outer view
Both warped or shrouded in deep gloom
Where only haunting spectres loom.

How many, too, in weariness
Of all that wealth and fortune give
Strive only to forget they live;
Seek remedy for their distress
In pleasures which no pleasure bring
But add new weight to suffering.

O God, have pity on thy world;
For man through all these thousand years,
Battling against grim want and fears,
Holding his banner still unfurled
Has won the victory in vain,
Since progress means increase of pain.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

BY SENATOR WADE HAMPTON, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE discussion of "The Race Problem" involves so many grave questions that it is impossible to treat it properly within the limits of a magazine article; but some views on this question — the gravest ever presented to a people for solution — may prove worthy of consideration by patriotic men of all parties, who desire to see it solved to the best interests of those vitally concerned, the white and the black citizens of the country. That the prosperity and the perpetuity of government depend most on the homogeneity of its people, is a proposition which can hardly be disputed. Nature, herself, by her laws, which are but the laws of God, teaches this lesson, for not only do men of different races all cling to their own people, thus perpetuating the great distinctive types of the human race, as known to us by the earliest records of history, but all animals of lower grade seek their kind, while all intermingling of different kinds produces a hybrid. Then, too, all mixture of blood between different races of men, results always and inevitably in hybridization and degradation of the superior race. No people can violate this immutable law and hope to escape the direful consequences which would surely ensue. It is immaterial to this question, to discuss here whether mankind owe their origin to common parents, or whether the great Creator formed them, as He did all other creatures of different organizations, making each created animal to belong to its own specific type, each so distinct and separate, that the line of demarkation between all could never be mistaken nor passed.

From the earliest era of which we profess any knowledge, the world was inhabited by the same different races of men now living on it. On the monuments of Egypt we see depicted the negro as we know him in this country, after

centuries passed under the benign influences of civilization. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, and the negro of to-day is the same type as the negro of pre-historic times. This, of course, applies only to his physical attributes, not to his moral or mental qualities, for these latter have developed and improved to a wonderful extent, but he owes this to contact with a stronger and more civilized race than his own. Left to himself, as he is in the recesses of the Dark Continent, his native home, he is still the same savage which history, legend, and tradition show him to have been in all the past ages. Christianity and civilization have in vain excited all efforts to elevate him in the scale of humanity, and judging from the past, we may fairly deduce the conclusion that as he was in the beginning so he will remain to the end, unless God in His good Providence rescues him from his present condition by other means and different agencies than those hitherto employed. It is the earnest hope of every philanthropist that this consummation may be reached and reached speedily; but pending this hoped-for result, we must deal with facts as they now exist.

A pregnant fact, one which cannot be denied, confronts us at the very outset of the question under discussion, and that is the white and black races are essentially different, not only in physical organization but in mental characteristics. This assertion is not made by way of reproach or opprobrium, nor does it apply to those of the race in this country,—and there are many of them,— who have proved their capacity to be numbered among our reputable, estimable, and valuable citizens. There are many of our native-born blacks who profess high characters and great ability, men who deserve all praise for their successful struggle against adverse fortune and hard fate; but they are the exceptions which prove the rule, which, from time immemorial, has shown that as they were incapable of self-government, they are not fitted to govern that great race before which all others have gone down, —the masterful, the conquering, and the unconquerable Caucasians.

If any proof is necessary to show that the negro is incapable of self-government, one need only turn to the history of Liberia, San Domingo, and Hayti, to have all his doubts dispelled. In spite of all the efforts of philanthropists, with the aid of lavish expenditure, Liberia is but a portion of the

Dark Continent, unclaimed, unredeemed, showing no progress towards civilization and Christianity, and still clinging to the barbaric traditions of its native population. Froude and Sir Spencer St. John have given us the picture of San Domingo and Hayti, and reading their descriptions of those countries, the most earnest well-wisher of the negro may well despair. If there ever was a place where negro rule could have been made a success under the most favorable conditions, Hayti was that place. There the negroes had become civilized; the blessings of religion had been inculcated by earnest and sincere ministers of the gospel, and they had been taught the obligations due to the law. All the agencies of religion and of law had been brought to bear to teach them their duties. They had passed their lives under a government of law and of order, and it would have naturally been supposed that when they struck for freedom, they would have followed the lessons taught them. But what has been the result? Let the unprejudiced writers, whose names have been given, speak on that point, and we can then form a correct impression as to the negro's capacity for self-government. If the facts presented show that, in spite of all the lessons inculcated on him for generations, he is incapable of establishing and maintaining a well-organized system of government, he surely is not fitted to take a part and a controlling one in shaping the destiny of that other race which has ruled and dominated the world since the creation. And yet this is the condition in which he has been placed by the ill-advised and unconstitutional laws, which conferred on him the rights of citizenship in this country! That these laws were ill-advised can scarcely be denied by any sensible man who has observed their effect, and that they were unconstitutional can be established by the following statement which cannot be controverted.

Some months ago I had occasion to express my views on this point in the *Forum*, and from that article the following extract is made: "The reconstruction acts which disfranchised many whites in the State (South Carolina), gave the elective franchise to the negroes, not only without any constitutional authority, but in direct violation of the constitution, for they were allowed to vote before the adoption of the constitutional amendment permitting them to do so. In confirmation of this statement I quote from the message of

President Grant, dated March 30, 1870, to the Senate and House of Representatives.

"'It is unusual to notify the two Houses of Congress, by message, of the promulgation by proclamation of the Secretary of State, of the ratification of a constitutional amendment. In view, however, of the vast importance of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, this day declared a part of that revered instrument, I deem a departure from the usual custom justifiable. A measure which makes at once four millions of people voters who were heretofore declared by the highest tribunal in the land not citizens of the United States nor eligible to become so . . . is, indeed, a measure of grander importance than any one other act of the kind from the foundation of our free government to the present day."

In this message, President Grant congratulates Congress and the country that "a measure which makes at once four millions of people voters" had been ratified, but he seems to forget that these same people, "who were heretofore declared by the highest tribunal in the land not citizens of the United States nor eligible to become so" had already voted under the reconstruction acts, while those who by inalienable right were entitled to do so, were disfranchised. It will be seen by the message of President Grant, that the right to vote was conferred on the negro in 1870, and yet we know that this privilege was exercised in 1867, "when the negroes by their votes took possession of the government of South Carolina." . . . "In other words, the negroes voted to make themselves voters, and by their votes took possession of the State government."

The facts here cited prove beyond question that the Constitution was violated when the negro was allowed to vote, and no greater crime against civilization, humanity, constitutional rights and Christianity was ever perpetrated under the guise of philanthropy. When the party of moral ideas committed this great crime, it was indeed "camping outside of the Constitution," as one of their great leaders said when justifying the violation of that sacred instrument. "*Inter arma leges silent*," and the party which held supremacy during and after the war, not only acted on that maxim constantly, but they trampled on the Constitution without hesitation and without shame. That anything is left to us of

the free Republican institutions established by our fathers, is due to the second sober thought of our people who are not yet ready to consent to the subversion of our system of government, and our best hope for the maintenance of these institutions lies in the sound sense and the patriotic impulses of the people.

Though, in my opinion, it cannot be denied that the right of suffrage was conferred on the negro, in direct violation of the constitution, the deed has been done, it is an accomplished fact, and we are called on to deal with it as best we may. It was a wise man who said that the "next best thing was the truest statesmanship," and we must seek that "next best thing." And just here we are confronted by the most difficult question involved in the solution of the "Race Problem." It would be idle to suppose that those who, in rash haste, for partisan purposes, and through unconstitutional methods, brought this calamity on the country, would now be willing to retrace their steps, by recalling the right of suffrage which they had so inconsiderately conferred on the negro. Many of them realize the grave mistake made by their party, and while they will confess this privately, they dare not openly acknowledge the wrong done, for that would be an admission fatal to their claim that they are the special friends of the negro. Could the question of the abrogation of the elective franchise given to the negro, be submitted to the decision of the people of the country, to those who are the true exponents of the best interests of the Republic, those who represent its welfare, its civilization, its prosperity, and its perpetuity, they would, by a vast majority, sustain the proposition, but this will never be submitted to popular judgment because the professional politician and the pronounced negrophilists will never allow it to be done. We may then leave this solution of the question out of our consideration.

The motto of the Republican party has been "*Nulla vestigia retrorsum*"; their steps have been always forward, though in making them, they trampled on the constitution they had sworn to preserve, and on its most sacred provisions. We can have no hope from this source, but it may be pertinent to the matter under discussion to ask, why the right of suffrage, given to the negro, has been denied to the Indian and to the Chinese? The former was certainly a citizen of

this country, until it was wrested from his hands, and the latter can boast a much higher civilization than the negro has ever, or will ever, attain. And yet in his case, the most brutal laws have been enacted, not only to exclude him from citizenship, but to drive him from the country in violation of solemn treaty stipulations. Such has been the inconsistency of the Republican party, in dealing with the question of suffrage! In their senseless advocacy of universal suffrage, they have not only thrown wide open the doors leading to American citizenship, admitting thus the Anarchist, the Communist, the Nihilist, and all the other scum of European nations, but they have injected into our body politic millions of ignorant, uneducated blacks, who have no more comprehension of our system of government than their African forefathers had. And all the evil resulting from this frightful crime falls on that portion of the country where, but a few years ago, these newly enfranchised voters were slaves! The crusade made against slavery was on the ground that the condition of servitude brought men to the level of beasts, unfitting them to discharge any of the duties of manhood. But when the direful exigencies of the war forced the North to call the colored brother to its aid, to escape defeat, as a reward for his eminent services, he was clothed with all the attributes of American citizenship, thus giving him the power to take possession of those States in which he had been for centuries a slave. Now, if slavery had debased him to the condition of a beast, he was scarcely fitted to assume rule of great, free, and proud commonwealths; if he was fitted to do so, then slavery had done more for his race than all the missionaries who had labored for generations in Africa to rescue him from barbarism and savagery. Our friends whose chief political capital is the negro, may choose whichever horn of this dilemma that promises to gore them least. But we must meet the fact that the negro, whether rightfully or wrongly, is a citizen and a voter, and this fact gives a right and significance to the race problem which threatens such disaster to the country and to all of its most cherished institutions.

One solution of the question has been alluded to, that of revoking negro citizenship, but it has been dismissed as impracticable, because our people have not the courage to face this issue which would rectify the greatest wrong ever inflicted on a free people.

As this remedy cannot be applied, we must turn to the "next best thing," and in my judgment that would be the deportation of the negroes, of course by their consent, to some place where they could work out their own destiny, free from contact with the white race, and where they could prove their capacity for self-government if they possess it. Thousands of them, and many of the best, have expressed a wish to try this experiment, and our government should aid them, not only with a liberal but a lavish hand. Let us help them to establish a nationality for themselves, when they can show to the world that the lessons they have learned here have borne good fruit, and that the savage who was brought from Africa is now a civilized, law-abiding, self-sustaining man, fit to take his place among the nations of the earth, and to be recognized in the great family of civilized peoples. Africa, the native home of the negro, still sends forth her "Macedonian cry" for religion and civilization, and here the negro of America could find ample field to redeem a continent from barbarism. If he does not wish to enlist in this great missionary work, which should appeal to every patriotic impulse of his nature, and prefers to remain here where he is destined to be a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water," then let him advise his people to scatter over the land. If they will do this, going to the fertile fields of the great West, or to New England, the home of his special friends, he will lift a great burden from the South, where his presence is a menace to our institutions, and a fruitful source of agitation, of outbreaks, and of political interference by the general government, in purely domestic affairs. For myself, having only the best interests of both races at heart, I should prefer to see all the negroes in the United States removed to some other land. Failing in this, I should wish to see them scattered over the whole country, so that each State of our Union could have the benefit of their presence, or learn by actual experience how baleful an influence they exercise, wherever they take part in determining the policy of our great Republic, which is the grandest outcome of Anglo-Saxon thought and work ever yet shown to the world. This continent belongs to those who conquered the wilderness, who have taught to the world how a people can govern themselves, and who want no foreign element, white or black, to control their destiny, or to debase their civilization.

BISMARCK AND HIS TIME.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

ALTHOUGH rumors had been spreading for some time that the Chancellor of the German empire and his young master, William II., did not agree as well as had been expected, and that Prince Bismarck contemplated a withdrawal from all public affairs, the whole world was astonished, yea, dumbfounded when the news spread that his resignation had been tendered and accepted. During the reign of William I., Bismarck had frequently recurred to that expediency whenever his master chanced to differ with him in important matters, but William I. chose to yield rather than lose his chief adviser. His letters of resignation were always returned to him with the remark: "Not as long as I shall live." And now the almost impossible had happened. If the chancellor had stated as a reason for his withdrawal from office, his old age or his infirmity, or if his resignation had been accepted with some reluctance, or if he had been consulted about his successor, if in a word the separation had been an amicable one, people would have allowed the matter to pass by without much comment; but as all indications pointed to a rupture between the young man and the old, and more so, as the public were kept in ignorance concerning the real cause of their quarrel, it was quite natural that people should form their own opinions and that their sympathies should go rather with the aged statesman than with the young emperor. In Germany as well as elsewhere there are found many who consider the affair to be the latest repetition of monarchial ingratitude. It is not the first time in the history of the world, they say, that the young master has turned out of his house the old trusty servants of his father, and they refer to King Rehoboam, to Belisar or Narses, or to men like Aristides, Themistocles, or Camillus who had suffered from a similar ingratitude, although they had been living in republics.

There are others who firmly believe that the present flourishing condition of Germany is due solely to the wisdom of the iron chancellor, and who, therefore, fear that under a new helmsman Germany will relapse into the low rank which she formerly held in the European concert. They fear that the enemies of Germany, so long held in awe by Bismarck's strong hand, will soon form a combination to undo his work. Roman chronicles tell the anecdote, that when Camillus was driven into exile by his ungrateful countrymen, he prayed to the gods that they should cause a time to come in which his fellow-citizens would be obliged to appeal to him for aid, and thus many surmise that the retiring statesman harbors no greater desire than to be called back into office again for the sake of saving the country from the ruin to which his successors will lead it.

All this, however, is pure sentimentalism. That country ought to be commiserated, the safety of which rests in the hand of one mortal man, and Germany would not be deserving of her position among the nations if she could not exist and flourish without even so renowned men as Prince Bismarck and his son Herbert. There is no man so great that he could not be replaced, and better men than they have died or have been turned out of office without harm to the country. It is true, that old age enlists our sympathies and our veneration and that we are rather inclined to rely upon the wisdom of aged men on account of their experience than upon the enthusiasm of the young, yet even here may be observed a limit which men cannot pass. The usefulness and the experience of the old is counterbalanced by their stubbornness and by their conservativism. After men have reached a certain age, they can expand no further, they remain stationary and are rather an impediment to progress than a help to it. If it had not been for the enthusiasm and push of the young, humanity would never have progressed.

We may and ought to venerate old age because we ourselves expect to grow old, but there is such a thing as "old fogyism" which ought not to be tolerated, because it obstructs advancement.

In the case of the German ex-chancellor we are reminded of the rather hackneyed phrase, "Nothing succeeds like success," and it is merely on the ground that people make success the criterion of the greatness of a man, that Bismarck

has won for himself the fame of a great statesman. When mankind shall have learned to weigh people upon another scale than that of success, they will draw from oblivion many a man who has been great indeed, and forget many personages who have won fame only on account of success. Success is not a product of the two factors, talent and perseverance, although without these, the chances for success are lessened, there are a hundred other factors which combine to bring about the success of an enterprise. It is in no man's power to control them or to make use of them, and it is a mistake to believe after a matter has been brought to a successful issue by a man, that he had figured out beforehand all possible chances, that he had controlled them, and that by wisely making use of them at the proper time, he had forced success to perch upon his banners.

A short review of Prince Bismarck's career will show that he has not shaped events, but that events have carried him along and lifting him upon their crests have made him a conspicuous figure in history, revealing at the same time the fact that his resignation will not prove a calamity to Germany, nor that its acceptation by the young emperor was indeed a glaring act of ingratitude. Bismarck has received a hundred-fold his reward for whatever he has done for the German people, both materially and morally. He was a poor man, comparatively, when he was called into office, now he is a wealthy man; he was unknown in the year '62, now the whole world rings with his fame.

I dare suppose that most of the readers of THE ARENA have remained uninformed in regard to the constitution which after the troublesome year of 1888 was given to the people of Prussia. It provided that the person of the monarch should not be held responsible for any of his official acts, but that every State document was to be countersigned by a minister upon whom the people had a right to visit any illegality. Whenever the ministry felt that they could not countersign the orders of the king, they resigned, and the king had to look out for men who would take that responsibility upon themselves. Since 1850, when Prussia felt how powerless she was in Germany, the king, Frederic William IV., and William I., while acting as Prince Regent, had given all their care and attention to the development of the army. They were aided in their work by a great many circumstances.

Moltke, who at that time was not yet a general, had directed the attention of his master to the fact that the change brought about by the development of railroading must necessarily require a change in military tactics. He foresaw that larger masses of soldiers would be needed in a future war but that the larger the columns the more perfect should be their organization. Any disruption of the movement of these vast bodies of men would be equal to a defeat. A man was found, therefore, in the person of Count Roon to conduct the reorganization of the Prussian army. At the same time an iron manufacturer, Herr Krupp, had invented a process of transforming iron into steel while the metal was yet a fluid, and thus of making guns which, though being less heavy, would throw a missile much further. After successful trials had demonstrated the practicability of Krupp's theory, the whole Prussian army was supplied with this new weapon. About the same time the needle-gun was invented by a Prussian and introduced in the army. From year to year the Prussian people were burdened with heavier expenses for the equipment of the army; new regiments were constantly formed and greater drafts were made upon the people. When the Prince Regent, after the death of his brother, ascended the throne of Prussia in 1861, the burden had grown almost intolerable and the Prussian Diet refused to approve the entire budget, unless the expenses for the army were reduced. The people believed at that time that the increase of the army had no other end in view than to supply the young scions of the aristocracy with places, and to afford the soldierly king the pleasure of frequent parades and manœuvres. The necessity of forming a union of all the German tribes was felt more imperative than ever, but it was believed that the formation of a German empire could be brought about by peaceable means, and the hopes ran high that whenever Germany should become united, she would at the same time become a republic. Inasmuch as the army was a weapon in the hands of the aristocracy which would frustrate every attempt on the part of the people to institute a republic, the representatives of the people were unwilling to see that weapon sharpened more and more every day at their own expense.

It was at that time, when William I. could find no man who had the courage to oppose the people in countersigning orders which would expend public money that had not been

appropriated by the Diet, that Bismarck was selected for the office of President of the Prussian ministry, and when he accepted it, the Prussians knew that a *coup d'etat* was at hand. The scenes which occurred in the Prussian Diet at that time, beggar description. On one occasion when the chairman, Herr von Grabow, called Bismarck, who had indulged in unparliamentary language, to order and would not allow him the floor, Bismarck did not mind him, and the chairman covered his head and adjourned the meeting. On another occasion, when the representatives of the people intended to hold a kind of caucus in Cologne, upon the order of Bismarck they were driven from the hall at the point of the bayonet. One parliament after another, failing to approve the budget, was disbanded and Bismarck daringly, and against the letter and spirit of the Prussian constitution, carried on the government. The people were just at the point of refusing to pay their taxes when the king of Denmark died and the Germans became interested in the question, who should rule over the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, German provinces under Danish government. The German Bundesrath ordered the kingdoms of Hanover and Saxony to send an army against Denmark for the protection of the German-speaking population and some efforts were made to carry out this order, when suddenly Prussia and Austria, who a year previous to this affair had looked upon each other with enmity and distrust, all at once joined hands and told the Bundesrath that they would espouse the German cause, being better qualified for such a task than the smaller States. Some said, at that time, that Bismarck had shrewdly drawn Austria into the enterprise with the intention of afterwards finding a cause to raise a dispute with this country, but it has been proven since then that Bismarck was not the leading spirit, but that the alliance was the work of Baron von Beust, then at the head of the ministry of Saxony. It has been further shown that this shrewd statesman had drawn Bismarck into the enterprise by pointing out to him the advantages which a victory against Denmark would bring to him and especially that he would be able thus to divert the attention of the Prussian people from his high-handed policy.

Within half a year, Denmark was humiliated and the two confederates took possession of the two German provinces

which were to be given afterwards to the rightful heir under whom they were to form a new member in the German confederacy. Short as the campaign had been, the superiority of Prussian discipline and Prussian guns had been demonstrated; thus while the Prussians lifted up their heads in pride, the Austrians began to fear their antagonist.

The ink on the peace document had hardly dried before both parties felt that one of them would have to go to the wall, and each of them looked out for alliances. Prussia, on account of Bismarck's policy, was so little liked in Germany that she could find no friends in her nearest vicinity. Italy alone, which hoped to gain from a victory over Austria, made a treaty with Prussia. Austria had succeeded in closing an alliance with almost all German States and Baron von Beust, who as a statesman and diplomat ranked much higher than Bismarck, was the soul of the movement. Both Russia and France promised to keep neutral, both hoping that a prolonged war among the German tribes would leave that nation so weak, no matter who should be the victor, that it would fall an easy prey to them afterwards.

After two years the shell burst, and here again it was good luck that aided Bismarck, gave him success, and laid the foundation for his future fame. Austria, fearing Italy more than Prussia, and thinking that the other German States alone could hold it in check, sent the best army, and the best general against Italy, and the weakest army, under the generalship of an incompetent man, against Prussia. The German tribes, who had remained idle, had scarcely sent out their orders for mobilization, when the Prussian columns, led by excellent generals, fell upon them from all points and at once. After a short and bloodless struggle they had to surrender, and their only remaining hope was that Prussia might be defeated by their strong ally. In Bohemia, the old battle-ground between Prussia and Austria, the forces met; but such was the ingenuity of General Moltke, and the superiority of the Prussian breech-loading gun over the muzzle guns with which the Austrians were armed, that one battle, the battle of Sadowa, decided all. While the Austrian army that had been sent against Italy was winning one victory after another, the army sent against Prussia was not only defeated, but routed and disorganized in this one battle

so that Vienna could be reached by the victorious army within a few days and without the interference of any military body. At that juncture the Emperor of Austria asked for peace. He gave up Venetia to Italy, and again it was the ingenuity of Beust, who took matters in hand, that Bismarck contented himself with a war indemnity, with the annexation of Hanover and Nassau, and a few other principalities, and with the permission of forming a North German alliance reaching down as far as the river Main. Beust left Saxony now, being called upon to take charge of the Austrian affairs. Demoralized as this country was after the defeat, and divided as it is by the different nationalities that form it, the great statesman succeeded in building it up again, a task which under the same conditions Bismarck would never have been able to perform. If Beust had been so fortunate as to have a military leader at his back as ingenious as was General von Moltke, or if he had had an army at his command as powerful as the Prussian army, he would have been the hero of to-day, and as far as popularity is concerned he would have deserved it. Bismarck was now made a count, and the Prussians, intoxicated by the glory of the successful war, forgave him all his former sins. They now began to see that the army against which they had protested so frequently had been their safeguard, and they were satisfied to appropriate the money for its support which they had formerly refused. A North German Parliament was formed, and appealing to the liberal sentiments of the people, Bismarck succeeded not only in cementing the union, but even in convincing Southern Germany that an alliance with the North could be only beneficial.

Nor did his star of success yet wane. Napoleon III., who had been disappointed in the results which he expected from a war between Prussia and Austria, and endeavoring to win for himself popularity, appealed to the hatred which the French people had ever borne against the Germans, and which now, since Germany had grown stronger, had become coupled with a feeling of envy. There is a secret history which perhaps never will be published as to the intrigues which Bismarck applied, on the one hand, to mislead France, on the other hand, to inform himself concerning the actual strength of his opponent. He undertook to place Germany in such a position that she appeared to be the innocent party

and thus he won for her the sympathy of the world. In July, 1870, the war broke out suddenly. France expected to see Southern Germany turn against Prussia but these States rather joined their former opponents. It is not my intention at present to write the history of this war and the results, which are doubtless well known to every reader of THE ARENA. A great many events were crowded within the space of this one year. France was defeated; Napoleon made a prisoner at the head of an army of several hundred thousand men; Paris was besieged and captured after the French people had established a republic, and had defended the city with unparalleled heroism; Germany, on the other hand, was made an empire and William I. was tendered the crown of Germany at Versailles by the king of Bavaria; a huge war indemnity was demanded and paid by France, and Alsace and Lorraine were annexed to the German empire.

All this is said to have been the work of Bismarck, but when we come to examine it more closely we find again that it was rather the work of General Moltke than that of Bismarck. Whenever he undertook something he was outwitted. Jules Favre and Thièrs were much shrewder statesmen than he, and while he expected that France would never be able to pay the monstrous war indemnity in gold, these shrewd statesmen paid it within a short time, and what is more, they paid it with German money, leaving their notes instead in the hands of German bankers who had now to use their influence to keep Germany at peace with France, if they were not to lose their investment. Another and greater blunder was made by him when he annexed Alsace and Lorraine, and in spite of all efforts to Germanize these formerly German provinces, they have remained faithful to France during these twenty years, and are still a thorn in the flesh of Germany.

Bismarck was now made a prince, and holding the ear of his overjoyed master, he was all-powerful in Europe. Still, he made blunder after blunder. His crusade against the Catholic Church ended with his defeat, and had he not had the support of a stubborn monarch, he would, at that time, have been obliged to resign. It was on account of the prosperity which naturally followed the growth of Germany that his commercial policy did not ruin the people. Again we

find him in constant conflict with the new German Parliament and compelled to ask each year, for new appropriations for the enlargement of the army. His colonial policy, in which he was not successful at all, served him only as a means to divert public opinion from his many mistakes. Instead of making use of the prosperous condition of Germany to relieve the people of their burden, he rather irritated the laboring classes, and when Socialism spread more and more as a consequence of the discontent of the people, he endeavored to crush it by force. Yet all his steps to suppress this popular movement remained futile.

When William I. was dying, Bismarck's efforts were directed to prevent the ascendency of the sick Frederick II. to the throne. He, as well as his wife, had been aware of the blunders which Bismarck had made. They were not his admirers, and having the welfare of the people at heart, Frederick II. intended to introduce an entirely new policy. Alas, he died after having reigned only ninety-nine days, during which, sick as he was, he removed a great many evils and inspired the people with hope for better times to come.

His son, who ascended the throne as William II., was believed not to have shared his father's opinions and to have rather been a tool in the hands of Bismarck; still, blood is thicker than water, and the education which he had received from his parents could not have remained without some good results. The young emperor had learned to see that a new time was approaching and that a new time requires new men. Who will blame him that he finally got tired of the stubbornness with which the old chancellor endeavored to carry on the government, and of his constant dwelling upon the services which he had rendered to his father and to the country? He had grown too old to value the important part that Socialism played in Germany, while the young man, who had grown up in a different atmosphere, and who had inhaled the ideas of the day, was open to conviction. Thus the two men could not work in sympathy with each other and finally they separated. The one resigned his position in the hope that his resignation would not be accepted, and with the intention thus to force his young master to uphold him in his policy; the other gladly accepted it, fully assured that the time for a change had come.

Only a few weeks have elapsed since the chancellor laid

down his office, and we cannot yet judge whether his successor will be the right man in the right place or not. But in fact it was not Bismarck who founded the new empire, the creation of which is rather to be credited to favorable conditions which brought about the result, and especially to the strong and well-disciplined army which remains a guarantee to the safety of Germany, hence there need be no fears for her security.

In any other country except Prussia, Bismarck would have never met with such a success, and under another monarch than William I., he would have never been able to hold office for any length of time. Though Baron von Beust was not as successful as Bismarck, he was still his superior in statesmanship; though Jules Favre, Thièrs, Gambetta, and other French statesmen, were regarded as lesser lights, they were surely his equals. The late Disraeli and Gladstone have done better work than Bismarck, though on account of circumstances and conditions they have not become so conspicuous. These latter two have not alone served England but through their writings the whole world, and if their renown as statesmen should ever fade, the fame which they have gained in the field of literature will be sufficient to immortalize them.

Without the confidence of William I.; without the aid of so great a genius in military tactics as is General Moltke; without an army composed of the very flower of the German people, Bismarck would never have been able to rise by his own merits to the position which he has filled for so many years, and to win for himself the fame of being the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century.

CHURCHIANITY VS. CHRISTIANITY.

BY CARLOS MARTYN, D. D.

CHURCHIANITY may be defined as Christianity formalized. It is like counterfeit coin—current but false. Defoe wrote:

> "Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds a chapel there."

Churchianity is this devil's chapel.

When Christianity marries the State, the natural, the almost inevitable product of the incestuous *mésalliance* is Churchianity. The church is secularized. It is a department of the government. And, as every bargain presupposes a *quid pro quo*, in return for governmental alliance it makes itself a prop of the powers that be.

Thus religion is transformed from a principle into an institution. What should be inward feeling and motive runs outward and freezes into mere profession. Christianity is a business. The divine element evaporates. God is *Deus ex machina*. The ministry ceases to be a calling and becomes a profession. Men are *preferred* to this and that sacred office. The clergy are in form servants of heaven, in fact officials of the State. Handling money, controlling patronage, dealing in sacred things for secular purposes, Christianity is hocus-pocused into Churchianity.

In this country we have no State Church. Nevertheless Churchianity is a naturalized resident. Because Churchianity is more than a system — it is a state of mind. Wherever form is put for substance, whenever the medium is regarded as the essence, Christianity crystallizes into Churchianity. We have a religious establishment, but no longer religion. We look for Christ and find — a church. We ask for bread and are given — a stone.

In so far as the State is concerned, we have nothing to

fear. Our danger comes from a different direction but results in the same abuse, viz., the making religion institutional.

The American pulpit is dependent on the pews. Therefore its inevitable temptation is to preach within the limits of parochial desire and prejudice. If the congregation were predominantly spiritual, this would give ample liberty. Unfortunately, however, the average congregation represents the world, the flesh and the devil; so that the minister in addressing the trinity above keeps an eye and ear prudently open towards the trinity below. A lady of the writer's acquaintance has hanging on the wall of her dining-room a motto worked in worsted which reads: "The Lord will provide;" to which her waggish husband (whose name is George) has added: "but George pays the bills!" Those who pay for the music usually dictate the tunes. Since the unadulterated Gospel might offend this important parishioner, and that liberal supporter, and yonder wealthy manipulator of the market; since the feelings and interest of a great variety of people must be consulted and deferred to by a clergyman who desires to fill and hold any prominent position, is not a padlock put on the pulpit by the voluntary system as effectually as though a government turned the key?

As compared with England, we simply exchange the bench of bishops for the lords — brethren, the throne for the pews. Moreover, the church is full of "pomp and gold." Fashion invades it. And where fashion is there will be ceremonialism, with scrapings to the east and bowings to the west. The less fervent the piety, the more sounding the ritual. There is a beautiful body of doctrine without the soul of practice — like Hawthorne's hero in the "Marble Faun." Phariseeism is thus resurrected and baptized with a Christian name. Pray, what is this but Churchianity?

Burke said he did not know how to indict a nation. Whittier, one of the most devout of men, indicts American Churchianity: —

> "But the living faith of the settlers old
> A dead profession their children hold;
> To the lust of office and greed of trade
> A stepping-stone is the altar made.
> The Church, to place and power the door,
> Rebukes the sin of the world no more,
> Nor sees its Lord in the homeless poor."

The precepts and practice of Jesus Christ were so revolutionary that they brought him into immediate collision with the law and order of Tiberius Cæsar and Caiaphas, the high priest. Bigots and despots could not rest, and dared not try, until the disturbing Nazarene was crucified. The apostles took up and carried on his work in his spirit. They turned the world upside down in order to turn it right side up. And interrupted wickedness treated them as it had treated him — made haste to martyr them. Ever since, genuine Christianity has been at war with the world, and must be until the world is evangelized. Churchianity, on the contrary, is at peace with the world — a distinguishing mark, like the horse tails on a pasha's standard which indicate his rank.

Hence the Churchianity of our Christianity is seen in the attitude it has held and still maintains towards the reforms of the past and of the present.

According to Dr. Arnold, the church exists "to put down all moral evils within or without her own body." Under this dictum, reforms and reformers ought not to have any *raison d'être*. The church should do their work. But she will have nothing to do with current sins. "She has the sword of the spirit," remarks Wendell Phillips, "but glues it in the scabbard! She puts on the breastplate of righteousness, but never goes into battle! She has her feet shod with the Gospel of peace, but will not travel!" This is a serious charge. Is it true?

Run over the catalogue of recent and current reforms. Take the Anti-Slavery cause. The essential blasphemy of slavery lay in this, that it broke into and desecrated the temple of the Holy Ghost, by dehumanizing a man into a chattel. It dealt in men and women as a drover trades in cattle. It changed marriage into prostitution, and made every plantation a nest of brothels. It herded negroes together as swine herd. It sold their offspring as hogs are sold. John Wesley, after living two years in the midst of slavery in Georgia, shook the dust from his feet against it and sailed from Savannah to England, crying out as he left: "Slavery is the sum of all villainies." The truest, tersest half-dozen words ever tabled against it. Well he knew that language had no word that could fitly name such a system. So in despair of naming it, he could only define it.

It is hardly credible to-day that such a hell uncapped should have been so recently recognized as a part of American life — the dominant element. Business, quickened by the impulse which came from the gigantic traffic in cotton, stifled conscience in order to make money. Society, borrowing its tone from wealth, spread its screen over human bondage. Law soon found or made precedents and sanctions, for did not a fat retainer jingle in its palm? The Church, of course, denounced it, did it not? Nay; with one or two small but honorable exceptions, the various denominations were the foremost apologists for, and often the thick and thin defenders of, man-stealing. The Churchianity of the United States was three thousand years behind the Judaism of Moses, which denounced man-stealing. Individual pulpits were found refusing to bow the knee to American Baal. But as organized bodies, the denominations condoned the sin — when they did not defend it. In the same breath, they branded the abolitionists as fanatics, meddling with what did not concern them, and anathematized them as infidels, assaulting the order of Providence. Impious parsons hid the devil behind the Bible, and asked: — "Did not Abraham own slaves? and did not Paul return the runaway Onesimus?" It is shameful, but it is the fact, that only yesterday in the great Republic, the Declaration of Independence was treason, and the Golden Rule was heresy.

Take Temperance. Every race has its passional tendency, its characteristic vice. Intemperance is ours. Drunkenness is in the Anglo-Saxon blood. As we first appear in history, Tacitus paints us as gluttons and drunkards. In the old German forests our forefathers' idea of heaven was a drunken revel.

Now, science invents and fetches to such a blood a cheap stimulus—alcohol; so cheap that a workingman can earn enough in a day to keep him drunk for a week. Ninety per cent. of the crime, say the lawyers, an equally excessive proportion of the taxation, say the statesmen, are the spawn of rum. Homes are broken up, lives are wrecked, perdition is populated by this vice. For half a century, a temperance crusade has been carried on to redeem the holy land of man's body and soul desecrated by the worse than Turkish tyranny of the brandy bottle and the whisky keg. Facts have been collected, parties have been rallied, legislatures have been

besieged, great States have been put on the witness stand. But where has the Church been? Isolated pulpits have stood embattled among the crusaders. But the prominent pulpits, the fashionable pulpits, the wealthy pulpits are so intently watching the pews that they cannot see the drunkard. Or if jogged and forced to look at him, they advise him to be more moderate—forgetful of Dr. Johnson's confession: "I can abstain; I can't be moderate." And they have obstructed and continue to obstruct Temperance by flaunting the example of Jesus as an argument against it. To individual clergymen Temperance owes much. But to Churchianity is owes nothing.

Take the effort to broaden the sphere of women. Forty years ago woman in the land of Jefferson was shut up in Eastern seclusion. If she belonged to the wealthier class, she was imprisoned in a gilded cage, like a pet canary. She was regarded as a piece of animated bric-a-brac. She had privileges but not rights. She was given compliments instead of justice. If she belonged to the poorer class, she was the drudge of the household. Whether rich or poor, she was held to be guilty of her sex. As wife, she was merged in her husband. As mother, she had no claim upon her own offspring. As daughter, she was dwarfed by her brothers. As woman, she was ranked with "children and idiots." Her sex excluded her from every bread-winning avocation save teaching and the needle. As all female bread-winners were crowded into these two callings, they were so overcrowded that a woman thrown on her own exertions had to choose between starvation and a life of shame.

All this has been changed. The statute-books of forty States have been remodelled. The sphere of woman has been broadened to include everything God made her able to do—is almost co-extensive with man's. Even the colleges have conceded to the sisters of Madame de Stäel and Charlotte Bronté, or Maria Mitchell and Mrs. Browning, brains enough to study Greek and Latin in *annexes*.

Meanwhile, Churchianity has been the resolute opposer of every single forward step. It has flung Paul in the face of woman, precisely as it threw Onesimus in the face of the slave and the example of Jesus in the face of Temperance. Here again individual clergymen only make the exception that proves the rule.

Take the Labor movement,— the movement of the masses against the classes, in Gladstone's phrase,— the movement of the toilers to rescue from the clutches of work and wealth, shorter hours and a share in the profits. This movement, the world over, is the latest and largest of miracles. From Russia to the United States, Labor is marshalling its forces to-day for the purpose of controlling to-morrow.

Straws show which way the wind is blowing. One of these tell-tale straws is the popular outcry against trusts, monopolies, and the protean shapes assumed by illusive and aggressive capital. Another, is the multiplication of Labor organizations, and the rapid gravitation of these toward federation. Another, is the sale within a few months of 250,000 copies of Edward Bellamy's industrial romance,— a book which owes its phenomenal success to no special charm of style, still less to any novelty of suggestion, but only to the universal interest in the industrial question.

Churchianity takes no interest in it, never discusses it, knows nothing about it. The preachers are too busy bombarding the Pharisees of old to train their guns on the Pharisees of the nineteenth century. They only say: "Bless us! what a noise those fellows in their shirt-sleeves are making out there. Let us sing the Doxology."

Henry of Navarre wrote to his friend Chillon: "We have conquered at Argues, *et tu n'y étais pas*,"— "You were not there, my Chillon." So the reformers may say to Churchianity,— "You were not with us." Or, if Churchianity was on the battlefield, it has always been in the ranks of the enemy.

The slave cried: "Church of the living God, help me to liberty!" And Churchianity replied: "Be quiet. You are black. Stay where you are, for we are trying to send the free colored people back to Africa." Temperance cries: "Christians! aid us to medicate this cancer of drunkenness which is eating out the vitals of civilization." And Churchianity responds: "Did not Paul advise Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" Woman cries: "I am trembling between starvation and the brothel. Open to me broader avenues of occupation." And Churchianity answers, "Fie! For shame! Do you want to unsex yourself? Go home and darn stockings and rock a cradle." Labor cries: "Give me a chance. I want shorter hours, better wages,

more bread on the table, and part ownership in what I make." And Christianity whispers: "Sh! Capital rents the pews, pays for the music, and patronizes the parson. We'll open a soup-house. We'll build a mission chapel on a side street and name it 'St. Lazarus.'"

Thus, whenever Churchianity comes out of the ranks of the foe and attempts to deal with existing evils, it does so in such amateur fashion that the very effort aggravates the difficulty. When the trouble comes from the social order it doles out temporary supplies to individuals. It contents itself with alleviation, and does not study to cure. It gives pity, not justice. It provides charity, instead of insisting upon a rearrangement of the situation. Meantime, it is as ignorant of the impending cataclysm as Versailles was of the French revolution a year before it reddened the streets of Paris with blood; when, as Carlyle said, "The 18th century committed suicide by blowing its own brains out."

What are the results? They are many and sad.

One is the weakening grip of the Church upon practical life. It builds cathedrals, not men. It meets on Sunday for worship in splendid exclusion and seclusion, and shuts the building through the week, while the congregation is occupied at the theatre, in the ball-room, or on Wall Street. The pulpit, warned off from the treatment of living issues, drones through a parrot-like repetition of the creed, and puts the emphasis on belief when it should put it on conduct.

Another result is that the Church is pre-empted (and emptied) by wealth and fashion. Lawyers who are of counsel for trusts and monopolies; capitalists whose names are identified with tricky monetary transactions, leaders of the *ton* whose real god is society, occupy the highest seats in the synagogue, and love to come because they can feel sure that they will not be reminded of time in the contemplation of eternity.

Saddest of all, the industrial classes are conspicuous by their absence from the church, like the images of Brutus and Cassius in the imperial procession. There is an almost complete alienation from institutional religion on their part. Those who were foremost in planting Christianity,—in its apostleship, among its most devout adherents, its chiefest beneficiaries, its saintliest exponents, its most eager martyrs, —are now embittered and critical. They do not, cannot

recognize Christianity in Churchianity. They need religion as much as ever, more than ever. The gracious words and beautiful example of Christ would be as potent in the nineteenth century as they were in the first, were they as faithfully and lovingly presented. But the church of show, the church of the Holy Cash, the congregation of caste, the congregation of St. Sinner, *à la mode*, are an abomination to their souls.

Reinforcing these are many thoughtful people who make much of morality, and who contrast the professions of the church with its practice, its creed with its life. They, too, are shocked into alienation. When they see men and women prominent at church, in its officership, among its society leaders, who are at a discount as to honesty and reliability in the world, what wonder they conclude that they can be as good as these saints and remain sinners? And so, though they have no theological quarrel with religion, they train with the ever-increasing army of stay-at-homes.

At a recent notable meeting of the Evangelical Alliance there was on the part of all present a recognition of this drifting apart of the Church and the people. The Rev. Dr. Strong exclaimed: "The Church has largely lost touch with the world. It is more institutional than personal. The cry too often is not, 'Here am I, send me,' but 'Here is my check, send somebody else!' There is salt enough, but it is barreled up in the Church."

Bishop Huntingdon, of the Episcopal Communion, asked:

"How does it come to pass that the people, being at the Church's door, are on the outside? Certainly there can be no fault with the Gospel. Is the obstacle, then, in the people? If so, we cannot get it out until we get at the people. The obstacle is in ourselves. The Gospel and the people belong together. They were made for each other. No matter what the apostolicity of the Church may be, the putting apart of the Gospel and the people is her apostacy."

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, declared that "he would rather take the chances of an atheist before the bar of God than those of a saved (?) man who is not at the same time a saviour."

These are hopeful voices. Do they indicate the dawn of a better day?

Whatever may be the changes that are imminent, no matter

what the surprises of the future, religion will survive. It must. For, as Locke said of the Bible: "It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any admixture of error for its subject-matter." We may be sure that

> " . . . the ethereal mold,
> Incapable of stain, will soon expel her mischief,
> And purge off the baser fire, victorious."

One thing, however, is certain. The Church will never rehabilitate itself in popular influence by meretricious expedients. It is not to be saved by broom-drills, dairy-maid fairs, and catch-penny festivals. Neither will it better the situation by complaining. It will not fill the pews by lazily opening its doors once a week, clanging the bell in a ding-dong fashion, and saying: "You people out there come in here and be saved!" If sinners ran their business as saints run the Church, they would go into bankruptcy in a year. Imagine Paul standing in a gorgeous pulpit, with a ten-thousand dollar salary, and a five-thousand dollar choir, in a church where pew-rent is as high as house-rent, with two or three pews down by the door for the use of the poor, and attributing the absence of the people from such a service to total depravity!

No; the church must interest itself in practical affairs. It must be a leader in good words and works. It must vindicate its right to be by divine helpfulness. Christ never lacked hearers. "The common people heard him gladly." The apostles never complained of poor congregations. They went where the crowd was. They gave out instead of absorbing. Many of our preachers are like the Bourbons—they learn nothing and forget nothing. They are too stubborn to change. Their type is Saul's chief herdsman, Doeg, "having charge of the mules."

As for Churchianity, let us hope it is doomed.

We may devoutly pray for its demise. "A religion that does not take hold of the life that now is," wisely affirms an eminent preacher, "is like a cloud that does not rain. A cloud may roll in grandeur, and be an object of admiration; but if it does not rain it is of little account so far as utility is concerned. And a religion that consists in the observance of magnificent ceremonies, but that does not touch the duties of daily life, is a religion of show and of sham."

To much the same effect speaks Lord Bacon: "Pythagoras, being asked what he was, answered, 'That if Hiero was ever at the Olympian games, he knew the manner, that some came as merchants to utter their commodities and some came to make good cheer and meet their friends, and some came to look on; and that he was one of them that came to look on.'" Upon which the great Englishman remarks: "But men must know that in this theatre of man's life it is reserved only for God and angels to be lookers on."

The writer is in full accord with orthodox theology. He only laments that orthodox practice is so heterodox. And he freely confesses that he infinitely prefers the Gospel of the carpenter to the gospel of the counting-room, the Epistles of the tentmaker to the epistles of the mill-owner,—Christianity to Churchianity.

CORRELATION OF PHYSICAL AND MORAL DISEASES.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

To see unity in multiformity is said to be the province of the poet. It is certainly the province of the philosopher, who chiefly differs from the poet in viewing the Universe at a broader angle. The more we observe, the more we think, the clearer is the analogy, the correspondence between entities. All through Nature run not only parallels of illustration, but lines converging to, and pointing out cosmic truth. The close analogy between what we understand as the physical, the mental, and the moral is evident enough upon scrutiny and reflection. Nevertheless, most of us are in the habit of regarding them, especially their defects or diseases, as widely apart, if not positively distinct. It is not many years, as everyone knows, since we treated persons suffering from mental disease as if they were responsible for it, punishing them severely for their misfortune. By such barbarity, we hoped to alleviate, if not to cure them. It seems incredible now that we could have been so stupid — most of our cruelty comes from want of perception — and yet we continue to punish criminals, to condemn the vicious, in the same way.

We seldom think that moral defects and physical diseases are correlated. They unquestionably are, however. We never blame anyone for having consumption, dyspepsia, gastritis, pneumonia, peritonitis, albuminuria, small-pox, or typhoid fever. Contrariwise, we pity them deeply, and do all in our power to heal them, acting on the principle of common humanity. But is there not moral consumption, moral dyspepsia, moral gastritis, moral pneumonia? We do not give them such names, it is true; but names affect not fundamental truth. We may call them homicide, falsehood, theft,

forgery, and we make the guilty accountable to the law. The most charitable rarely cover with their charity what they consider the sins of their acquaintances. They are very sorry for, and sympathize with these, when afflicted with catarrh, rheumatism, or neuralgia, but are intolerant and censorious of their hypocrisy, malice, or selfishness. Why should they be kind to one, and not the other? Because they would say, "We cannot help our ailments, though we can help our faults." Can we? In this question lies the gist.

We may, to an extent, be answerable for our illnesses; but to what extent, no one can tell. We may have been imprudent in our diet, in our attire; we may have exposed ourselves recklessly, or violated the obvious laws of health. But, on the other hand, we may have contracted disease in spite of every caution; we may be suffering from a feeble constitution, from our unfavorable surroundings during infancy or childhood. For these, we are in no manner responsible. We surely should not be ill, if we knew how to avoid it. Is it not the same with our moral maladies? We may not have been sufficiently self-watchful in forming our early habits; we may have yielded, when we should not, to temptation; we may have shunned virtues supposed to be contagious. But, if we have done all this, we have only obeyed the mandate of our own temperament, and succumbed to the force of circumstances. Besides, we inherit evil tendencies, evil qualities so styled, exactly as we inherit poor digestion, weak lungs, innutritious blood, from parents or remoter ancestors. The destiny of most of us is thus determined morally at the moment of our birth, so that, physiologically and philosophically, we are predestined. Temperament, largely the result of heredity and environment, decides our fate, virtually, if not actually. These two great factors cannot be overestimated in the shaping of human life; they are almost omnipotent. They make the difference between Titus and Domitian, the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Alva, Malesherbes and Marat, Aaron Burr and Abraham Lincoln. Intimate knowledge of them calms alike rancor and enthusiasm; enables us to see how saints might have been sinners, and sinners saints.

This is a very ancient truth. Plato held that the vicious are indebted for their vices to their organism and education;

that not they but their parents and teachers should be censured therefor. Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, believed that all wrong-doing sprang from some form of mental disorder; and other physicians and philosophers have cherished similar opinions. The enlightened spirit of the old Athenians was lost in succeeding centuries. The dark ages, with their ignorance and superstition, had a disastrous effect, naturally, on thought and learning of every kind; and the revival of learning was mostly in name. Metaphysics, mysticism, and theology replaced reason and investigation. Ethics was perverted; its violation explained by the instigation of the devil, and humanity wholly misunderstood. Evangelic dogma and ecclesiastic authority so long and so tyrannically ruled the world that intellectual freedom and earnest inquiry were at last permanently shackled. It is but latterly that we have, through science, observed the phenomena of Nature, and opened the avenues to actual truth. We have just begun to see again that moral and physical diseases have much the same origin, and that the same laws regulate both. We are not strictly free agents, except in a very limited sense, perhaps not at all, though we feel obliged to act upon the theory that we are, thinking that a contrary course would annul government and prove incalculably mischievous.

It used to be sufficient justification for the punishment of men to pronounce them wicked: the simple pronouncement made argument needless. Since then, we have asked, "How became they wicked, and what is wickedness?" And the mere query has exploded any number of doctrines and traditions. As Maudsley has pointed out, criminals are as much fabricated as are weaving or agricultural machines; but the processes by which the criminals are produced are too intricate to be directly pursued. They are the result of law, and reveal the agency of a cause.

Crime is often shown to be hereditary, just as phthisis, cancer, and scrofula are. Vices are transmitted from sire to son, as are physical features and mental traits. So much is this the case in great cities, like London, New York, Paris, where criminals occupy certain quarters, and stimulate their evil instincts by indulgence of the worst passions, regularly and copiously propagating their noxious, even a more noxious kind, that eminent physicians have declared emasculation

to be the sole method of restricting this spawn of degeneracy. Professional criminals have been proved by careful investigation to be destitute of moral sense, and frequently incapable, with any enticement, of resisting their worst propensities.

Dr. Bruce Thomson, surgeon to the General Prison of Scotland, has spoken of the extremely morbid condition, at autopsy, of the bodies of prisoners who had died there. Their whole system was so diseased, nearly every organ showing grave disorder, that he could not understand how it could sustain life. Other physicians of distinction and wide experience, both abroad and at home, have detected the same thing, and specially commented on the correspondence between the unhealthy moral and physical nature of habitual culprits. These are, in the great majority of cases, of inferior, undeveloped mind, yet remarkable for a low sort of craftiness. Research into their antecedents often discloses that their fathers and grandfathers were weak in intellect, subject to epilepsy, more or less insane. Their own diseases are principally strumose and nervous, and are commonly got by descent. Their strong tendencies to evil find a natural outlet, a sickly kind of gratification, in the achievement of crime. Persons who have studied criminals differ, as may be supposed, in their deductions; but a very large and highly intelligent part think that the bulk of them are so feeble, mentally and morally, so unbalanced every way, so poisoned with racial blood, that their fate may easily be forecast. They have serious doubt if punishment (justifiable only by the probability that it exercises a restraining influence) of violators of the law, really does these any good. Criminals generally come out of prison more hardened, more malicious, more depraved than when they enter it. They very seldom express any sincere remorse, and they are usually prepared to repeat their offense at the first opportunity. Many of them are clearly foredoomed. They would not resist their constitutional and acquired drift, if they could, and they could not, if they would. Many a trull, many a drunkard, many a thief, many an incendiary, many a murderer is such at the hour of birth. The time that follows merely serves for the evolution of ingrained wrong.

Moral diseases, however, are by no means confined to criminals. Indeed, some of the worst of these are resident in men

and women of education, good breeding, and social position. The law, as a rule, reaches only common rascals. Many rascals of a deeper, though more delicate dye are beyond the law. Their punishment must be left to the unwritten, inexorable, eternal laws that govern the Universe. The moral diseases of Society, to use this word, are as many and varied as its physical diseases, and the correlation of the two is not hard to establish. Scarcely anyone has either perfect health or perfect morality, whatever appearances may indicate. How few of our associates or acquaintances own a sound constitution, or are free from ailments! There are even fewer without great faults, or, at least, considerable blemishes. Men are apt to be better informed of their hygienic than their ethical conditions, and they are certainly freer to speak of them. A man will acknowledge his dyspepsia, but not his prejudice, even if aware of it, which is always doubtful. A woman who admits her seated headache unhesitatingly, will deny her deceitfulness stubbornly. But the prejudice and deceitfulness belong to them as much as the dyspepsia and headache do. Prejudice and deceitfulness are part of their moral nature as dyspepsia and headache are of their physical nature.

We all know persons who do not tell the truth, and their defect troubles and irritates us. We know others who are chronic sufferers from rheumatism and neuralgia, and we condole with them on that account. Why should we not condole with those that speak falsely? They are no more responsible for the defect than the others are for rheumatism and neuralgia. Causes operating for hundreds and hundreds of years may have determined that they should not be otherwise than they are. Certain persons of whom we see much, and whom we are inclined to like, we refrain from liking for the reason that they have certain imperfections that we cannot abide. Not unlikely that these may be imperfections of our own, though we never suspect it. We are often most impatient with, and resentful of, vices or weaknesses which we ourselves share. Who has not met men, themselves notorious liars or backbiters, that were continually denouncing other men because they would lie or backbite? Sometimes, this may be an assumption made for self-defense; but generally it is sincere. They are entirely incapable of seeing their own defects. Intimacy with human nature, broad range of

observation, insight into character, and power of analysis impel us to lenity and indulgence. Thus qualified, before we criticise, and reprehend the shortcomings of our neighbors, we try to find excuses for them, and the trial generally ends auspiciously. Investigation, if we make it, shows us that our benevolence is firmly based. We discover that almost every serious fault has been inherited; that the father, or grandfather, or other direct ancestor of him who bears it, bore it likewise. We learn from the early circumstances of the woman, out of parallel with Nature, why she is so; that her cousin, much disliked and disapproved, is paying the penalty of her parents' inharmonious marriage; that the temper and ungenerosity of a third woman are the result of physical disorders well known to her physicians. If the society folk who are morally incomplete or tainted with vice were subjected, like the poor criminals, to the scalpel, their incompleteness or their vice would be explained by physical conditions; would be demonstrated as the effect of sufficient cause.

Is there any one of us who would not be amiable, interesting, lovable, were it possible? Where we are the opposite of these, we are at least dimly conscious of an inward agent that directs and controls us in spite of ourselves. The orthodox call it original sin, the prompting of Satan, the triumph of depravity. Why not call it the influence of an isosceles triangle, the impulsion of the Tropic of Cancer on the Antarctic Circle, the forcible conjunction of the rings of Saturn with the ecliptic of the Earth? This gibberish would be as intelligent, and as applicable as the orthodox phrases.

The general truth remains that our departure from the morally normal is traceable to the departure from the physically normal. As physicians cannot often detect this, philosphers can much less often detect that. But Science is leading us in the right direction. She is making us acquainted with Nature by unfolding Nature's laws. She is cruel and destructive to ignorance; but, to investigation and enlightenment, she is pliant and beneficial. She is willing and glad to impart her secrets gradually to those who have the courage, the patience, and the diligence to pursue and unravel her mysteries. An ounce of induction is worth tons of metaphysics and theology. Indeed, these are worse than valueless, for they block the road of progress, and banish the spirit of inquiry.

None of us is wholly responsible for what we are. Most of us would, if we could, be something else; but our best efforts will not carry us very far toward the desired goal. There is a mysterious, an eternal hindrance, which we cannot command, and the hindrance is born of causes beyond our ken. We differ greatly in receptivity, in readiness to yield, in force of will, in power of self-control. It is a question if any of us be more responsible for our acts than we are for our maladies. But the degree of responsibility varies with the individual. We may know if we are sordid, sensual, ungrateful; but we are as powerless to divine why we are so, as why we are asthmatic, catarrhal, diabetic. Afflictive and hateful as such conditions are, we are incompetent to remove them. How much longer we shall be incompetent, is a problem of the future. The solution rests with the issue of our grapple with Nature. Our destiny, material and moral, depends largely on our organization and training, and these in turn depend on fortune. In the absence of greater knowledge, our demiurge seems to be, what for want of a better name, we must call luck. Assuredly it is lucky to have a good constitution with sound health, as it is to have a high, moral nature; for neither health nor morality comes of merit or of striving. A subtle sort of neurosis is the source of many of our bodily and ethical distempers, the complete pathology of which is yet to be evolved.

Whatever helps to bring the human family closer together is surely to be encouraged. We are biased against one another; we hate one another, because we do not understand one another. Understanding is the sesame to sympathy. The doctrine that our faults, our vices, like our opinions and beliefs, are not directly traceable to us, should teach us toleration, which is the substratum of charity. Instead of inspiring the pharisaism of self-felicitation, that we are not like others, it should inspire compassion that others are not like us. We must be wretched, indeed, if, on looking around us, we do not find hundreds that are worse off in every way than ourselves. If our views are more healthful, if we are more cheerful, more hopeful, better adjusted to life, stronger to resist ill, let us not take overmuch credit. We owe this superiority to our temperament and training, which we have not earned. By seeing how our fellows are governed by

remorseless laws, for which they are in no wise accountable, we shall be more willing to aid them in the struggle for existence, to try to compensate to them for the wrong Nature and Destiny have done them. By recognizing the correlation of physical and moral diseases, we shall be nearer the ideal Brotherhood of Man by surrendering false pride, corroding selfishness, and foolish egotism.

THOUGHT AS FORCE, AND ITS SOCIALISTIC DEVELOPMENT.

BY E. S. HUNTINGTON.

SOME advanced students in the science of mind have presented the theory that thought is an actual living force in nature; that its physical manifestations in the minds of human beings, and in the brains and nervous systems of the lower forms of organized life, are but the strivings of the "Universal Will" for expression. No attempt will be made, in this short essay, to treat a subject of such vast import in its philosophic bearings. I shall not venture to sound the metaphysical depths of the real relations that exist between mind and matter; nor shall I express any decided opinion regarding the truth of this theory of thought. A few suggestions in favor of its acceptance, however, may not come amiss.

It is often the case that in thinking of force, we confound it with its product, motion, and in this way we speak of light, heat, electricity, magnetism, chemical action, attraction, and gravitation, as physical forces. We use the term "Law of gravity," but how little is really known by man of this mighty force whose power holds the visible universe in place. It is only in our present century that electricity, the subtle, invisible, but all-powerful fluid, which permeates all matter, is studied with intelligence, and its possibilities suspected. This hidden force, for anything known to the contrary, may be the vital element in every form of life; its capabilities as an instrument for human development and dominion are even now, at this age, but little comprehended. A mysterious force exists in the vibrations of the ether, called sound, which science and invention have so far failed to utilize, but which, no doubt, in the near future will come under man's control for driving the wheels of industry.

The old beliefs regarding the constitution of the human mind and its faculties, have been shaken, and in many cases destroyed by facts, obtained from modern investigation and carefully tested experiment. The reality of thought transference, one mind impressing another, even from a distance in space, seems established beyond a reasonable doubt. The wonderful developments in the line of hypnotism, animal magnetism, and somnambulism; the unquestioned results for health, and the cure of disease, accomplished by the various schools of mental healing, all go far to prove the real existence of thought as a living force, which can be strengthened in its power, in a given direction, by individual effort and concentration of purpose. To state the theory of this advanced school of Psychology a little more clearly, I quote from one of its teachers. "The brain being a pulsating centre, its thoughts as they go out in waves have to other brains a tangible representation. The psychic-ether, pulsating with innumerable waves, may be regarded as a universal thought atmosphere, and the sensitive brain is able to gather from it thoughts and ideas which its pulsations express." We may supplement this theory by a belief in a higher atmosphere of thought pulsation than exists on the mortal plane; we may well believe that there are thought waves of supreme wisdom and knowledge, which reach the brains of exceptional human beings, alone, — brains, that are peculiarly sensitive to impulses from the upper spheres. This highest endowment vouchsafed to man on earth is called the genius of intuition, and the few great souls that have possessed this mysterious gift are rightly named Seers. They have appeared at long intervals through the ages, and, if their inspired pointings toward the right paths of evolutionary development had been obeyed, organized society would not present the unhappy conditions of the present day. Life has always been a sad puzzle to man, and his animal impulses of selfish greed have always formed themselves in warring opposition to the teachings presented by these spiritual specialists. Acknowledging the fact, as we must, that Space and Time (so called) are but mortal conceptions, we may, with true philosophy, mourn the mistakes of man in the past, but, at the same time, we may draw the correct deductions from the course of human, evolutionary progress, — ever upward, — and cherish the brightest hopes for his future.

not only on earth, but to spiritual realms beyond all mortal ken.

Before taking up the second part of the subject, — the socialistic development of the world's thought, — it is perhaps well to offer one word of warning. Granting the truth of this theory of thought, it must of course be essential for man's welfare, in his progress upward, that the aggregate thought of the most advanced races be sound, and true to the leadings of the higher mind. Evil, discordant thought can become unhappily in many cases, more infectious than mental impulses toward truth and wisdom. Epidemics of baneful, diseased thought have spread through the minds of whole communities at different periods of the world's history, showing the secret power of telepathic influence. We may then well fear the prevalence of wrong ideas, for they have served in the past as a serious hindrance to the proper growth of those seeds of righteous reform that have been planted from time to time in the minds of inspired leaders.

Let us now take a brief glance at the development of a hopeful thought, which has existed, sometimes in strength, sometimes in extreme weakness, since man first emerged from the savage state. At different stages in the advance of humanity toward what we call civilization, the individual man has cherished a noble thought of an ideal condition of social existence on this planet; he has dreamed of a future state of society, in which Justice and Harmony shall rule, and true brotherhood be established. It is not my purpose to trace the development of this thought from the very beginning of its recorded history. In all epochs and in every land after primitive equality disappeared, aspirations for an ideal social formation are to be perceived in sensitive human minds, sometimes in the form of a protest against existing evil, sometimes in the shape of Utopian dreams for social reconstruction. The prophets of Israel, while lifting a warning voice against iniquity, announced a good time coming. Job, that grand old poet, — pessimist as he was in many ways, — believed in Justice, and that right would at last prevail. Five centuries before our Christian Era, Gautama Buddha held the thought of the extreme wretchedness of existence, and offered the saving doctrine of self-sacrifice as the only solution of the great problem. Coming down to the

classic period of philosophic speculation in Greece, we find Plato inspired to give to the world a high ideal in his "Republic," which work had great influence in prompting later aspirations. The socialistic thought came with mighty power to Christ, whom we may justly claim to be not only one of the world's very highest specialists in spiritual knowledge, but one of the strongest advocates for the practical, social Brotherhood of Man. How very far his pretended followers have departed from the original doctrines of social reform, taught by their master! During the dark ages following the decline of the Roman Empire, the gloom that pervaded the world's mind acted almost as an effectual curtain for the concealment of any hope that might still linger in the breasts of the oppressed people; yet even then, some few waves of socialistic thought penetrated receptive mortal brains, exhibited mostly in the communistic ideas held by the Mendicant Orders, by the Anabaptists in Germany, and by the Levellers in England. These ideas are clearly expressed in a Flemish poem of the thirteenth century written by Jacob Van Maerlant (1235), and entitled "Wapene Martyn." Two passages from this poem, translated by an English Socialist, read as follows: ("Martin, the German law relates that from unrighteous violence, ownership is come.") ("Two words in the world there be, these simply *mine* and *thine*. Could one take them away, peace there would be and freedom. All then would be free; none enslaved, nor man nor woman; both corn and wine would be in common.") In reading these words we see how persistent, even in dark and gloomy times, are the ideas, prompted by the power of the eternal mind. I must not forget, before turning to later times, to quote a few sayings of some of the early Christian Fathers who held the thought of their leader, Jesus. St. Basil says: "The rich man is a thief." St. Chrysostom exclaims: "The rich are robbers; a kind of equality must be effected by making gifts out of their abundance. Better all things were in common." St. Jerome mourns: "Opulence is always the product of a theft committed, if not by the actual possessor, by his ancestors," and St. Clement declares the truth in these words: "In strict justice everything should belong to all. Iniquity alone has created private property." Tracing the same redeeming thought to later days: at the time of the Reformation of the corrupt Catholic Church, a contemporary of Martin Luther,

Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England under that tyrant, Henry the Eighth, gave to the people of his period a transcendent work of genius, which has never ceased to attract the attention and admiration of intelligent readers. Until this day, with all the elaborate plans for a better social system offered by subsequent reformers, More's "Utopia," printed under the title of a political romance, contains most of the suggestions needed for the organization of an ideal State. At the time in which this noble-minded statesman lived, the feudal system had not entirely disappeared. The people of England lived in a condition of social injustice, religious intolerance, and political tyranny, but that giant oppressor, Modern Commercialism, had not yet stepped upon the world's stage, and it is a question whether the laborers did not possess a fairer share of the products of their labor, compared with their masters, than at the present time.

It is said that Sir Thomas More doubted the practicability of any such social reform as he pictured, but I prefer to believe the contrary. I have faith in this power of inspired thought and confidence in the idea that this prophet wrote in the form of a romance what was given from above; and, though not expecting to see his vision fulfilled, in the flesh, yet felt sure that man would progress until Justice and Equality should rule, in political governments, throughout the earth. If the time was not ripe, if this mirror of the political and social evils of his age, as it is rightly called, attracted only the idle attention of the cultured classes, it was not the fault of its author. More was not a mere dreamer; he was a practical advocate in the cause of philanthropy and justice, who made a brave fight against a cruel despot, and gave his life cheerfully upon the scaffold, rather than yield one point of conscientious belief.

Socialists and Nationalists, in their present educational movement, may well follow some advice, so quaintly given in "Utopia": "You must, with a crafty wile, and subtle tongue, study and endeavor, as much as in you lieth, to handle the matter wittily and handsomely for the purpose, and that which you cannot turn to good, so to order that it be not very bad. For it is not possible for all things to be well unless all men were good, which I think will not be yet for these many years."

Are not these wise words applicable for the guidance of Nationalists and Socialists of the present time? Short steps on the right road should not be despised if we are not able to take strides. The next presentations of socialistic thought which attracted attention (worth mentioning), appeared in print, a century later than More's "Utopia." A lord high chancellor of England is again impelled to put forth a high conception of things possible of accomplishment by man; for Sir Francis Bacon, who held this eminent position during part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, published in 1624 under James the First, his social romance "The New Atlantis." Lord Macaulay says of the description of Solomon's House, contained in this work, "that there is not to be found in any human composition a passage more eminently distinguished by profound and serene wisdom." In 1637, Campanella, the Italian monk, called the "Philosopher of Stilo," gave to his "priest-ridden, tyrant-ridden" countrymen a vivid picture of a happier life on earth, in a work of fancy called the "City of the Sun." These two books, of Lord Bacon, and Thomas Campanella, written in "times of discouragement and decay, in times of ecclesiastical and political tyranny, discouraging freedom of thought and intellectual effort," attracted wide interest, and both writers undoubtedly impressed the minds of that period with renewed hope.

I must omit any extended notice of that tremendous wave of thought which rose to such a height in the time of Voltaire, Paine, and Rousseau, and which broke in such fury at the French Revolution. Of all the dreadful implements used by the occult powers controlling human destiny, none has done more effective work for the amelioration of man's relation with man, than this bloody, blind, and furious overturn of society. By its means the ruling classes, throughout the civilized world, awoke to the fact that serious disease lurked in the body politic of every existing government. Palliative remedies were more or less adopted, and there can be no denial that organized human society received lasting benefit from the final results of that horrible chaos. It was during the progress of these struggles for freedom in France, and during the revolt of an oppressed people in America, that the germs of modern Socialism appeared. Babœuf, Cabet, St. Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Proudhon, Robert

Owen, and a few other believers in their respective plans for a social revolution, did brave work in spreading the thought that came to them. Although each of these reformers (prophets, we may well call them) had quite a large following from all classes, and though several efforts were made for carrying into practical operation the various, yet similar ideals held in mind by these advanced guides, the world was not ready. But the seeds of thought sown by these husbandmen, in the early part of this century, were not wasted, for they fell into the fruitful soil of many, very many minds: we soon find other hands assuming the task. The list of distinguished workers in this sacred cause of Human Brotherhood is too long to be given here. Especial praise and gratitude are due, however, to Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lasalle. These two giants in intellect, acuteness, and energy, are the founders of Modern State Socialism, as distinguished from Communism, Federalism, and the many other plans for a new industrial formation. Since the death of Marx and Lasalle, the work of popular education in socialistic doctrines has moved with astonishing rapidity, throughout the civilized world. The thought, so feeble in the time of Sir Thomas More, has grown to such strength since his day, that it bids fair to become, before many years, the ruling faith in the minds of all enlightened nations.

In this country the impulse sent to Edward Bellamy to write his book, "Looking Backward," is part of this thought force. The birth of the Nationalist party, with its purpose of using every effort for social readjustments, is a deliverance of this same hidden power.

Before closing, I must give some words of a recent writer for they are in tone with the subject under consideration. She says: "We have but to look back a few hundred years to mark the gradual ascension of the whole of mankind to higher levels of mind life, and we can but feel that what has been shall continue to be, until humanity, the great giant struggling to lift himself from the slime of earth, shall no longer present features of abhorrent ugliness, warring against his own numbers, demoniacally insane and suicidal, poisoning his atmosphere with the effluvium of hatred and evil thought and deed; but shall walk beneath heaven a man of noblest proportions and form, and of angelic countenance — his thoughts of love, his acts of mercy."

Demos still stands in the market places of the world with dejected mien, yet with more hope in heart, more intelligence in brain, than ever before; for this force of socialistic thought prompts renewed efforts for the assertion of rights so long denied. Aristos, haughty and self secure, as always, listens with more tender interest than was his wont, to the bitter complaints of cruel injustice which reach his ear. The redeeming thought of social equality and fraternity is moving an obdurate mind. It is the serious duty, then, of all earnest men and women, who deplore this present system of competitive warfare, and who aspire for "a more excellent way," to concentrate their individual thought and united will with determined energy, that the great tidal sweep, now in full flow, shall not recede until man is left upon the firm high ground of a reconstructed society.

THE REAL CASE OF THE "REMONSTRANTS" AGAINST WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

It must not be supposed that the silence of the "Remonstrants" is evidence that they have been convinced of their error. They are simply tired of repeating worn-out commonplaces. In their opinion, the usual arguments in favor of the measure have been answered again and again, so that now it is a matter not of argument, but of feeling. They think they have disposed of the asseverations that suffrage is a natural right; that the Republican theory of government involves female suffrage; that there should be no taxation without direct representation; that there can be no popular government without full consent of the governed; that a principle of justice demands the extension of the suffrage to women; that society would be benefited by the participation of women in its administrative details; that the sex would be raised in the human scale.

But there is one point respecting the attitude of some of the "Remonstrants" on which a certain amount of misunderstanding exists. It is charged that they look down on woman as an inferior creature; wish to keep her in subjection, and debar her from a privilege. This may be true of the mass of objectors, but certainly is not true of all. One of the most resolute of opponents was the late D. A. Wasson, but his essay on "The Genius of Woman," in the recent volume of his papers, is a plea in her defence so impassioned that he himself says, "I am so far from insinuating an inferiority in woman, that the contrary, rather, might seem to be true; with more plausibility might I be accused of exalting her unduly." It is understood, of course, that by "woman" the typical woman is meant, the normal woman, woman in her essential nature. I am one of those who think that Mr.

Wasson somewhat overdraws the picture, as when he declares, "Homer only reports; it is, as he deems, a goddess who sings. . . . Dante wrote the Divine Comedy, but Beatrice *made* it. . . . In Phidias she is the vision. In the hue of her being, Titian has dipped his brush, else the paint were but ochre," but the main contention is mine also. It is because womanhood stands so high, not because it lies so low, that its mingling with political enginery is deplored. The highest art owes much of its inspiration to the feminine element, and this element is most effective, even in men, when it is least adulterated. The most ethereal artists, whether in sculpture, painting, music, or poetry, are in their constitution feminine. If we could take the feminine quality out of architecture it would probably cease to be interesting. We may not be able to draw a sharp line of division between masculine and feminine characteristics, but it may be broadly stated that the masculine represents *judgment*, the practicable, the expedient, the possible, while the feminine represents *emotion*, what ought to be, the dream of excellence, the vision of complete beauty. There is a good deal of this latter attribute in man, but there would be far less if the honor at present given to woman were removed, as it must be if the sexes are intermingled in the contest of parties. Its chief support would, in this case, be taken away, and as it is not strong enough to act alone it must fall to the ground. For this reason the cause of the "Remonstrants" appears to them to be the cause of social elevation. There is no doubt that in the past, owing to the exigencies of social life, women have been kept down; that brute force has prevailed; that the animal propensities have triumphed; that the so-called passive virtues have been treated with scanty respect. Laws representing this period are still on our statute books. Customs derived from this period are still operative in our communities. But that age, if not entirely gone, is rapidly going, and is lamented by many men, who are heartily ashamed of its brutality. Unfortunately, the language of ancient statutes cannot be expunged. What is written is written, and all that can be done is to enact more humane edicts in the future. Still, as historical records the worst enactments are valuable and should not be erased; but, except as historical monuments, they should not be used. Let us have the benefit of all the humanity there is. So far

as I know, men are rejoiced to hear of woman's advancement in every form of art, of the opening of new opportunities for education, fresh outlets for her activity, further room for her achievement.

The fact that woman exerts *power* instead of *force* is a reason for keeping her in her present condition, which is one of command. Wendell Phillips used to say that she had too much power, and ought to be held to more responsibility; but how voting would secure this, I cannot imagine, especially in these days of a secret ballot. Governments ought to rest upon power; they do, in fact, in the final resort, rest upon force, and this is embodied in the male sex. Termagants may borrow what comfort they can from the King of Dahomey's body-guard of females, but the King of Dahomey does not rank high among monarchs, neither do those who compose his body-guard rank high among women. Their feminine attributes are of the smallest. The necessities of the "service" have not proved favorable to their womanhood. It is true that on ordinary occasions a large number of men are released from military duty. The crisis seldom occurs when those under the legal line or above it are called. Still, they may be, they are liable. At one period of our Civil War we were grateful for the reserve of women who could not be summoned to the front, and who were at liberty to wait on the wounded in hospitals, to solace the dying, to manage sanitary fairs, and attend to the various works of mercy, while stronger arms wielded weapons. It is a grand position, that of standing outside of strife and using moral power alone, keeping alive patriotism, inspiring valor, holding up the highest aims, animating sons, husbands, fathers, and breathing an atmosphere of pity and heroism, aloof from the perils of camp life. This is a noble sort of disfranchisement, something wholly different from the disfranchisement of the pauper, the criminal, the insane. These are *discharged;* women are *exempt.* These are *set aside* as persons not human; women are *absolved* as constituting a higher class. There is a very real distinction between being placed among the beasts, and being placed among the "ministering angels."

Another argument in favor of the retention of women of their present place is the preponderance in them of *feeling*, a preponderance that becomes the more striking as they become

more perfect in the traits which distinguish the sex. This peculiarity acts as a disqualification in the sphere of practical politics, which rests mainly upon sagacity, but is invaluable as an influence on society. The consciousness of possessing political responsibility may, in some cases, ennoble; though that will depend on circumstances. The possession of the ballot may sometimes be of actual value. The strongest argument in favor of female suffrage I ever heard turned on this latter point. A poor woman was brought before a police justice, charged with some offence. The judge imposed the heaviest sentence that was allowed by the law. A bystander observed to his companion, "That woman should have been let off more easily." "Yes," replied the other, "she would have been if she could have helped herself. But, you see, she has no vote, and ours is an elective judiciary." Let us hope that all judges are not like that one, and that there are women who are not dragged before police courts. Whatever we may think of *theoretical* politics, the *practice* of politics is not ennobling. The educating power of the suffrage is sometimes over-estimated. It *does* educate in chicanery, cunning, the arts of party management, the market price of manhood, skill in offering rewards for service. But does it educate in intelligence, a broad view of statemanship, the love of justice, patriotism, humanity, respect for citizenship? Virtuous women cannot be aware of the dangers they will have to encounter if they enter the political arena. Society is not alive to the corruption that will follow the introduction of a new kind of bribery into national and state affairs. We need all the purity, modesty, reticence, we can get, and it comes to us best, in the least adulterated form, from a class set apart, and having simply a moral influence on the questions before the people. The importance of a mass of influence conditioned by moral restrictions alone, can hardly be estimated too highly. And, at present, women hold this advantage: they will exert it more and more, as they expand in the true graces that belong to their sex. Just now they come nearer to being a privileged body than any under the sun, as near as our American institutions permit. Much more truly privileged than any European order, because purely ethical in character, not formally instituted, but ordained by Divine decree. Even now deference is paid them, but this deference

is but a shadow of what will be when they fully justify their high calling. The old feudal politeness is but a symbol of the respect that will be rendered by the best minds to the arbiters of a sacred destiny. It may be conceded that the actual woman is no more virtuous than the man, but her genius is certainly more etherial; her temptation to earthiness is less; she is delivered from the necessity of wading through mud to a throne.

This predominance of sentiment in woman renders her essentially an idealist. She jumps at conclusions. She cannot stop short of final results. She carries out principles to the end, regardless of processes. She can make no allowance for slowness, for tentative or compromising measures. Her reforms are sweeping. She would close all the bars and liquor saloons, and make it a crime to sell intoxicating drink. She would shut up all gambling-rooms, all houses of assignation, thus compelling people to be virtuous. We may hope to arrive at the same goal by-and-by, but by gradual steps. Of the *philosophy of government* there is no question. Our concern is with practical politics, entirely, and practical politics is an experimental science, where not the *best* thing but *the best thing possible* is considered. Mistakes, blunders, errors there must be. Steps must be retraced. Votes must be annulled. Our feet are always in the water, for in a republic, men sail, as Fisher Ames said, on a raft. The possession of the suffrage is therefore a painful if not, as many think, a doubtful boon, a duty rather than a privilege. They who would discharge it thoroughly are compelled to work hard, to encounter dirt, to frequent disagreeable places, to consort with unpleasant people, to listen smilingly to vacuous speeches, and, after all, to accept a portion only of the desired truth. The dainty man shrinks from the task; the careless man avoids it; the indifferent man neglects it. There is complaint, there is remonstrance, and partial improvement. But the duty is anything but a pleasure, and they upon whom the work is thrust are, in many instances, unwilling that women should defile themselves with that mire. To cast a ballot is an easy matter, but to perform the preliminary drudgery is not easy. A few are jealous of their right to vote, but not all. There are numbers who welcome disfranchisement from change of residence, as bringing at least temporary exemption.

I am speaking of women who follow the bent of their

genius. These are the few, and they will be likely to shun the bitter controversies of political life, greatly preferring the attitude of moral inspirers; these would simply be hampered by the action of the voters. In the event of woman suffrage being established, the lower class would hardly go to the polls because if they opposed the men, there would be strife; the fashionable would not, because they do not care; the philanthropic have too much to do already, with charitable work; the great middle class, consisting of the wives, sisters, daughters of active men in the world's business, is precisely that which we rely on for immediate moral influence, and which it is desirable to rescue from absorption in the common run of mundane interests. In either case, there is a distinct loss of power. The cultivated and philanthropic classes are embarrassed; the lower class is angered; the middle class is confused by the conflict of their dreams with their duties, their aspirations after moral serenity and their daily social responsibilities. They can neither be inspirers nor helpmates, and their condition is not a happy one.

There seem to be two theories of woman among those who hope for her future. With no others have we anything to do. According to one view, she is a creature in an inferior position; oppressed, kept in subjection, held down by the might of man; a creature without opportunities, or chance to show what she is, or what she can do. The laws are against her; customs are but seemingly in her favor; politeness is a gilded form of contempt. If this theory be true, then by all means, let emancipation be eagerly pursued, and brought about as soon as possible. Let liberty have her full course. Hands off! We must all conspire to lift women up; to put them on the same level with men; to abolish every vestige of ownership or subjugation. Every right-minded man desires no less than this. The other theory regards woman as an independent creature; with a genius of her own, having a record in the past, a work in the present, a career in the time to come, providentially placed and equipped, and simply misapprehended. If this account be received, then all she needs is appreciation, a hearty welcome, an honest sympathy. Encourage her shyness. Applaud her achievements. Let all doors that lead into cellars be kept shut. Let her not be set to tasks that she cannot perform. Let her not be invited to imitate men, or to enter into competition with them. Let

her services to society be gratefully acknowledged, and more like them be asked for. She is the complement of man, and of course man cannot get along without her. If he is the hand, she is the heart; not his superior, but his equal in another sphere. It is needless to say that this latter theory is the one accepted here.

These remarks are not designed as an argument on the whole question, nor have they any controversial purpose. The writer does not intend to throw down a gage of defiance or to provoke dispute. To fight in defence of one's own opinion is not the way to elicit truth. He would simply explain a position, with no thought of persuading others, or of making a single convert. He would speak for some of his contemporaries who have less leisure, or less sensitiveness, or less sense of personal accountability than he has. At all events he will clear his own conscience.

UNDER THE WHEEL.

A Modern Play in Six Scenes.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

"I have fallen under the wheel."—*Bazarof in Turgeneff's "Fathers and Sons."*

Scene First.—A Mechanic's Tenement.
Scene Second.—A Boomer's Den.
Scene Third.—A Mid-day Prairie.
Scene Fourth.—A Settler's Harvest.
Scene Fifth.—A Game of Quoits.
Scene Sixth.—A Charity Bed.

Persons Represented:

Jason Edwards, *Mechanic.*
Mrs. Edwards.
Alice Edwards.
Little Linnie (*nine*).
Walter Reeves, *On the Daily Events.*
Mrs. Murtagh.
Julian Bergh.
Hank Whiting, *Proprietor Western House.*
Frank Graham, *Wamburger Grocery.*
Johnson, "*Farmin' it.*"
Daddy Ruble, *Speculator.*
E. B. Elliot.
Tonguey Tom, Blacksmith, and others.
Judge Balser, *Land Agent, Attorney, Boomer.*

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Scene First.— A Mechanic's Tenement.

A square room, carpeted with a cheap carpet; door back, looking into hall; worn cane-seat chairs standing about; table in centre, scantily spread; sofa right front; piano right back; bureau left back; small table left front, covered with books. Everything indicates that this is general living room, dining and sitting room. The roar of the street and the shrill clamor of children enter the room. It is about five o'clock, and very hot. Linnie is drumming on the piano. Mrs. Edwards is coming and going wearily, her face is sweet, but worn and apathetic.

Mrs. E. "Linnie."

Linnie (*jumping from the stool*). "What, momma?"

Mrs. E. "You didn't put on the cups and saucers."

(*Linnie flies out into the kitchen. Mrs. Edwards drops into a chair wearily, and putting her hands to her head sighs deeply,* "Oh, dear!")

Linnie (*returning and arranging cups*). "Didn't Allie look lovely, momma, sitting up there before all those people? I wish I was a graduate so I could sing and wear a white dress."

Mrs. E. (*rising slowly*). "Be patient, child, an' mebbe you will be. If father has good luck you can go to the conservatory. Mebbe we won't always be s' poor."

Linnie. "What makes so many people poor, momma?"

Mrs. E. "Oh, I don't know, child. Ask Mr. Reeves; he's an editor, and ought t' know. I don't know."

(*Boy peeps in the door, throws himself into an attitude of pitching a ball.*) "Hi, there! Git onto me curves!"

Linnie. "Oh, let me see! Where 'd y' get it, Teddy?"

Teddy. "I found it — bought it, I mean."

Linnie. "Found it! Where?" (*Teddy hesitates.*) "O Teddy!"

Teddy (*reproachfully*). "Well, what's a feller t' do wen Brooters bangs a high foul over de fence square up agin y'r leg? Look out fer me razzle-dazzle now! Get onto me snake now, Clarkson's in de box! Now see me pitch a side-drop. Oh, dat's de ball dat razzle-dazzles de coon wid de stick!" (*Pantomime of throwing.*)

Linnie (*looking on with interest*). "I'll bet I can do it. Let me try."

Teddy. "I've got 'a' go home in a minnit, but I'll give yeh a pointer or two."

(*As they talk in the corner Mrs. Murtagh, a middle-aged Irish-woman with pleasant face, enters with a dish in her hand. As she talks Mrs. E. keeps about her work, causing the visitor to raise and lower her voice alternately.*)

Mrs. Murtagh. "Arrah! And have ye haird the noos? Timmy Sheehan has broken the hid ov Mike O'Lary f'r darin' t' chpake ill ov Mary McGrill. The more honor to him! and Mrs. O'Hoolihan's old man caam home full o' paches, wild as an injin — and oh! the circcus they had wud raise the hairs of ye! — y' should be on me side o' the house. Y'd ha' thought the bloody fiends o' hell wor havin' a free fight. It's a foine woman is Mrs. O'Hoolihan, an' her arms are beautiful wid mooscle; the divil a mon c'n walk over *her* hid —"

Mrs. Edwards. "Sh! Don't talk of that, I don't like to have Linnie hear it. She hears too much now."

Mrs. M. (*lowering her voice*). "It's little she moinds what oim a-sayin,' wid Teddy tachin' her some o' his schmart tricks. He takes after his father, does Teddy." (*With adroit turn to flattery.*) "But it's a blissid home y' have here sure, wid four swate little rooms on the second floight front. An' think o' me jist, wid six childer an' three rooms three floights back! It's a lucky woman ye air so ye air, Mrs. Edwards."

Mrs. Edwards. "Yes, I 'spose I be, compared with others; but my home aint what I wish it was."

Mrs. M. "Not what ye wish it was! *What'll* ye be wantin' — the airth?"

Mrs. E. (*musing a moment at the table*). "Yes, that's just it.

It is the earth I'm wantin'. I want 'o live where they's a place for my children to play. Seems 's if I never *could* get reconciled to their playin' in the streets. I want a little yard with apple-trees in it and a pear-tree, and—and—a—home — this aint a home, it's only a stopping-place."

Mrs. M. "Glory be to God. Whin ye git that y'll be wid the saints! Be gorry, the loikes o' *that* 'll nivir come t' the loikes av us. But would ye lind me the loan av a cuup o' tay? It's out o' tay I am and me nairves in *that* state! And the childer *that* crazy." (*A crash on the stairs and screams of babe. Mrs. Murtagh rushes to the door and yells like a fog horn.*) "Phwat air ye doin' up there? Gaw back in the room wid ye! If ye dhrop the babby over the bannister again I'll baste the skin av ye! Teddy, run up an' see phawt the spalpane Patsey is doin'." (*Teddy pays no heed.*) (*Coming back to the centre calmly taking up her palaver.*)

"As I was sayin', ye've been s' kind to a poor—" (*At this point she sees Alice Edwards entering with Walter Reeves and scuttles into kitchen left, looks out with a comical leer, slowly closing the door. Alice is a girl of twenty with a thoughtful face; she is dressed in a light-colored modish dress. She enters the room and turns, smiling faintly at Reeves who is talking to someone in the hall. Reeves is a handsome, alert man of thirty, dressed richly. His hair is pushed straight up from his forehead; he has a quizzical look about his eyes.*)

Reeves (*still looking into hall*). "Pat, none o' y'r grinnin' now. It's the divil's own time I'd be havin' wid yez if y' lave anither banany-skin on the stairway." (*Entering he takes Teddy by the nape of the neck.*) "Two's company, Teddy, three's a crowd."

Teddy (*rebelliously*). "W'y don't y' put *her* out?" (*pointing at Linnie.*)

Linnie. "O Teddy Murtagh. I guess—"

Reeves. "No words — Teddy —no recriminations. Run along — I think I smell y'r supper waitin' fer yeh —"

Linnie (*who has whispered to Alice*). "Oh, I'll go meet papa." (*Runs out back.*)

Reeves to Alice. "Eh, well! Privacy and tenement houses are mutually destructive terms. As a prying newspaper man, I'm getting a dose of my own medicine. They all take a great interest in my affairs."

(*Alice smiles but faintly at his fun. She remains seated, eyes held down in thought.*)

Reeves (*sinking into a chair*). "Another graduation recital would lay me out in the morgue. That tall girl who punished Schumann — well, let that pass and come back to the matter in hand. That's all you'll promise me, is it?"

Alice (*very gravely*). "Yes."

Reeves. "To marry me — sometime!"

Alice (*smiling a little*). "Aint that enough?"

Reeves (*rising*). "No. It's too indefinite. Enough, to a man who wants you and the earth! Now just think how indefinite that sounds — sometime! Why not put a mete and a bound to it! Why not say next Fourth of July?" (*She smiles and shakes her head.*) "Thanksgiving?" (*She shakes head less emphatically.*) "Christmas? Ah! now I'm getting at it. Say a year from to-day. Now that's a tremendous sacrifice on my part. Come now!"

Alice (*smiling*). "Well, I — will —"

Reeves (*leaping up*). "Good!"

Alice (*thrusting him back*). "— think of it."

Reeves. "What's that?"

Alice. "I said I'd think of it."

Reeves (*turning wildly away*). "Nothing of the kind! Alice, you are wildly exasperating. To think of the sermons, recitals, and graduating elocutionists I've listened to, to hear you sing! To think of the ice-cream sodas — "

Alice (*warningly*). "Walter!"

Reeves (*sinking down into a chair*). "All diss haff I endured mit a batient shrug — only for this, only for this!" (*Groans, hides face.*)

Alice (*sternly*). "How can you make light of it!"

Reeves (*looking up*). "Make light of it! Do I look like a man making light of anything?" (*Becoming grave.*) "Alice, this is nonsense. Just look at it from my standpoint a moment. Here I am, good salary, a little land and railway stock — eye on a dove of a cottage in Meadow-view, Queen Anne, piazza all the way round — "

Alice. "I know — but — "

Reeves. "But what?"

Alice (*smiling*). "I'm happy now — "

Reeves (*dolorously*). "But I aint."

Alice. "I have my music, and father, and mother, and Linnie. Don't ask too much of me. Why can't you be patient?"

Reeves. "I am. Job aint a circumstance to me."

Alice (*with enthusiasm*). "I love my music; I can't stop now just when I am beginning to master it. I must succeed in that first. I want to show people that I can earn my own living —"

Reeves (*earnestly*). "Dearest girl, all I have is thine!"

Alice (*firmly*). "No, it aint. I want money all my own. I want to lift my people out of this — Oh, wouldn't it be glorious?

That's what I've worked for — dreamed about! I can't give it up now— "

Reeves. "Oh, these modern women! Oh, for the soft and yielding heroine of romance! "

Alice (*going on*). "You got your place by your own work; I want to show how much I can do."

Reeves. "You mean how little."

Alice (*stamping her foot*). "I mean how much! I'm proud of you because you got your place by merit; I'm going to see if I can't do something — "

Reeves (*secretly admiring her*). "Nonsense! I can do work enough for two. I don't want you to work — "

Alice. "I know you don't, but— "

Reeves. "But what? "

Alice. "I want to work. Can't you wait? Let me have my freedom another year to see what I can do."

Reeves (*a little nettled*). "Freedom! Come, now, that's going too far. As if you couldn't do just as you please after marrying me! "

Alice (*eluding him*). "I'm not so sure about that! Don't you remember calling me the modern woman a few moments ago? "

Reeves (*surprised at her turn*). "Yes."

Alice (*with returning archness*). "Well, the modern woman doesn't marry young."

Reeves. "The modern woman better look out or she'll get out o' the habit and not marry at all! Say, Alice, do you know I'm getting old? I am, too near thirty, altogether. Come and look at my hair — gray, eh? "

Alice (*pushing her hand through his hair*). "Gray! There isn't a gray hair in it — and if — "

Reeves. "And if there was, it would be due to dissipation. Oh, that's what you were going to say! Now that's — "

Alice (*protesting*). "No, no! I didn't mean that— I meant— "

Reeves. "Oh, you can't switch off onto Back-Bay parties and summer hotels; but there is something in these five o'clock receptions — the tea I *know* is wearing on me. But come back to the matter in hand."

Alice (*freeing herself and going*). "Now I won't argue any more. You sit down and keep delightfully quiet."

Reeves. "But hold on. I — "

Alice (*hangs up her hat and sits at piano. Drowns out his voice, and then asks demurely*), "What were you about saying, Walter? "

Reeves (*savagely*). "I was merely remarking that I'll go home and write a ferocious article on the modern woman."

Alice (*sweetly*). "Do, and I'll add another year to your probation. The tyrant man must be taught his real weakness. Woman is becoming his equal, nay, his conqueror!"

Reeves (*in mock despair*). "Oh, that I was born so late!"

(*As she plays softly he rises and goes over to her and puts his hand on her shoulder. When she ceases playing he says in a new tone of voice,*) — "Lovers always enjoy telling each other what they thought and felt the first time they met —"

Alice (*looking up*). "Yes, go on."

Reeves. "I never could tell what I thought when I saw you first — I met you on the street, you remember — "

Alice. "I remember."

Reeves. "But I clipped a little poem to-day, that comes as near expressing my thought as anything can."

Alice. "Oh, read it! Won't you, please?"

Reeves. "How do you know it's complimentary?"

Alice. "I don't."

Reeves (*smiling*). "Yes, you do, or you wouldn't plead for it. Well, it went something like this — if my memory serves: —

She passed me on the street
And saw me not!
As some sweet singer, far
From its swaying nest
Beside some half-hid stream
Deep in the wooded west,
Musing she moved with eyes
Upon some other far-off skies.

Knowing not vice, nor hunger's ways,
With pure, unthinking, child-like eyes,
She passed me, but I caught
The glorious beauty of her face!
Beneath her garments, perfume fraught,
She moved with such a splendid grace
I thought a strain of music passed
And with its passing held me fast!

So purely pure her happy face,
So delicate each rounded limb,
So perfect was the line of grace
That swept from breast to dainty rim
Of swaying dress, no sculptor's dream
Of angelhood had half the spell
That in her living beauty lay —
She passed! And I, so eager-eyed —"

(*As Reeves repeats this poem to Alice, she keeps her eyes on the floor. As he hesitates on the last verse she takes his hand in hers, and lays her cheek on it. As he finishes she looks up and says:*)

"Did you — Oh, how you idealize me! If it were only true that we knew neither vice nor hunger! But there is no escaping —"

(*Knocking at the door, and enter Mrs. Murtagh, followed by Mrs. Edwards, who places a dish on the table.*)

Mrs. M. (*elaborately to Reeves*). "Good evenin', Mister Iditorr. Good evenin', Miss Edwards. It's a bloody thief I feel loike; but Murtagh 'll be waitin', an' waitin' makes him *that* angry. It's the divil's own task t' come bechune two swatehairts sittin' loike two dooves in a nist — "

Reeves. "There, never mind that."

Mrs. M. "Oh, it's not on me own account —"

Teddy (*putting his head in at the door*). "Six t' four in favor de Bostons, Clarkson in de box."

Reeves. "How's that?"

Teddy (*with certainty*). "You bet yer life when Clark. is in de points dey go out, *one, toe, tree.* He c'n make ol' Anson fan de air."

Reeves. "The modern boy."

Mrs. M. "He's the curse o' me loife. As I was — "

Alice (*quickly*). "There, there, Mrs. Murtagh, don't say anything more about it. I didn't know — "

Mrs. M. "Av coorse y' didn't, bless the swate two eyes av yeh! An' yer moother sayin' I'll knock on the dure. Dawn't do it, s'si. I know what it is to resave cal— "

Reeves (*sternly protesting*). "Madam, look —"

Mrs. M. "Didgy hear that, now? *Madam*, s's 'e! Good luck t' yeh f'r the same token —" (*Curtseys. Row outside.*)

Reeves. "Aint that Teddy howling?"

Mrs. M. (*listening an instant*). "Foightin' is he? Mother o' God! that b'y's the divil himsilf. Good luck t' the bawth o' ye. I'll dance at y'r weddin' till y'll think it's bechune sixteen an' twenty I am." (*Goes out hurriedly*).

Reeves (*with a sigh*). "Heavens and earth, what a scourge!"

Alice. "Oh, *she's* not bad. She's good at heart. But there *are* people in our block who are dreadful, and it is so hard to escape them in the city, where human life presses so hard."

Reeves (*tenderly*). "My poor little girl, what a life for you! Why *will* you not let me take you out of it?"

Alice (*with significant gravity*). "*And leave my people in it?* Oh, wouldn't it be glorious if I could get a place to sing! If I go through the course, my teacher says —"

Reeves (*with a despairing sigh*). "There she goes again! Well, I must go back to the office. You're a modern woman with a vengeance."

Mrs. E. (*coming forward*). "Won't you stay t' supper? Jason 'll be glad —"

Reeves. "No, thank you, I've got a little work at the office, and then I've to go out and report an anti-poverty meeting at the Temple. Special job."

Alice. "What kind of a meeting is that, for pity's sake?"

Reeves (*preparing to go*). "Oh, a cranky kind. Henry George started it. Some absurd idea about abolishing poverty."

Alice (*with a profound sigh*). "I wish it wasn't so absurd. I don't see why poverty is so persistent in this age of invention."

Reeves (*as if struck by her words*). "Come to think of it, it is more absurd to think the abolition of poverty absurd. Why shouldn't it be abolished? What's the good of progress if it doesn't abolish it?" (*He muses.*) "*I* don't see where the laugh comes in myself. Do you know, I've been thinking and writing on these things of late? I don't know why; it's in the air, I guess. Everybody's got some cure." (*Leans his elbow on a chair, speaks in slow, deep, musing voice.*) "I stood on the Brooklyn bridge the other day and looked down on New York. Over me soared and sung those stupendous cables, the marvel of man's skill, etched on the sky, delicate as a spider's web. I stood there looking down at the sea of grimy roofs, a lava-like, hideous flood of brick and mortar, cracked, and seamed, and monstrous for its lack of line or touch of beauty, a modern city. I saw men running to and fro like ants, lost in the tumult of life and death struggle. I saw pale girls sewing there in dens reeking with pestilence. I saw myriads of homes where the children could play only in the street or on the sooty roof, colonies of hopeless settlers sixty feet from their mother earth. And over me soared the bridge to testify to the inventive genius of man. And I said then what I say now, that men have invented a thousand ways of producing wealth, but not one for properly distributing it. I don't know where the trouble is. If we once knew the trouble, somebody'd find a cure. Abolition of poverty." (*He muses a moment, then starts.*) "Well, good-by, I'll write this up in a leader." (*With a return to his cheerful manner, takes her hand, makes an elaborate obeisance.*) "I await your pleasure. Farewell, my queen." (*Goes out without looking back.*)

Alice (*looks after him smilingly. As she comes back the smile fades from her face*).

"Isn't it terrible to be poor, mother?"

Mrs. E. (*with quiet pathos*). "Yes, dear; but I've kind o' got used to it. I don't look f'r anything else now. I don't care s' much f'r m'self, but I'd like t' see my children safe from it."

Alice (*seated, with bent head*). "Oh, how sweet it must be to be free from the fear of poverty! To feel that you don't need to scrimp and pinch, and turn dresses and dye feathers, and wear old shoes; to feel that food will come when you need it; to have the soul set free for art." (*Leaping up, her face aglow.*) "But I'll win yet, mother; I feel in my soul that I have the gift. I'll take you out of this—"

Mrs. M. (*entering, with a grin*). "Can y' loan me the lavin o' sugar? I have a cuup."

Mrs. E. (*takes the cup and goes to kitchen. Mrs. M. turns to Alice who is playing softly*). "A foine yoong mon thot. A rale mon if he does look a bit av a jewd. It maad me think o' the toime when Murtagh caam a-coortin' me — in the ould country— may the smile o' God fall on it! —an' a foine broth av a b'y was Murtagh, an' a rare loomp av a gurrul was misilf — axin' yer pardin — an' it's well I remember the green turrf, an' the coos, an' the pegs in the pin, an' the trees. Sorry the tree I've clapped me two eyes on since the day of Saint Patrick." (*To Mrs. E., with sugar*). "Thank ye, mum, glory t' God! y're a joowell. Be gob! and phwat is the world comin' to whin the half av us niver see the blissid soon rise 'r set; an' niver a blaad o' grass n'r a shavin o' mood f'r the childer t' roll on savin' the gutter, an' a cop on the corner waitin' t' braak y'r hid, 'r a ply-carrd sayin' kaape aff the grass. Faith! an' if this is free Amurriky, what'll be the Amurriky that'll be comin' wid the faall o' waages and the rise o' rint?"

Alice. "Why, Mrs. M., you're quite an orator. I didn't know you thought of these things."

Mrs. M. "Tought of 'm? Me! wid six childer an' Mike's waages cuut down t' tin dollars the wake? Who shud tink av thum?"

Alice. "But you're always so cheery —"

Mrs. M. "So I am! Fer what's the use wapin' over shpilt milk? Monny a mon shmiles wid a sore heart under the vist av 'im. Whin I tink av ould Oireland, the gem o' the say, an' the tousands and tins o' tousands driven out lavin' the ould father and moother alone in the turrf-hut it's shmilin' sure I'll be 'r wapin'—" (*lifts her apron to her eyes and goes out*).

Alice (*clasping her hands wildly*). "O mother, mother! Are there any happy people in the world — any happy working-people?"

Mrs. E. "It don't seem so now, dear. But when I was young, back t' Derry, seemed 's if everybuddy was forehanded; but now everybuddy is strugglin' f'r dear life —"

(*Enter Linnie from the hall, joyously.*) "Poppa's coming, poppa's coming."

(*Enter Jason Edwards, a middle-aged man in grimy clothing, a tin pail in his hands. His face is gloomy but he strives to hide it. As Linnie runs to him he takes her in his hands and raises her to his face.*) "Heigho, little one, look out f'r grease."

(*As he hangs up his coat and hat, she follows him about.*) "O poppa, just think, I made a cake t'day all alone! Mother didn't

help me hardly any, did y', mother? Aint I gettin' t' be quite a cook?"

Edwards (*rolling up his sleeves*). "Well, I should say so. I don't know what we'd do without our girls, do we, mother?"

Linnie. "And O poppa, Mr. Reeves was here. And when he went away he —"

Alice (*warningly*). "Linnie."

Edwards (*with assumed cheerfulness*). "Ho, ho! Now we're getting at it. Go on, I want to know what goes on when I'm away. They can't nuthin' go on in this ward without little Miss Brighteyes knowin' all about it." (*Goes out into kitchen.*)

Alice. "Linnie, dear, you need discipline."

Linnie. "What's discipline?"

Alice. "Horrors, what an inflection! Discipline is teaching little girls not to tell tales out o' school and not to talk like Teddy Murtagh." (*She goes out and returns with an apron, helps at table.*)

(*Edwards enters, wiping his face. While he is rolling down his sleeves, Linnie climbs into a chair and gets the comb out of the case under mirror.*)

Linnie. "I'm all ready, poppa. Sit down in the rocking-chair."

(*Edwards sits, takes her on his lap, clasping her around her waist while she talks.*)

"Aint you glad you've got someone t' comb your hair for you when you're tired?"

Edwards. "I guess I am. We'd surrender without our girls, wouldn't we, mother? But you're gettin' t' be such a great big girl now, I'm afraid I sha'n't have y' much longer." (*Edwards looks at Alice, meaningly.*)

Linnie. "I'm goin' t' sit on your lap till I'm big as Alice — yes, a good 'eal longer."

Edwards. "Oh, no, you'll be goin' off an gittin' married one o' these days, an' forgit y'r ol' daddy."

Linnie. "I won't neither! Now you stop talkin' that way. I aint *never* goin' t' get married."

Edwards (*rising*). "Don't be too sure of that! Well, Jennie, how goes it with you to-day? Seems turrible hot in here. I swear it's worse'n the shop."

Mrs. E. (*patiently*). "It always is, Jason, when the wind is in the southwest."

Edwards. "Why don't you open the door?"

Mrs. E. "I can't stand the noise and smell t'night, my head aches. Sometimes it seems 's if I couldn't bear it, but I think o' people who don't have as much as we do, an' so I keep a-goin'."

Edwards (*walking about*). "That's about the only way, t' be patient. It makes me wild sometimes." (*Goes to lounge and*

drops heavily upon it. Alice takes a fan from the wall and fans him, stoops and kisses him.)

Alice. "Poor papa — it's dreadful to see you come home so tired." (*Brushes the hair back from his forehead.*)

Edwards (*bitterly*). "It's just one eternal grind, not a day off. I'm glad I don't believe in another world — I wouldn't be sure o' rest after I got there."

Mrs. E. (*shocked*). "Why, Jason, what are you sayin'? You must 've hed a hard day in the shop. It's dretful hot f'r the first week in June."

Edwards (*raising to his elbow*). "First week in June! Why, mother, it's just thirty-two years next week since we was married. D' you remember how old Derry looked that day? Flowers, and berries, and daisies, an' birds, (*rising*) — why, mother, that was heaven an' we didn't know it! Down here in this cussed alley we don't know anything about June, only it makes our tenements hotter and sicklier. I s'pose the cows up there are knee-deep in the grass, and the wind smellin' like the front door o' heaven. We didn't look f'r this kind o' thing when we left Derry, did we? We didn't look forward to a tenement?"

Mrs. E. "No, Jason,— but set up an' eat sumpthin'."

Linnie. "Poppa, I wish we could go up in the *real* country this summer — you know you promised —"

Alice. "Sh! Linnie; papa will do his best."

Edwards (*going to the table*). "I'll try, little one, but I'm afraid there aint no vacation for us. The fight gets harder every year. Oh, I'm too tired to eat, Jennie. Well, Allie, how'd y' come out with your recital t' day?"

Alice (*putting her hand in his*). "Very well, father, only I wished you could have been there."

Edwards. "I wisht I could, but I can't. I got 'o keep goin'. Rent an' taxes go on when I picnic, but wages don't." (*Shoves back from the table and sits dejectedly.*)

Linnie (*starting up*). "O poppa, a man put a bill under our door that said *Rent* on it. I'll get it." (*Brings it from the corner, reads it slowly.*)

Linnie (*reading*).

Dear Sir:— At the expiration of your lease, July 1st, your rent will be increased five dollars per month. Please notify us if you intend to remain.
JOHN NORCROSS, *Agent.*

Edwards. "Good God! and my wages cut down last week. Haint they got no mercy, these human wolves? Haint I got all I can stand now? Look at it!" (*Looking at the walls.*) "Look at this tenement! Hotter, rottener, shabbier, but rent must go up. Jennie! Children! I don't know what I'm goin' t' do. I don't see any way out; I can see we're bein' crushed —"

Linnie (*going to him*). "Don't cry, poppa, don't mind him."

(*As Edwards sits thus with bowed head, Julian Berg, a pale, student-like German, enters at the door. He is accompanied by a full-bearded, sinister-looking man, who stands in the doorway, stolidly smoking a long pipe. Berg holds a rent bill.*)

Berg. "Aha! Vat say you now? Is it nodt dime doo brotest? Our vages is reduced dwice alretty in four years — te rendt haff been raist four dimes. How? It is hell, is it nodt? Vat you do?"

Edwards (*without looking up*). "I don't know."

Berg (*darkly, looking at Alice*). "I know vat I do. I magke brotest so I shall pe heardt. It is nodt doo be born wit. I giff in my name to-night." (*He starts toward the door.*)

Alice (*stopping him*). "Don't do that. Keep away from those Anarchists, Mr. Berg. They will hurt you. They don't belong here. Such meetings are wrong in a free country —"

Berg (*turning*). "Free? Free doo bay rendt in. I fly from de tyrandts ofe my native landt, I reach a free landt! Bah! I am only slave under anodder name, dat is all. De mardch of feudalism is here even. I say there is no free blace left. Ledt dem tage care, I shall fight. I am a volf ad bay. If I fall now, I trag someding wit me." (*He starts to go.*)

Alice (*stopping him*). "Don't go with those men. You're not yourself to-night. Stay with your mother."

Berg (*moved by her word and hand on his arm*). "For your sake, I vill stay. I am nodt vell. It is true."

Alice (*recoiling*). "No, no; not for my sake, but for your mother's sake."

Berg. "For *you* haff ask me I stay." (*He turns to the figure at the door.*) "You hear, I go nodt oud." (*Figure at the door goes.*) "I vish to dalk mit you — I haff—"

(*Alice stands speaking in a low voice to Berg. At last he nods.*) "I promise — ant I vill gome again soon?" (*Exit.*)

Alice (*turning to her father*). "Can't something be done — can't you strike?"

Edwards (*spiritlessly*). "No, we can't strike,— at least it wouldn't do any good."

Alice. "Why not?"

Edwards. "What can men do strikin' with families as I have needin' every dollar they c'n earn? Rents due an' no money t' pay it with. I don't know which way t' turn."

Mrs. E. "Don't give up, Jason. We'll git along some way. We can move into a cheaper tenement,— "

Edwards (*indignantly*). "I don't want y' to do that, Jennie. You're low enough; I've been hopin' t' move into a better one."

Alice (*resolutely*). "I'll give up my course at the Conservatory and go to teaching. I'll do my part."

Edwards. "It wouldn't save us, m' girl, for next year the rents would be higher an' wages lower. It aint the present that scares me, it's the *future!* I could pull through for a year or two if 'twant for the turrible uncertainty of the future. If I should be laid up f'r a month— I'm gettin' old an' liable t' be — I don' know what we'd all do. John jest about makes a livin' for his family — he can't help us. Linnie must go t' school, an' Alice *ought* to go on with her music — "

Alice (*firmly*). "No, father, I'll give up the Conservatory for the present. I'll find something to do, I'll be a help."

Linnie. "So'll I."

Edwards (*putting his arms around them*). "You're a help to me now, Allie; nothin' cheered me more all day long than the thought o' your havin' a good time with your musical friends."

(*Alice has a thoughtful look on her face. She is thinking of Reeves, and his question and her answer.*)

Mrs. E. (*with a sigh*). "What's the world comin' to, Jason, when hard-workin' people can't make a decent living?"

Edwards (*in the same gloomy tone*). "I don't know, Jennie. I tell ye I've done a pile o' thinkin' lately. I've looked at the whole matter fore and aft, and they haint no other way to it. It's a plain case o' rents goin' up an' wages goin' down. Ten men f'r every job — me gettin' old." (*A long pause.*)

Mrs. Edwards (*hesitatingly*). "We couldn't go back to Derry an' go to farmin' agin, could we? They say they's deserted farms there that can be bought —"

Edwards (*bitterly*). "*Why* are they deserted? B'cause people couldn't make a livin' off 'em. Can we do any better? If I was a young man — if you was young and the girls didn't need schoolin', they'd be jest one way out — the way out f'r so many b'fore us — I mean go west an' get free land and start agin."

Alice (*feeling her way*). "Why don't you go west now? We'll go with you. I'm sorry we're not boys, we'd be of more use." (*With growing conviction.*) "Of course that's the way out! Why didn't we think of that before, mother? Everybody is happy and successful that goes west — it's the refuge for all like us. Let's go this very summer! Maybe I can find a place to teach music out there."

Edwards (*rising and going to his coat*). "Wal, now you've said s' much, Allie, I'll own up I've ben thinkin' a good 'eal of it f'r some time. I've jest about wore these maps out lookin' at 'em. (*He spreads some railway maps out on the table, and they all look at them. He grows enthusiastic.*)

Edwards (*pointing*). "Now here's Boston, an' there's Chicago, an' you follow that black line away out there an' that's Boom-town an' free land. D'ye hear, mother? free land! The place we're all dreamin' about!"

Linnie. "What d' you mean by free land, poppa?"

Edwards (*raising his head*). "Where there aint no landlords an' no rents. Where there aint no rich n'r no poor. Where people don't live in holes like this. Where they raise such ears o' corn as that, and have farms like that" (*holds up two gay-colored posters*), "with cows, an' pigs, an' clover, an' brooks near by, full o' trout. Mother, I've been hungry f'r a farm all my life; let's try it agen, eh?"

Mrs. E. "Very well, Jason, if you think best."

Linnie (*dancing about*). "Oh, yes, let's! I'm tired of this old city, aint you, Alice?" (*Alice remains strangely silent now.*)

Edwards (*in growing enthusiasm*). "Wal, now, this is a way out of it. I didn't dare t' say anything about it f'r fear you'd all say no. We'll git a piece o' that free land — Ed Ruble is out there an' his father — you remember old Sam Ruble, Jennie — an' they crack the country up great! Of course we won't expect much the first year or two — we'll be satisfied with a log house. We'll build near a river somewhere —"

Alice (*coming out of her reverie*). "Oh, won't it be delicious to get back to the birds and bees, and trees and clouds!"

Mrs. E. (*catching the spirit*). "Yes, if our house aint very much it'll be ours. We can't never hope to have a home of our own here — but it'll take money 't git out there, an' we aint got much t' spare, Jason."

Edwards. "We'll manage somehow, now we've made up our minds. We'll have t' sell off our furniture; 't won't pay t' ship 'em way out there."

Alice (*ruefully*). "*Must* we do that, father? It'll seem horrible to sell our dear old things. They aint worth much in money. Can't we store them and —"

Edwards. "It's going to take every cent we c'n rake an' scrape t' git out there and get started, Allie."

Mrs. E. "Of course there aint no other way — don't bother your father, Alice. That ol' blue chiny set th't Captain Bascom give gran'mother 'll bring a hundred dollars — that man from Dawley's offered 's much."

Edwards (*pondering the map*). "There's the road leading to the West, to wealth, health, and freedom — hey, mother? Good-by to work in a shop! Good-by to rent! Good-by to the filth and noise of the tenement! We'll go west, where my girl [*seizing Linnie*] will grow up strong, and sweet as a wild rosebush. I feel as if a pile-driver had rolled off my neck."

Alice (*smiling*). "You look it, father. I haven't seen you so jolly in years — have you, mother?"

Linnie (*with a poster in each hand, reads:*) "Harvest ex — excursions. Go by the Albert Lea route. Free farms in the garden spot of the glorious West."

Edwards. "Mother, what was that old song you used to sing about going West? Something about 'O'er the hills an' prairies,' 'r sumthin' like that — buffalo and — "

(*Mrs. Edwards smiling, hums an old tune*).

Linnie. "Oh, I know, 'O'er the Hills in Legions.'"

(*Alice goes to the piano; they break out with the words:*) —

"Cheer up, brothers, as we go
O'er the mountains westward ho!
While herds of deer and buffalo furnish the cheer.
Then o'er the hills in legions, boys, fair freedom's star
Points to the sunset regions, boys, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Edwards flourishes a huge poster in one hand, holding Linnie with the other. Ends by winding poster round her neck. As they sing the second verse, Mrs. M. comes to the door back, and looks in, in wild surprise. Berg is also seen. As the chorus begins the curtain goes down.

If curtain rises again, discover them all seated around the table. Mrs. M., Berg, and all.

Curtain.

Scene Second. — A Boomer's Den.

Five years later. Boomtown, 1889.—July. Office of Judge Balser, Land-agent and Attorney-at-law. Small room, bare floor, plain plaster walls, with maps hung here and there. Three or four office chairs. A table in the centre littered with papers and ink. Door and two windows at back looking out on a bright, sunny, quiet street of small, battlemented wooden stores.

Judge, wearing a neat summer suit and a neat pearl-gray plug, is seated at *Right Front*, his feet on the desk of his bookcase. He is reading aloud and smoking. When he pauses the silence is profound.

Frank Graham, in his shirt-sleeves, wearing a neat dark-brown suit and a derby hat, is seated with his back to the Judge, looking out of the door, his feet on the table in the centre. He has wicker cuffs on his wrists and bright-colored armlets above his elbows.

Hank Whiting, also in his shirt-sleeves, has on a hickory shirt, without collar or vest, wide, white hat. His feet are on the window-sill at left of door.

"*Tonguey*" *Tom*, similarly attired, is seated in the door-way.

Curtain rises.

Judge (*reading*). "'It is with sorrow therefore that we see the noble profession of journalism trampled in the mire by such vandal hoofs." (*Judge pausing and blowing a whiff of smoke.*) "Hoofs aint bad. 'By such vandal hoofs as those of the editor of the Belleplain *Argus*. Were we the only ones to suffer from the vile vituperations of the paltry poltroon and limitless liar'—"

Frank (*without looking around*). "Quite a Shakspearean touch there. Limitless liar is immense."

Judge (*proceeding*). "Limitless liar and troglodyte as runs or rather *crawls*, the Belleplain *Argus*,'"

Frank (*listlessly*). "That aint bad. A new hand on the *Pulverizer*. Don't he pay his respects to us, the major, and the Boomtown *Daily Spike?*"

Judge (*yawning and laying down paper*). "That feller aint got any gall!"

Frank. "Who? Yanktown *Pulverizer?*"

Judge (*rising and removing his coat*). "No, the *Argus.* It says our boom is busted. Everything on the down grade. And that the railroad is buying largely and secretly in Belleplain."

Frank (*stretching and yawning*). "Well, it is purty slow these days."

Whiting. "We'll git there, Eli — after harvest."

Judge. "You bet. This is a sort of a breathing-spell — everybody letting go to get a better holt." (*Sits again.*)

Frank. "What I'm 'fraid of is that this light crop is goin' t' down a lot o' these fellers like John Boyle and Jason Edwards." (*in the drowsy pause a chicken cackles*) "Say, Judge, you'd better go wring the necks o' them chickens, they give the town dead away. They sound too pastoral. It takes the wire edge off your talk about street-cars to have a hen cackle in the weeds."

Whiting. "That wouldn't faze him. He'd swear she was in a coop."

Frank (*after a pause, during which the lazy chuckle of a loaded wagon and the buzz of flies on the windows are heard*). "Boyle is goin' t' fall into your jaw sure, Judge, and Edwards — "

Judge (*a little impatiently*). "Yes, I know. They're both cussin' the country, but what could they expect? Come out here expectin' t' find free land layin' around loose? A man can't start in a new country without money."

Frank (*significantly*). "Where can he start better?"

Judge (*wheeling about in his swivel chair*). "That's nothin' t' do with it. As I told Boyle when I sold him his land, you c'n take y'r choice, — go thirty miles from a railway and get that free land you've heard about, or give me ten dollars an acre f'r mine. He took mine. It was his own choice. Same way with Edwards. A man ought 'o stand by himself — "

Frank (*musingly*). "A man once jumped of his own choice into the sea—only the steamer was on fire—that's all. It was his choice."

Whiting. "Nasby Blume says the girl gits a pile o' letters from a feller in Boston. Nothin' like bein' postmaster t' find out such things. Nasby says the letters kind o' fell off — "

Judge (*busy at desk*). "Has the girl's dude ever been out?"

Frank. "I think he has once or twice, but I didn't see him; drove over from Belleplain, I guess — Hullo! What's this? Keep quiet — sh!"

(*Uncle Johnson meeting Daddy Ruble just outside the door.*

As they shake hands and talk, the Judge sits at desk and writes. Frank and Whiting wink at each other and listen. Johnson is a tall man, dressed like a farmer. Ruble wears a seedy suit and a "plug" hat.)

Uncle Johnson (*with a jug in his hand and a rake on his shoulder*). "How air ye, Daddy? How's this f'r high?"

Daddy (*in a high key*). "Purty high, how's the craps?"

Johnson (*putting down jug and rake*). "Purty dry, purty dry. Dry an' hot." (*Mops his face.*)

Ruble. "Purty tuff on the farmers."

Johnson (*as they seat themselves on a bench, on the sidewalk under the window through which their heads show*). "Spaicially with sugar-trusts puttin' sugar up, and Coal-Kings reggelatin' the price o' coal. This admin'stration—"

Daddy Ruble (*in a high key*). "Now go on! Lay the weather to the admin'stration. *Course* it's the fault of the admin'stration! *Everything* kin be laid to the admin'stration."

Johnson (*wagging his head violently*). "Well, it'd help us t' pull through if the admin'stration would let sugar come in free, an' wool —"

Ruble (*rising*). "Oh, go on, go on!"

Johnson (*sarcastically*). "Oh, I'm goin' on; don't you worry! We was all goin' to see a big boom when this—"

Ruble (*hotly*). "You'd lay the hot wind to the administration if you could, you ol' fool."

Johnson (*more coolly*). "Set down, set down, an' don't tear your shirt. You'll live jest as long." (*They sit.*)

Frank (*laughing silently at Whiting*). "See them two ol' seeds! They think they run Congress, and they don't neither of 'em know Jackson's dead. Now watch 'em, they'll fight sure. Now listen — Johnson'll wind Ruble up, like a watch. Now let her go, Gallagher! They're at it!"

Johnson's voice (*rising out of the murmur which has been going on during Frank's talk*). "What I'm a-sayin' is this. We don't get no protection on our wheat an' too dum much on our sugar. I don't believe in taxin' the many fur the few."

Ruble (*shaking his trembling fist*). "Shut up, you old copper-head! You're in f'r free-trade, I c'n see —"

Johnson (*sternly*). "Set down, you ol' fool, an' talk sense! When I corner yeh, y' alwiz go off—"

Ruble (*still frantic*). "I aint a-goin' off. Yeh can't corner nawthin'. I'm goin' t' stay right here."

(*Frank and Whiting laugh silently but mightily. Ruble and Johnson argue in dumb show, gesticulating violently.*)

Frank (*to the others*). "Now listen. He's goin' to rip the old man up the back. See his little game? He always does."

Johnson. "Did you make it worth that money? Did you do anything to them lots? Aint you reapin' where you aint sowed, you infernal ol' sponge?"

Ruble (*excitedly raising his cane*). "Don't you call me a sponge, you old blag'ard."

(*Frank going to the door to stop them.*)

Johnson. "I'll call you a sponge all I'm a-min' to, jest as long as you live off somebody else, an' if I don't double the taxes on you speculators, call me a horse. I'll make you use'r sell, one o' the six."

Ruble (*wild with rage*). "You're a dummed ol' single tax crank."

Johnson. "Well, that's what I am, an' I'll wind up you speculators 'r die a-tryin', as the fella says. You can't set around here on your pants and git rich out of—"

(*Ruble makes as if to strike him, Frank goes to the door.*)

Frank. "Hold on there! No fighting allowed on the grounds. Daddy, if you can't keep your whipple-tree off the wheel, don't kick out at the dashboard. Gentlemen, both, allow me to inform you that General Jackson is dead and that the cruel war is over. In the words of our great General 'Let us have peace.'"

(*As Johnson turns to go he slyly swings the rake's tail around and knocks Ruble's plug hat off, then scrambles away out of sight. This causes a general shout, at the close is heard a penetrating peal of laughter, followed by others in rhythms like the drumming of a pheasant, an irresistible chorus.*)

Frank. "Hello! Happy Elliot is in town. Been kind o' hungry f'r his laff f'r a week. Here he comes."

Enter Elliot (*a fat man with a red face. Appears at the door where he puts his hands on the sides of the door and laughs*).

Frank. "Hello, you old porpus. How do you stand the heat?"

Elliot (*putting his thumbs in arm-holes of vest*). "Poorty nigh unsodders me." (*Laughs.*) "Hello, Judge! Judge allays looks t' me like a red-headed slick-bellied ol' spider waitin' f'r flies." (*Laughs.*) "Oh, see that linen collar!"

Frank (*looking out the window*). "Sweat some, these days?"

Elliot. "'Bout enough t' keep me from season-checking."

Frank. "How d'ye feel anyhow?"

Elliot. "All broke up by the hot wave on my wheat."

Judge (*elegantly smoking*). "You look it."

Elliot (*admiringly*). "Aint he a daisy, a tulip? While Edwards and the rest of us are worried about to death over our crops, the Judge sets here cool as a toad in a cellar, an' harvests his mortgages slick 's a cat can lick her ear."

Judge. "Foresight! Nothin' like bein' on the ground first."

Elliot (*to Frank*). "Has he got a heart?"

Frank. "Who? Judge? Na-a-w! His heart's only a little hydraulic ram." (*Whiting and Elliot laugh. Judge goes on writing.*) "Set down, set down, live as long."

Elliot. "Wal, this won't do f'r me. I must go and look after my crop—I mean the Judge's crop. See yeh later." (*Exit.*)

Whiting. "That's right, get a move on yeh. Elliot sheds trouble like punkins off a hay-stack."

Frank. "His laugh 's as good as a brass-band; everybody's got 'o keep step." (*Begins to sing.*)

"There's a boomin' ol' boomer
On the lake below,
Oh, how I long to see that day;
Up to his neck in the brimstone flood—"

(*Breaks off looks out the window .*) "Great Cæsar's ghost!"

Judge and Whiting ask languidly. "Dog-fight?"

Frank. "A plug hat—"

Judge and Whiting (*in great excitement*). "What! what! what! what!"

Frank. "Tailor-made suit."

Judge. "No!"

Frank. "Yes."

Judge. "No; it can't be."

Frank. "I say yes."

Judge. "Where, for heaven's sake!"

Frank. "Coming up the street! Coming here!"

(*They crowd over one another to look out the window without being seen.*)

The Judge (*devoutly*). "Thank heaven!"

(*As the rest seat themselves the Judge goes to a big book and studies in it intently. As Walter Reeves enters Judge turns to Frank, saying, as if continuing a conversation:*) "No, Graham, I can't let you have that lot for any such figger. Why, it's worth a thousand dollars if it's worth a cent." (*Nods carelessly at Reeves.*) "How de do, how de do! Take a seat. See you in a minute. No, I can't—" (*Telephone bell rings, Judge rises and goes to the receiver.*) "Hello, Sherman House? Oh, all right, Billy. No. Seventeen? All sold, Billy. Awfully sorry—I say I'm sorry, but the Standard Oil took the whole bus—. What's that? Oh! three thousand, unbroken lot. What? What they going to do with it? Going to put up a warehouse. I say, is Godfrey there yet? Godfrey? All right. Graham is here, and has offered seven fifty for the lot on sixteen. I'll sell at nine hundred cash. *All* right. Good-by."

(*Bell rings.*) "Godfrey? All right, let'er go! Eight fifty? Can't do it, Godfrey. Eight seventy-five? All right; come around." (*Turns.*) "I hated to sell that lot at that figger, it's worth more money. Can't I suit you with another lot?"

Frank (*gravely*). "No, I wanted that identical lot. It's handy. I don't want any lot on the north side anyhow." (*Bell rings again.*)

Judge to Reeves. "You'll excuse me, won't you?"

Reeves (*assuming a confiding air*). "Certainly. Don't allow me to interfere with your business. I just dropped in to ask — "

Judge (*at the telephone*). "Sherman House? All right. About No. Fourteen? Hold on a minute, I'll see. Graham, look up No. Fourteen, corner lot near the park."

Frank (*turning the leaves*). "All sold but one lot."

Judge (*significantly to Frank*). "Say, Graham, what's going on down at the Sherman House? Some nigger in the fence? They won't ketch *this* weasel asleep. Can't be they've got wind of the railway plan —"

(*Bell rings sharply.*) "Wait a minute, can't you? Hello! I can let you have one lot — can't say now. Call me up again in a few moments. All right, good-bye." (*To Frank.*) "I'll jest call up the Major and see what's going on." (*Rings bell.*) "Hello! Gimme the *Spike* office. Hello, Major! Say, Major, anything in from Hall? What? You don't say! Good. I'm onto the snap. Good-bye."

Judge sits down and dashes off a telegram. "Here, Tom, take this down to the office. Can't trust the telephone on this."

Reeves (*still in affectedly simple way*). "Business is rawther brisk, I take it." (*Exit Tom.*)

Judge (*carelessly*). "Oh, pooty fair — but I've got some dandy bargains."

Reeves. "I just dropped in to ask if you could get me a good — "

Judge. "Certainly. Get you anything." (*Gets book and takes it to Reeves.*) "Now, there is a lot on nine that's a jim dandy. Dirt cheap, at that. That lot is bound to be worth two thousand dollars before snow flies."

Reeves. "You don't say!"

Judge. "You bet it is."

Reeves. "What's going to make it so?"

Judge. "Why, the boom on this town. Look at the lines of road — seven lines of road running into the town, and a grade that will be ironed this fall. And then there is the plow factory, capital, hundred thousand,— grist-mill going up— "

Frank. "And the twine factory y' know."

Judge. "That's so! One o' the biggest schemes in the north-

west — millions of tons o' flax burned every year — millions o' pounds o' twine bought in every harvest — now a stock company is formed; they've bought No. Ten, entire — five thousand dollars — and put up works costing seventy-five thousand—"

Reeves (*in mock simplicity*). "Very intristing indeed. But I fancied you'd tell me about this timber-claim matter. I bought a claim of a fella a short time ago, don't you know, and when I saw it to-day it hadn't a tree in sight."

Judge (*placidly, while Frank laughs*). "A timber-claim, my dear sir, is not a claim with trees on it, but one on which the government wants trees."

Reeves. "Yo' don't say!"

Judge. "I do say."

Reeves. "But, you know, the fella said the timber would be immensely valuable after a few years."

Frank (*much amused*). "So it will, fifty years from now, when you've growed it."

Reeves. "Then according to that, you think I'm done."

Frank. "Done brown. No mistake."

Judge (*carelessly*). "No doubt of it. Got to keep an eye out. Now to get out o' this scrape you'd better invest with me. I've got a lot here that is bound to go up. On Main Street. See! It's worth two thousand, but I'll let you have it at seventeen fifty, seeing you were let down by that other fellah."

Reeves. "Very kind of you. But what's to make it go up as you say?"

Judge. "Why, the boom in the town, the people coming, and the scarcity of land. See!"

Reeves. "But there *isn't* a scarcity of land! I never saw so much land in my life. By George! it's astonishing what a country you've got here, and such high prices! I thought this was the country of free land."

Frank. "Oh, that's one o' the lies we print in our papers to bring people out here. It's free at so much — see!"

Reeves (*resuming his alert manner and crisp voice*). "Yes, I see, all that and a good deal more. I see you're a set o' land-sharks, and live off the industry of the town. You can't give me any points on that. I make it my business to down such fellows."

Frank (*leaping up*). "What? you! lookin' as you do?"

Reeves (*calmly*). "Looking as I do. See how my hair stands up. I've seen the cat."

Frank (*with a glow of friendliness*). "So've I, gi'me y'r hand." (*They shake and keep shaking.*) "You look like a dude, but you've got the grip of an honest man. I don't know where ye come from but I know where ye'll go to. Thunder an' blue

mud! why didn't you say so before!" (*Judge slips out.*) "Goin' t' stop long in town?"

Reeves. "Yes, several days."

Frank. "Visiting friends?"

Reeves. "Yes, the Edwards family."

Frank (*whistles*). "Oh, I see! Certainly! You're that du—ced good fellow from Boston." (*Taking him by the hand.*) "Success to you, comrade. She's a bonanza."

Reeves (*smiling*). "Thank you."

Frank. "Prospected 'round there myself till I saw 'twant no use,—claim pre-empted. Case of monopoly, see? Say, look here, send your things right over to my house. I keep open house for such chaps. Not a word, got 'a' be done."

Reeves (*going to the telephone*). "Well, if you insist."

Frank. "You bet I insist."

Reeves. "All right. I'll just ring up Billy down at the Sherman House." (*Turns crank. Tom, looking at window, grins.*)

Frank (*smothering his laughter*). "I would."

Reeves (*still turning crank*). "What the deuce do you call this thing?"

Frank (*shouting*). "Coffee-mill."

Reeves (*still grinding*). "Well, so should I."

Frank (*laughing yet*). "Oh, let up on it! That's only an innocent little joke for roping in tenderfeet. But never mind, I'll jest send a boy around."

Reeves. "Now look here! You don't mean to tell me that that telephoning was all bogus?"

Frank. "That's what it was. There's a button under the table there that rings the bell. See?" (*Pushes button and the bell rings.*)

Reeves (*in blank surprise. Whiting goes off laughing*).

"Well, for ways that are dark
And tricks that are vain,
The western land-shark is — original."

Frank. "Almost equal to stock gamblers. Well, how's things in Boston? By the way, I don't know your name. Don't make any difference — handier, that's all."

Reeves. "Walter Reeves, *Daily Events*."

Frank. "Mine's Graham — Frank Graham. Say!" (*Looks around, sees Tom.*) "Tom, you run down to the Sherman and tell Billy to send Mr. Reeves' things up to my house." (*Exit Tom.*) "Old man, if I wasn't a married man, that girl of yours — well, let that pass. I congratulate you."

Reeves (*gravely*). "Graham, can you tell me anything about how things are going with them this year?"

Frank. "Yes, they're going pretty hard."

Reeves. "I feared so. In what way?"

Frank. "In all ways."

Reeves. "They're needy as ever?"

Frank. "Well, they're poor *enough*. But that girl — well, she's the mainstay of the family now. She's all that keeps 'em up. Old man, why don't you step in there and give 'em a lift? Excuse me, but I can't help saying that."

Reeves. "I wanted to, years ago, before they came west."

Frank. "And she objected?"

Reeves. "Yes, she objected."

Frank. "Why?"

Reeves. "Oh, I don't know — sort of pride! Edwards is one of these men who'll die in the harness, and go under the wheel before he'll give up, and she has a good deal of the same spirit."

Frank. "I see! Obstinacy, we call it here. Well, if they don't have a good crop this year I'm afraid he'll go under the wheel, sure. He's failing. By the way, want my team to drive out with?"

Reeves. "You are a friend indeed."

Frank (*looking out of the window*). "Nothin' too good—Hello! My wife coming to call me to dinner. Lucky I've got you with me to keep her off." (*Frank's wife, a pretty young girl, appears at the window as they go to the door. Frank introduces Reeves in dumb show outside and they go off. A moment of quiet, then enter Judge, stranger, and Tom.*)

Judge. "Now you just wait a moment and I'll ring up Griggs." (*Rings telephone bell.*) "Hello? Gimme Griggs and Mullens. Griggs? Well, Griggs, I've got an offer for your lot of seven-fifty — take it? Better take — nice man — grocery. What? Take it? *All* right, it goes."

Curtain.

Scene Third.— A Mid-day Prairie.

A small shanty on a wide, sea-like expanse of shimmering plain. Not a tree or shrub is in sight. In hollow back of the house a yellow field of grain. The house stands on the left; on the right is a well and small granary. The well has a wheel, and two buckets, and a yellow-pine curbing. At the back right are hay-stacks and sheds, and above and beyond them the mottled prairie stretches infinitely, flooded with a hot, yellow glare of light. It is about two o'clock, and in the shadow cast by the little shanty, the action takes place. The occasional flute-like note of the prairie-lark is heard, and the sound of fowls.

Curtain discovers Alice seated in a low rocking-chair, near a little stand, in the shadow of the house. She sews, looking often away on the plain. Linnie is singing inside. When curtain is well up, Linnie comes out and takes seat on door-sill.

Linnie. "My goodness! Aint it hot! Phew! I hope mother won't try t' come home before sundown. Do y' s'pose *he* got in last night, Allie?"

Alice (*wearily laying her work down*). "Oh, I don't know, I don't know! I've looked so long across this endless prairie that my eyes ache. I can't look any more." (*Rising.*) "Come and look, dear. Isn't that a team? there, see! just rising the hill beyond the school-section."

Linnie (*looking away*). "Yes, that's a team. You c'n just see the buggy-top."

Alice (*nervously*). "Oh, if it shouldn't be Walter this time I should sink with disappointment. See how plainly the team can be seen now! I *know* it's Walter. How swiftly and how silently it comes." (*Putting her hands to her eyes.*) "Oh, this plain, this plain! It is so vast and so lonesome, there is no place so dreary to watch and wait in. It is so pitiless, so beautiful, and so impassive, like a dead sea. It crushes me — I think it will make me crazy."

Linnie (*her chin in her palms*). "I'm sick of it, too. It's bad as livin' back on Pleasant Street."

Alice. "Almost, not quite."

Linnie (*firmly*). "I do' know. I wish I could hear the little German band play as they used to, an' see the circus parades and the boys' regiment on the common. A monkey and a hand-organ just now would be gorgeous! Oh, I'm so tired o' this hot old prairie. I wish I was a fairy? Do you know what I'd do?"

Alice (*with eyes distract*). "No, dear."

Linnie (*with enthusiasm*). "I'd cause a great big hill all covered with real trees to spring up right out there. And I'd have a waterfall on it, and deer in it, and I'd have a fence around it and charge a dollar f' walkin' around it, and a quarter f'r lookin' at it, wouldn't that be a bonanzy?"

Alice. "Why, child, what an idea."

Linnie (*calmly*). "Frank Graham says that's the American idea — the fellow that owns the land always gets there. Oh, I wish that team'd hurry up. I don't know which I'd ruther die of, lonesomeness out here, or starve t' death in Boston." (*Looks off.*)

Alice (*walking about, looking away*). "I think it must be Walter. He's at the second moggason now. I hope it is!"

Linnie (*shortly*). "What y' goin' t' do if it is?"

Alice (*stopping short in a sort of new terror*). "Oh, I don't know! I haven't thought so far."

Linnie (*with positive inflection*). "I know what *I'd* do. I wish a Boston editor was comin' after me, I bet I'd go quicker'n scat."

Alice (*turning*). "Linnie, what do you mean by —"

Linnie (*decidedly*). "Mean what I say. I never'll marry any of these men and live out here, if — I — I'd ruther die an old maid in Boston than have forty husbands out here."

Alice (*with an effort to be calm*). "I am afraid to meet him—I wish I knew."

Linnie (*looking away again*). "I wish *I* did, but I don't. He's drivin' f'r home, whoever he is. He's in a hurry, f'r a hot day, and he's a-gitt'n' there. I hope he won't stay t' supper anyway. There aint any bread, and it's too hot t' make biscuit. Aint it awful on the grain? I can see father out there walkin' about in the wheat; he don't do nothin' else lately but watch the wheat an' the sky." (*Alice starts to go in.*) "Why don't y' wait and see who it is?"

Alice (*in growing excitement*). "I *must* go in. I can't stand out here and stare at him as he comes."

Linnie. "All right; I can stare enough f'r two. I'm goin' t' stand right here and see who it is. Teams are too scarce on this prairie to lose the excitement. Mebbe it aint Walter, anyhow, but they'll stop and get a drink o' water. Frank Graham says he don't see what there is wonderful about the water in our well, but there *must* be, f'r all the young fellows in the county drive around this way t' git a drink. I'm sure I don't understand it."

Alice. "Linnie, how can you joke?"

Linnie. "I don't know'm sure. Effect of the ozone in the air, as Frank says."

Alice (*going in*). "You'll tell me, dear, won't you?"

Linnie. "Yup. I'll keep my eye on him. Say, Allie, here comes father with a jug t' get s'm water."

Alice (*in the doorway*). "Don't say anything about my looking for Walter, to him. I want to see him alone, and then he *may* not come — please don't say anything, will you?"

(*Linnie puts her arm about her and nods her head, whispering to her. Alice goes in. Edwards comes on right, jug in his hand, which he proceeds to fill at the well with a dipper. He is very gloomy. He is without coat or vest and his hickory shirt is wet with sweat.*)

Linnie (*going to him*). "How is the haying, father? Poor poppa, how hot you are; come and sit down here in the shade."

Edwards (*taking off his hat and wiping face*) "They aint no rest for me, my daughter. If I should set around in the shade my girls wouldn't have any home soon. Rain 'r shine I've got 'o keep goin'" (*in a low voice*) "till I drop. Where's mother?"

Linnie. "Over t' Mrs. Elliot."

Edwards. "Where's Alice?"

Linnie. "In the house, lying down, I guess."

Edwards (*tenderly*). "Poor girl, she ought 'a' stayed in Boston. I don't know what we'd 'a' done without her, but she aint fit t' live here — it's killin' her." (*Groans.*) "My God! aint there no restin' place f'r us?" (*Scans the clouds.*) "If it would only rain, only rain." (*Takes up his jug and starts off, Linnie looking at him tearfully.*) "Dry as ashes!" (*He goes off. Linnie watches him, then turns and gazes away left as before.*)

Linnie (*calling*). "Allie, Allie, it *is* Walter, no other man would wear a plug hat out here. He's alone, and he's got Frank's team. I know every horse on this road."

(*Seats herself coolly on the doorstep and listens to the approaching wheels. Sound of voice speaking to horses.*)

(*Enter Reeves. Alice, seeing him from the door, hesitates, then goes to his open arms. He kisses her.*)

Reeves. "What's this? Crying? Why I thought you'd laugh when you saw me." (*Raises her face to his.*) "It's your guilty conscience. Little woman, that face shows care — life out here is killing you."

Alice (*smiling again*). "I'm only crying because — I've longed to see you — I've watched the road oh, so many hours, Walter. It was too much to expect, but I thought you'd come. It's so lonesome here." (*Exit Linnie.*)

Walter (*quizzically, looking down at her*). "Your letters didn't read that way, I can tell you that; they were cold and formal enough."

Alice. "I didn't dare write what I felt."

Reeves. "Why not?"

Alice. "Oh, because I was afraid!"

Reeves. "Afraid I'd come and get you, eh?"

Alice (*evading him*). "Don't ask me now. Let me enjoy your visit without thinking,— tell me about dear old Boston. Sit here while I get you a drink. You must be thirsty."

Reeves (*tenderly, smilingly*). "Yes, thirsty for the sight of you." (*Alice goes into the house. Reeves walks about, glancing keenly at all points of the plain.*) "So this is the reality of the emigrant's dream! The homestead in the free West, the house beside the river embowered in trees!

> A wide dun land where the fierce suns smite,
> And the wind is a furnace breath;
> Where the beautiful sky has a sinister light,
> And the earth lies dread and dry as death:
> Where the sod lies scorching, and the wan grass sighs,
> And the hot, red morning has no birds—

My God! what a place for my beautiful girl — for anybody's girl,— a wide-walled grave."

(*Alice enters with a glass which she fills and hands to him.*

He drinks, saying:) "In a land like this the gift of water must mean as it does with the Arabs, the highest hospitality."

Alice. "I can't say how much I — we — shall— "

Reeves (*putting his arm about her*). "Don't try. If I had only known your real feelings — but how *could* I from those letters?" (*Looking off left.*) "What in the world is that girl doing? She's unhitching my team! I'll stop her." (*Ex.* 1, *talking to Linnie.*)

Alice (*walking about*). "How can I let him go again? Have I the strength? But I must, I must! I can't leave father now, at the height of his terrible struggle. I must stay."

Walter (*re-enters with Linnie, holding her by the hands*). "I suppose this is Linnie — anyhow the little witch was unhitching my team; another minute and she might have had a runaway."

Linnie (*scornfully*). "Runaway nothing! What do you take me for? Allie and I hitch up the horses and go out in the fields — we plow, and drive harvester — and we help shock the wheat — don't we, Allie?"

Reeves (*surprised*). "Do you do that? With this hand, that I used to love to watch on the piano? O horror!" (*Strokes it.*) "Poor bruised little hand." (*Kisses it.*)

Linnie (*goes off in mock disgust*). "Girls like me don't count. *My* hand can get well itself f'r all you care. Wal 'n so it goes." (*Goes into house.*)

Reeves. "And you live there?" (*pointing at house.*)

Alice. "Yes, with my people."

Reeves. "Through your horrible winters?"

Alice (*quietly*). "Yes, and there are days when that hut, poor as it is, seems like a palace. Last winter it seemed as if the snow would never tire of sliding to and fro on the plains. Days and days we were shut up here."

Reeves (*deeply affected*). "Heavens, what a prison! And yet I saw dozens not so good as I came along."

Alice (*quietly*). "We lived in *that* sod-shanty a year."

Reeves (*lifting his head*). "And this is the free and glorious West! Oh, it makes me wild to think of you living there — it's worse than the tenement-house."

Alice (*firmly but sweetly*). "There was no other way. They couldn't have lived without me. My little teaching has kept us in groceries, and besides, there have been days when father was too lame to work and I have worked in the fields, and taken care of the cattle in the barn — "

Reeves (*seizing her hands*). "Don't tell me any more — I'll rage — I'll swear."

Alice. "We must bear it."

Reeves (*savagely*). "Bear it! *I* won't bear it. I'll expose

the whole infernal matter in a four-column leader. I'll smash the next boomer that says free land to me. Free land! if this is getting free land, what the devil —"

Alice (*stopping him*). "Hush, hush!"

Reeves (*freeing himself*). "I say, if this is free land what in the devil would you call high-priced land? The settler pays for his free land all that makes life worth living; these families have purchased their bare and miserable acres with blood and sweat and tears. Free land! Bah! For a century there has been no free land in America."

Alice (*trying to be calm*). "I know it, but it only makes it worse to think of it."

Reeves (*quickly*). "Forget it, then, for I've come to take you out of it. Hush, now! Not a word. I've let you spoil five of the best years of my life. You sha'n't say a word — I must be heard now."

Alice. "I can't, I daren't let you go on — I —"

Reeves (*sternly, almost angrily*). "Alice, you can and you must — I'm master now."

Alice (*repulsing him*). "You're *not*! You go too far —"

Reeves. "Alice, listen. I didn't mean that — forgive —"

Alice (*with stern resolution*). "You did — you meant it. Listen to *me*."

Reeves (*going on impetuously*). "I *will* listen, when you talk sense. I won't be put off any longer. You must decide. If you refuse —"

Alice (*feeling a covert threat*). "What then? Suppose I do?"

Reeves. "Then we never see each other again. There is a limit to my patience — be careful!"

Alice (*feeling his earnestness*). "*You* are the one to be careful! You are unjust. Am I here to please myself? You're harsh, unfeeling —"

Reeves (*warningly*). "Alice, Alice!"

Alice (*panting with emotion*). "It's true! Does my suffering count for nothing? My sacrifices? I see and feel all that you feel — and more. I feel that I can't leave my parents, and I won't leave them — now — while they are old, and poor, and need me so. You have no right to expect —"

Reeves. "What good has your sacrifices —"

Alice (*going on swiftly*). "See these hands — you don't know the half. I plow, I milk the cows; every hand is needed on the American farm. There is no law against child labor or woman labor there! But I could bear all this if *you* did not sneer — if you appreciated my sacrifices." (*Reeves bows his head.*) "I didn't expect that from you, Walter." (*In softer mood.*) "Wait another year — be patient; father may yet —"

Reeves (*rousing up*). "I don't mean to be hard, but you forget my side of it all. You forget how long I've waited. Another year and one of us may be dead; a railway accident, a stray bullet in the street, and we may be cheated. Alice! *Alice!* Don't send me back again with empty hands; don't do it. I can't stand that; I won't try." (*She makes no movement.*) "What is life worth out here — in this desert?"

Alice. "Nothing, but I must live it."

Reeves. "What do you hope to do by it?"

Alice. "Nothing. I'm past hope; I'm only enduring."

Reeves. "Alice, are you crazed? Has the silence and loneliness of this plain —"

Alice. "I don't know. Don't press me."

Reeves (*in despair*). "You are sacrificing us both, and all to no purpose. Answer me, what are you going to do?"

Alice (*flaming up again*). "Stay here! *Wait!*"

Reeves (*in despairing rage*). "Then you don't care for me; if you did —"

Alice (*shrinking*). "Walter, you have hurt me!"

Reeves (*leaping hastily toward her*). "Forgive me, I didn't mean that! Don't mind me, I'm wild. Alice, you must not send me away. It is the law of life for daughters to leave their parents."

Alice (*in a dull, but firm tone*). "It is not the law of *my* life. The walls of the beautiful home you offer me could never shut out the thought of their sorrows and privations. In the thunders of Brahms and Wagner, I should hear the wild wind blowing around this cabin here." (*Unclasping his hands.*)

Reeves. "But think — think."

Alice (*turning wildly*). "*Think!* I *have* thought till my brain whirled. In the awful silence of this prairie, you can't help but think. I've grown old in thinking. I seem to have lived three years in one. I saw my father toiling in the fruitless fields, my sister growing up in ignorance, the splendor of the great world of music lost to me, you lost to me! I've thought, and *thought*, till death would be a relief."

Reeves. "Give it up to me, dearest. Let me help you. Let me take care of you — all. I'll put your father on his feet —"

Alice (*with love in her face*). "I *knew* you'd say that. You meant it all the while. But he would never consent. He's so proud — stubborn, if you will — when he bends he will break. Mother no longer comforts him, he turns to me for comfort and sympathy. He needs *me* more than he needs money. No, dear, there is no present help for it. You must go back to your splendid life in the city, and I must stay to help my father fight his almost hopeless battle." (*She raises her hand.*) "It is useless, *cruel* to say more. I have my father's pride —"

Reeves. "And his wilfulness; but I *will* not leave you so."

Alice (with a look of iron resolution). "Walter, you *must*."

(They stand and face each other in silence, gazing into each other's eyes. It is a battle of wills. There is no yielding in her steady eyes. At last he turns in a sudden anger and starts away. She relaxes, her head sways, her eyes close; but as he turns with a look of great sorrow, extending his arms, "Alice, *Alice,* love!" *she resumes her implacable mood, lifting her hand and speaking the single word* "DUTY!" *He bows his head and goes out. She stands long gazing after him, silent, her wide eyes fixed on the horizon, then melts like a figure of snow, falling without word or sound.)*

Curtain slowly falls.

SCENE FOURTH.—A SETTLER'S HARVEST.

Landscape as before. It is later and the sun is lower. Clouds are seen in the distance. It is very still, the crickets are chirping drowsily. Mrs E. sitting as if wearied, has her bonnet on, and is rocking to and fro in the chair. Alice is seated with her work before her, silently looking out on the plain. Linnie is washing potatoes.

Mrs. E. "Linnie, girl, did you shut up the little turkies, as I told you to?"

Linnie (in the doorway). "Yes, mamma, but you needn't think it's going to rain. I b'lieve as father does, it can't rain."

Mrs. E. "Where is he?"

Linnie. "Looking at the wheat, I guess."

Mrs. E. (sighing). "Well, I guess you'd better start a fire, Linnie, and make some biscuit."

Linnie. "Oh, it's too hot to start a fire. Let's eat bread and milk t' night."

Mrs. E. "No, your pa ought 'o have a good supper; he haint hed much appetite lately. I do' know what keeps him up."

Alice (turning suddenly). "Mother, Linnie, don't tell father of my — of him — not to-night; he's got all he can bear now. I don't want him to know anything about it, not just yet."

Linnie (takes up the potatoes she has been washing, and goes in. Mrs. E. turns to Alice). "I know what Mister Reeves wanted, Allie, dear."

Alice. "Yes, he wanted me; he came expecting me to go back with him."

Mrs. E. "Poor child, I wish you could go."

Alice (almost fiercely). "And leave you all here on the prairie to starve and die? And father almost crazy.— I'm not so heartless as that!" *(Rising, and pressing her hands to her head.)* "But, oh, I don't see why the world should be so cruel—I don't see why, if God is good, life should be such a ceaseless battle!"

Mrs. E. (*sighing deeply*). "I don't see how we *could* git along without you. Why didn't he stay t' supper an' see Jason?"

Alice (*sternly*). "Because I sent him away — I couldn't hold out much longer. O mother, MOTHER!" (*Goes to her, and lays her head in her lap.*) "I must be right, for I have given all I hoped for, to do this."

Mrs. E. (*stroking her hair*). "I'm afraid you was wrong, I'm afraid so."

Alice (*brokenly*). "I know what you mean, mother. O mother, I sent him away — without a kiss! I didn't dare be tender, I was so weak. Oh, will the night of poverty never lift? Is this the whole of life, for us to toil, and moil, and die on this hot, drear plain?"

Mrs. E. (*resignedly*). "I s'pose it's the Lord's will, Allie."

Alice. "I don't. The Lord is good; men and men's laws are bad. God never created us for such lives as this. He never intended we should lack any good thing."

Mrs. E. "How you talk! Surely we can't complain."

Alice (*going on*). "We are not here because He asked it, but because men push us out. Everywhere men are pushed to the wall; everywhere the poor work and get nothing —"

Mrs. E. (*rising*). "There, there, child, don't you —"

(*A voice is heard faintly singing:*)

"The South may sing of her su-u-u-n-i-i-i-y clime;
The East of her hoarded wealth . . . . .
But the West, the West, the beautiful West . . . .
I can see thee in my dreams;
From a far-off soil my feet have trod
I can see her laughing streams."

Elliot (*enters right, goes to well, takes dipper of water. Nods to Alice*). "Hot, aint it? Nothing special in this water?" (*Sips meditatively, laughs. Linnie comes to the door.*) "I s'pose no man under fifty can find the dipper. Haf t' ask for a glass. Oh, I'm onto their little game!" (*Laughs. To Mrs. E.*) "You'd better think agin before refusing my offer on the 'spark arrester.' Another year and you'll be over-run by 'em."

Linnie (*coming toward him*). "What in the world are you talking about?"

Elliot. "Spark arrester — prevents trouble — arrests all sparks—indispensable to all mothers of girls." (*Laughs. Linnie turns in disgust.*) "Hot, aint it? Which'd you rather do 'r go a-fishin'?"

Linnie. "Go a-fishin'."

Mrs. E. "Oh, I do so long for fish! I'd give anything for a good fresh lobster."

Elliot. "Lobster! I'd as soon eat a t'rantler."

Alice (*putting on a wide hat*). "I'll go call father, mother." (*Goes slowly out.*)

(*Voice heard again singing nearer.*)

"Don't you see the dark clouds risin' ober yander?
Don't y' tink wese gwine t' hab a rain,
Oh yes, as sure as shootin'
There's the lightnin' scootin'
Like wese gwine t' hab a jimmycane!"

(*Enter Frank Graham and Judge Balser in buggy. Frank is in his shirt sleeves, his feet on the dash-board, and is very comfortable. As the Judge pulls up, Frank goes into the chorus pointing at the clouds.*)

"Look away there now, suthin' gwine drap;
Look away there — thunder aint it warm!
Lightnin' bugs a scootin',
Thunder guns a shootin',
Bet — your — life we're goin' t' have a storm."

(*Leaps out and comes forward greeting Mrs. E. and Linnie, gives a prodigious start at seeing Elliot.*) "Ett too, Brooty? Great Cæsar, has it come to this! That a man of your weight in the community,"— (*To Linnie.*) "Will you bring me a glass?"

Elliot (*shaking with laughter*). "Why here's a dipper in the bucket. That's too thin."

Frank (*in great surprise*). "Why so there is!"

Elliot. "Same old trick."

(*Linnie hands Frank a glass, he turns the water from cup into glass and drinks.*) "Thanks, a sweeter draught from a fairer hand was hardly ever quaffed. I'm a married man now and I'm obliged to modify my words." (*To Mrs. E.*) "How is your health these days?"

Mrs. E. "Not very well. How are your folks?"

Frank. "Oh, so's t' be round. I tell 'em we might as well laugh as cry; it'll rain jest as quick, mebbe a little quicker."

(*Re-enter Alice.*) "How de do, Miss Edwards."

Alice (*greets him and the rest quietly, then says to the Judge*): "I'd like to speak with you."

Judge (*elaborately*). "Desire is mutual, I assure you." (*As he and Alice move forward, Frank and Linnie remain at the well. Elliot and Mrs. E. converse, pointing at the sky.*)

Alice (*appealingly*). "Judge, can't you be easy on father this year? Can't you let the mortgage run? And the interest? It seems as if he'd go crazy with worry. Oh, if you only could — wait till another crop —"

Judge (*hastily*). "I should be very glad to do so, Miss Edwards, if it was possible; but you see I've nothing to do with the busi-

ness. I'm only an agent of the syndicate. There are thousands of other farmers in the same fix, and if I let one go they'd *all* want —"

Alice (*despairingly*). "Then take the land. Don't delude us with the idea of ownership, when there is only slavery —"

Judge. "But we don't *want* the land. We've got more land now than we know what to do with. All we want is the interest on mortgages."

Alice (*muses a moment. Elliot is heard laughing. At last Alice lifts her face*). "I see! It pays better to let us think we own the land than it would to pay us wages. We work cheaper. You're right! Your system is perfect — and heartless. It means death to us and all like us. We are homeless again." (*Clasping her hands in agony.*) "Homeless and almost hopeless. O father!"

(*Buries her face in her handkerchief and goes out.*)

Frank (*wonderingly*). "Now I wonder what all that means. Well, we must vamoose. Good-day, Mrs. Edwards. You tell Jason that I'll stand between him an' the Judge if it takes a leg." (*To Linnie.*) "Aw ressyvore, Miss Linnie." (*To Judge as they go out.*) "A day of reckoning is coming for you, you infernal old blood-sucker."

(*As they drive off his clear young voice takes up another song.*)

"So look out there, Judge, suthin' gwine to drap.
Look out there, better peel y'r eye;
Speckylation fallin',
Speckylation fallin',
Farmers gwine okkypy de lan'."

Elliot. "Well, I must be moseyin' back home. I tell yeh it's goin' to rain." (*Exit.*)

Mrs. E. "Can y' see y'r pa comin'?"

Linnie. "Yes, he's coming with Alice. Oh, dear, what shall I have for supper?" (*Goes in.*)

(*Enter Alice and Edwards. He has a handful of blighted wheat in his hand.*)

Alice (*trying to cheer him up*). "It's going to rain, father, I know it is. See the clouds gathering over there in the west. We'll hear the thunder giant begin to walk pretty soon."

Edwards (*sinking into a seat and staring at the heads of wheat in his hands*). "*Rain!* It can't rain now. Them clouds'll pass right by, jest as they've done f'r the last six weeks. See that wheat out there, swash like water? Y' wouldn't think t' see it from here thet the ground was dry an' hot as ashes — but it is. Rain! A man might pray an' pull till his eyes dropped out an' he couldn't draw one cloud an inch nearer. We might jest as well give it up." (*Flings the wheat to the ground.*)

Alice (*pleading with him, her arm on his neck*). "Don't give up now, father. Please don't talk so, it hurts us. Mother, talk to him — cheer him up."

Mrs. E. (*in a dull placid way*). "Can't you eat sumpthin', Jason? Linnie, I guess we'll leave the table inside t'night, it's a little cooler since the sun went under the cloud."

Alice. "Let's fight just as long as we can."

Edwards. "It aint no use, Allie, my girl, everything's aginst us. Everything —"

Alice (*picking up the wheat*). "But if the rain comes now?"

Edwards. "It can't save it. See them heads — an' then jest see them white spots in the field."

Alice (*after looking with tearful eyes*). "I see them, what does it mean?"

Edwards (*slowly, bitterly*). "It means blight. It means my third crop is burnt to ashes. It means failure, that's what it means. It means the foreclosure of that morgige."

Alice. "Is there no hope?"

Edwards. "No. We're in the jaws of a machine. We was squeezed out o' Derry, we was squeezed out o' the city, an' now we're bein' squeezed out for the last time in a territory o' free land. I'm jest about ready to quit. I've lost my grip."

Alice (*at her wits' end*). "Oh, I wish I could do something— say something to help you! It frightens me when you begin to fail."

Edwards. "There's a quarter-section o' wheat dry enough t' burn — a field of empty heads — empty as my hands when they ought t' be as heavy as my head feels. Oh, I can't stand this!" (*Rises, paces to and fro in agony, then sits again with head in hands.*)

Mrs. Edwards (*from the door*). "Come, Jason, and have s'm tea — it'll do y' good."

Edwards (*without raising his head*). "I can't eat. I don't feel as if I could ever eat another mouthfle as long as I live."

Alice. "*Try* to eat, for our sakes."

Linnie (*coming out*). "Come, poppa, the tea's most ready."

Edwards (*after a pause*). "It aint no use, Jennie, childern! I've got to the end o' my rope. We've tried our last chance an' we've failed. This is the upshot of our dream. The great free West! Free t' starve in. Just as a desert is free. I've strained every muscle all my life and this is the result of it. If the blight, 'r the frost, 'r the drouth didn't take m' crop, taxes, an' the railroads, and the landlords did. Every year puts us deeper in a hole."

(*Alice is stroking his hair, Linnie has buried her face in Mrs. Edwards' lap.*)

"My life is a failure. Jennie, y'r mother an' me have worked every well day of our lives, rain 'r shine, winter 'r summer; we aint had the necessities t' say nuthin' of the luxuries o' life. Rents, an' fuel, an' food went up an' up, an' wages down, an' then we tried our last chance, an' here we are."

(*Faint far away is heard the boom of thunder.*)

Linnie (*leaping up*). "*Hark!* It's going to rain sure!" (*Runs to the corner of the house.*)

Edwards (*in the same tone*). "The poor house is the next thing. My strength is almost gone. Old and worse than useless. Life aint worth livin', jest work, work till y' die."

Mrs. E. "Can't we sell an' go back, Jason?"

Edwards (*bitterly*). "Sell! We aint got nuthin' t' sell, and if we had, nobody'd buy in this God-forsaken country. No, there aint no place left 'cept —"

(*Boom, Boom, Boom.*)

Mrs. E. (*rising*). "I believe it will rain!"

Linnie (*dancing about*). "I *know* it will! O Allie, come and see how fast the clouds are coming." (*Stage darkens.*) "Oh, how dark it's gettin'— oh, oh, oh, I'm afraid! It's goin' to lightning."

Alice (*joining her at the back*). "It's only a sudden wind-shower. Isn't it grand? See that gigantic dust-colored cloud rolling before the wind! It reaches almost across the whole horizon. It will be here in a moment. It's going to blow frightfully and it is going to rain, father."

(*Boom, Boom, Boom.*)

(*Stage darkens, figures grow dim.*)

Edwards (*without rising*). "It's too late to save—"

Mrs. E. "I must shut the windows." (*Goes in.*)

(*Crash, boom, boom. A far-away crescendo, appalling roar is heard, accompanied by a hissing sound.*)

Alice (*fascinated by the sight*). "How it sweeps on. Isn't it grand, Linnie? See how the clouds roll and spread! What majesty of motion! See, Linnie, that dusty-gray veil behind the storm-cloud is the falling rain. How like the sea the plain is now! The clouds rush against each other— Oh, see that monstrous swirl, father!" (*As she speaks the roar deepens.*) "See! it looks like a vast eye — a yellow-green light streams from its centre. Look, a beautiful silvery-white veil falls from it and trails along the ground — it shimmers like snow! Hear it roar! father, what is it?"

Edwards rises and rushes to her side. The hissing, roaring sound deepens, nears. Alice lifts her face in inquiry, Linnie flies to her mother who has joined them.

Edwards cries hoarsely, "In with ye, *quick!*"

Mrs. E. and Linnie retreat to the doorway. Alice remains

by her father's side. Edwards with set and sullen face made livid by the lightning's yellow-green glare, lifts his hand, half groans, half imprecates :—

"Hail, by the livin' God!"

The lightning again flashes. The storm and the wind rushes upon them carrying away the roof of the kitchen with a crash. Edwards is seen to fall with Alice clinging to him, and amid the screams of the women, the roar of the wind and hail, darkness falls on the scene.

Curtain.

Scene Fifth.— A Game of Quoits.

A cool and dewy morning in Boomtown. A side street. At the centre, back, is the blacksmith shop of Ole Kettleson, its battlemented end standing to the street. At the left is a vacant lot, and over it the plain is seen in the distance, with here and there small cottages. The vacant lot is grown up to wild sun-flowers, now in their finest bloom. To the right of the shop is a lumber-pile, and over it the plain and sky. The crickets are chirping.

On the right, forming a third of the side of the stage, is the "Wamburger Grocery." On the left, similarly situated, is the "Oat Bin Saloon." There is a side door in the saloon.

The buildings are all battlemented, and are painted white on the front. The blacksmith-shop is unpainted. Before it a group of men are good-naturedly disputing over a game.

The men are mainly in their shirt-sleeves, and wearing broad, greasy white hats. Frank Graham wears a derby hat and dark clothes, his coat being laid aside. Judge is dressed with usual studious neatness, and takes little part in the affair, smoking daintily as he watches the game. Elliot has no vest and no hat on, and his hickory shirt is rolled to the elbows. A red handkerchief is tucked into his suspenders. The rest have a similar bandanna around their necks or tucked into their hip pockets.

The door of the shop is open and within the smith is dimly seen and the sound of his hammer is heard. As the curtain rises the crowd are bent around a peg at the left. Frank is at the right, poising to throw his last horse-shoe. Tompkins, with legs wide apart, and hands in pockets is near him. Frank yells warningly.

"Stand away from there, you fellers, you're too previous. I've got another shoe yet. Now watch me make a ringer. Whoo — oop!" (*Throws, and cuts a caper. The rest all rush for the peg.*)

All. "It's a tie, a tie!"

Frank. "Tie nothin'! That's mine. Oh, come off! hold on! Measure it, Tonguey, leave it to Tonguey." (*Tonguey picks up a straw and measures it carefully.*)

Elliot. "Careful now! No thumbin' that shoe."

(*Tonguey rises and kicks the shoes, nodding at Frank who howls and pummels Elliot on the back.*)

Frank. "No bulldozing, Tonguey, you old jumbo." (*The blacksmith comes to the door and looks on.*)

Elliot. "Wal, that's one on me. Let 'er go, Smith."

Frank. "All right; here goes for a hubber." (*Throws. Shoe rolls out of sight. Frank whistles to it.*)

Elliot (*shouting with merriment*). "Put a bell on that shoe, Tonguey, it'll get lost. Now see *me* put a *ringer* on that peg." (*Makes elaborate preparation, turning the shoe round and round in his hand.*)

Frank (*wildly*). "See him! He's witching the shoe. Say, let up on that hoodoo business, or I'll —"

Elliot (*throws, shouting*). "A hubber, a hubber!"

Frank. "'Tis, hay! I'll fix it." (*Throws second shoe and knocks the other down, rushes after it.*)

Elliot (*excitedly*). "Watch him, Tonguey, watch 'im." (*Prepares to throw, leaning far over.*) "See me plat this right inside 'em both." (*Throws, and as he rushes for the peg, Frank springs before him and they go round and round the stake.*)

(*Frank crowding him away, and calling wildly:*)

"Measure it, Tonguey, measure it — I must —' (*Here he slips out of the way and Elliot rolls on the ground. All roar with laughter, but Tonguey gravely takes up Elliot's shoes and hands them to him. Frank and Elliot now retire to the other peg while their partners throw. After each throw they crowd over the peg to see which shoe is nearest, encouraging the others by word and action.*)

Frank. "Now, partner, knock that hubber off, 'r I'll dock ye." (*Partner throws, Elliot fans it back with his hat.*) "Aw! no good. A little more steam, Hank."

Hank. "Waal, that air hoodoo's scarin' m' shoes." (*Throws again.*) "How's that?"

Frank. "That's better, but you've got to stand by me a little better or we're beat." (*Elliot roars and picks up his shoes. Reeves enters rear and stands looking on.*)

Elliot. "That makes us ten, twelve's the game. Here goes f'r two." (*Throws. Yells with delight.*) "Another hubber."

Frank. "Hubber nawthin'!"

Elliot (*stretching out prodigiously*). "Now, now see me."

Frank (*excitedly*). "Yes, I see yeh, you old hippotaymos — I see you getting your foot away from that peg. H'are! Hold on! Why don't you *carry* the shoe over?"

Elliot (*pausing*). "I don't need to as bad's you do." (*Throws and groans.*)

Frank. "Serves y' right." (*As he is throwing, Johnson comes on with a sickle in his hand, which he leans up against the shop door, and comes down to where Daddy Ruble is standing, cackling at the game.*)

Johnson. "Hello, you old moss-back."

Ruble. "Hello, you old copperhead."

Johnson. "Aint ye got nothin' better'n this t' do?"

Ruble. "No, I haint." (*The crowd laugh at their game, and the old men turn to look.*)

Johnson. "You might be prayin' f'r a wind t' hist the grain. Some fields look 's if a herd of ellyfunts had bin waltzin' on top of it."

Daddy. "Bad as that!"

Johnson (*savagely*). "Yes, an' worse. Old Jason Edwards' grain is jest pounded clear out o' sight, an' his house blowed six ways f'r Sunday. I've got sixty acres that won't pay t' cut."

Frank (*is heard saying:*) "Hold on, let Tonguey — "

Daddy Ruble. "Can't lay this t' taxation 'r anything, can ye?"

Johnson. "You bet I can. If 'twant f'r monopoly in land, we wouldn't be crowded away out here on this cussed prairie — we'd be living where it can rain without blowin' hard enough t' tear the ears off a cast-iron bulldog."

Elliot (*coming up to them*). "At it again, are yeh? I'd like t' see you ol' seeds quit quarrelin' an' go to fightin'." (*Exit Johnson, after giving his sickle to the smith.*)

(*Enter a tall, awkward boy carrying a large, white jug. He wears a sheepish grin, and is in a hurry to get by. Elliot stops him.*)

Elliot. "Hold on there, young man." (*The rest echo the cry.* "What's your hurry, bub? What's in it? 'Lasses, I reckon. Gin I hope. Wait a little," etc.

Elliot (*with gravity*). "Young man, I am notary of the public, and must note all public things of this nature. Show up."

(*Boy turns the jug, displaying in large, black letters on the jug,* Boiled Oil.) "Boiled oil, hay? I take no man's word, much less a jug's." (*Pulls stopper, smells. Boy grins. Elliot replaces stopper, with a wave of the hand.*) "O. K., pass. Stand aside, gents, and let the cortege pass. Now, who in this crowd's got any conceit of himself on quates? Hay! No one speaks. I'll try ten points f'r beer f'r the crowd — hay?"

Whiting. "I'll take yeh — if Frank don't."

Frank. "I don't play f'r beer."

Elliot. "All right, Frank, here goes." (*Game goes on.*)

Frank (*coming over where Reeves is standing*). "How'd you leave the old man?"

Reeves (*gravely*). "Not much change. His fever is high. By the way, a man would hardly realize that the land had been swept by a frightful storm, to see these fellows here in the bright morning sunshine pitching quates, eh! So goes the way o' the world, comedy holding the hand of tragedy."

Frank. "Yes, there's alwiz a raft of just such lahees, my-

self included, who'd laugh if their mother-in-law died. Elliot, there, does nothing but laugh and grow fat; a fella might as well. Hail did knock things galley-west sure."

Reeves. "Your climate is so sinister in its beauty, so delusive in its brightness, I don't realize, myself, what's been done; the horror of last night seems like the exaggeration of a dream. The plain is so fresh, the air so soft and fragrant. There is no receding swell like that on the ocean to tell of the devastation that has just marched with the tempest."

Frank. "I guess the Edwards family find it reality."

Reeves (*reaching out his hand*). "Graham, old man, it's due to you that they are sheltered and cared for."

Frank. "Oh, drop that. That's nawthin'!"

Reeves (*muses sadly a few moments. The players go into the saloon laughing*). "I guess the old man's work is about finished. It isn't a thing to be altogether sorry for, either. I don't suppose he ever knew freedom from care — few of us do. Our whole infernal civilization is a struggle. We are climbing a perpendicular cliff with a bottomless gulf below — clinging desperately to tiny roots and crevices and toiling upward, eyes fixed on the green and pleasant slopes above. We strain and strive, now slipping, now gaining, while our hair whitens with the agony of our aching, failing muscles. One by one we give up and fall with wild curse or groan — but the others keep on not daring to look down — there is no place to rest from torturing thought save, perhaps, in the black depths beneath. Graham, I don't suppose Edwards knows what rest is. It makes me savage when I think of such men grinding away from youth to age, and getting nothing for it."

Frank. "Knocks an eye out of the American eagle, sure's you're born. But there's just one class o' men who don't need to be thinkers or workers."

Reeves. "I know. You mean —"

Frank. "The man who owns the earth."

Judge (*approaching from left*). "Fine morning after the shower."

Frank. "Call it a shower do you, you old boomer."

Judge. "Oh yes; little severe of course. Grain blown down a little here and there — every State in the Union liable to such — damage merely nominal. Wind'll lift it during the day."

Frank. "Well, you *are* a daisy!"

Reeves (*savagely*). "The whole of this settlement is unnatural. You're *flung* out here — pushed on by speculation. This country ought to have been twenty years settling. Would have been only that the millions of acres of unused land between here and Chicago are *owned* by railway syndicates and private speculators who are waiting to levy tribute on —"

(*The Judge is getting uneasy, looks at his watch. Frank is smiling. Elliot coming to the side door of the saloon.*) "Gents, come an' take sumpthin'."

Judge (*going*). "Don't care if I do. Lemonade."

Elliot (*to bar-keeper within*). "Lemonade. Mix one o' the Judge's lemonades. Come in, Frank. To-day don't count." (*Judge and Elliot go in.*)

Frank. "Every day counts with my pledge. If you wan' to shorten y'r life ten years (*Elliot disappears*) why! go ahead! Life aint s' cheap with me as that." (*Noise inside.*) "Guzzle, you infernal idiots! You'd drink when y'r wives and children hadn't a shoe to their feet. Oh, you make me tired." (*Sings, while throwing the shoes.*)

(*Reeves goes to the door of shop. Crowd re-enters from the left. Elliot and Judge bringing up the rear, they join in the song. The blacksmith goes into shop and begins to hammer. Players take their places. Judge comes forward followed by Elliot who is telling a story. The crowd surround him. They all burst into wild laughter. Elliot looks surprised. The Judge looks foolish.*)

Elliot (*yelling above the roar*). "What the devil y' all laughing at?"

(*All laugh and thump Elliot and the Judge.*)

(*Johnson entering from the left, stops the crowd with a wild gesture and speaks savagely.*)

"Oh, you fellers 're awful chipper, but just look there!" (*They turn to look where he points, in silence.*) "There goes Charley Severson, as fine a man as ever lived, on his way to the insane asylum, a ravin' maniac. He couldn't stand the strain. They say they aint a spear o' wheat standin' on his land, but he's rich now! He's got through a little earlier than the rest of us."

(*Two men holding Severson come on left and pass rapidly across the stage. The maniac looks wildly from his broken hat. Behind him walks a handsome Norwegian girl, in sorrow too great for tears or cries. She leads two children. As they pass the curtain falls.*)

Scene Sixth.—A Charity Bed.

Time, early morning, two days after the storm. Set, parlor and bedroom in Frank Graham's house. Parlor left bedroom right, door connecting. Windows are open in parlor and the brilliant prairie can be seen beyond. On the bed, right upper corner bed-room, Jason Edwards is lying still as death. Around him are signs of medicine, bottles, glasses, etc. The rooms are cheaply but pleasantly furnished and all is cheerful. The chirp of insects and noise of fowls can be heard entering open windows.

(*As the curtain rises Alice is discovered flitting about the room. She comes occasionally to the bed to study the face of*

her father. At last she goes out into the parlor and meets Frank Graham, who is entering at the opposite door.)

Alice. "Good-morning, Mr. Graham. Did you see the doctor when he was here this morning? What did he say?"

Frank. "Not much of anything. Pinched his chin in the usual manner and looked as wise as he could. I take it he's in no present danger — sort of nervous prostration, very fashionable just now. Is he sleeping yet?"

Alice (*in a troubled tone*). "Yes, and it frightens me. He hasn't spoken to me in thirty-six hours. Since that terrible moment he has lain there, so like the dead!"

Frank. "That shows how worn out he was. Sleep is just what he needs. He'll come out all right in a day or two."

Alice. "Who watched with him after Walter went away?"

Frank. "Walter didn't go away."

Alice. "Why, he promised he would!"

Frank. "Well, he stayed right here, wouldn't hear to my sitting up. He went down street a little while ago to get a cup of coffee — be back soon."

Alice. "How good he — you all are."

Frank. "Yes, we're all right now. But let me give you a word of advice. Reeves is touchy as a bear with sore ears. You treat him carefully. Whatever he plans you carry out — now mind that."

Alice. "What do you mean?"

Frank (*grimly*). "I've said." (*Exit l.*)

(*Alice stands musing. Reeves enters left, grave almost stern, she does not hear him, he puts his arm about her shoulders. She starts slightly, looks up and smiles.*) "How kind, how generous you are to us!"

Reeves (*looking down at her*). "Nothing of the kind, I assure you. We're all egotists at bottom — even in our charities. I'm no exception, don't think I am. How is he now?"

Alice (*fondly*). "As if you didn't know, you stubborn boy! I've found out how you obey my orders. You sat here beside his bed all night."

Reeves. "That was to ease my conscience. He's still sleeping?"

Alice. "Yes, so soundly! What does it mean?"

Reeves. "It means rest. As I sat by his side last night I saw the congested blood slowly retreat from his head till his face grew white, and his pulse more natural, till his swoon became sleep. And sitting there I thought and thought, till thought became resolution." (*Approaching her again.*) "Alice, my dearest, are you satisfied? Will you give up the battle? It's been a hopeless struggle from the first. You are helpless and homeless

now. Will you refuse my help again? It was morbid — useless."

Alice (*evading his eyes*). "My first duty was to my parents. O Walter, Walter, to think what they have suffered! Think of the unutterable tragedy of such a life — to work all one's days in storm and heat — and then lie *there!*"

Walter (*firmly*). "Don't evade me — you sha'n't evade me now. Will you come to me, you and yours? Will you let me care for you? Look at *me*. Don't look away — answer me *now*."

Alice (*yielding to him at last, puts her arms about his neck*). "If I am worth so much."

Walter (*triumphantly*). "So much! You are worth acres of diamonds!"

Alice (*smiling*). "Oh, you say so now."

Reeves (*in the same exultant strain*). "And I'll say so ever! Now let Rome in Tiber melt and the wide-arched — what's the rest of it? I'll be generous indeed, I'll forgive and forget. But dearest, what a tragedy had been, had I married some other Boston girl during those years!"

Alice. "I was afraid you would — I couldn't have blamed you if you had."

Reeves (*with a profound sigh*). "All that saved you was your coldness. The more I couldn't get you, the more, of course, I wanted you; it's the way."

Alice. "According to that reasoning, I've done wrong to promise anything now."

Reeves. "That's a *non sequitur*. You're mine —"

Alice. "Yes, but — "

Reeves. "But me no buts. I won't stand it!"

Alice. "But father is so inflexible, he hates charity so. He may not consent to be helped even now — "

Reeves. "Trust the whole matter to me. I'll be a sort of special providence,— nothing flatters a man more than to be a sort of lieutenant to God." (*Tenderly, almost reproachfully.*) "Allie, Allie, what happy years were lost, what sorrowful ones suffered by his pride and your wilfulness."

Alice. "It was not wilfulness, it was — "

Reeves (*hastily*). "I'll retract! I'll retract! It was heroism. — Only, forget it all now. Let the hand of labor swell, and the weary head bow. Let the wind lay hard on the icy plain and the hail of summer trample the wheat. Let the roar and rush of trade go on in its granite grooves. *You* are out of the press. My lily, my life shall be devoted to making you forget — "

Alice (*musing sadly*). "I *am* out of the press, *but not by my*

own merit. Hush, you know what I mean! I hate charity, because it is not justice, and after all, I am saved by a sort of charity. The world's injustice remains, my failure remains."

Reeves (*with a sigh*). "True. But you and I can't bring the millennium by living apart and suffering needlessly. So look up, my flower! The failure is not so hopeless."

(*Enter Mrs. E. and Frank, Alice meets her mother, Frank and Reeves talk apart.*)

Mrs. E. "Why didn't you wake me up?"

Alice. "It wasn't necessary, Walter —"

Mrs. E. "How is he now?"

Alice. "Walter and the doctor think he is better and that when he wakes he will know us."

(*They quietly enter and stand looking down on the sleeping man. Reeves and Frank talk apart.*)

Frank (*bursting out*). "Good! that's —"

Reeves. "To-day, you understand."

Frank. "I savvy."

Reeves. "As soon as Edwards is able to give his consent."

Frank. "That's business, that's the way we do it out here. Civil contract. No frills, no nonsense."

Reeves. "The Judge will do, he'll have to do. Now see that everything is O. K., papers, etc."

Frank (*going out*). "Trust me, old man."

(*As Reeves enters the bedroom, Linnie, with hair flying, comes bounding in, joyfully, childishly.*) "Oh, poppa's better, I know he is!"

(*They silence her. Edwards stirs slightly then opens his eyes clear and quiet. Alice falls on her knees by his side. At length he speaks.*) "Good mornin', mother, Allie." (*His voice is husky, his lips dry.*)

Alice. "Don't you want a drink of water?"

(*He sips it.*) "Where's my — where's my baby?"

Linnie. "Here I be, poppa."

(*Edwards puts his arm feebly over her head and snuggles her face down by his cheek. He sees Reeves, looks at him wonderingly. Extends his hand.*) "How d' do, sir — didn't know yeh at first." (*Looking around the room.*) "Why, we aint in Boston! Is this your house, sir?"

Alice. "No, this is Frank Graham's, father." (*He doesn't understand, she explains.*) "Don't you know how the storm came and blew down —"

(*He remembers now.*) "Is it passed off?"

Mrs. E. "All clear and bright, Jason.

Edwards. "Then it *was* blowed down."

Alice. "Yes, father, the shed was torn away and every win-

dow broken. I dragged you in and then Mr. Elliot and Frank came —"

Edwards (*in the same slow way*). "An' the wheat's all cut t' pieces?"

Mrs. E. "Yes, Jason, worse'n you c'n think."

Edwards (*after a long pause*). "Then I may jes' 's well die. It aint no use! I can't never git up agin, with all them morgiges weighin' me down —"

Mrs. E. "O Jason, Jason!"

Alice. "Live for our sakes, father, for Linnie."

Linnie. "You *must* get well, poppa, I won't let you die. We won't have a home without you."

Edwards. "I'd only be a burden to yeh, stid of a blessin'. I'm old, old! So old I don't feel as if —" (*To Reeves.*) "An' it was all tromped down?"

Reeves. "All destroyed. The centre of the — the storm seemed to move right across."

Edwards (*in deep bitterness*). "Of course! God an' man joined hands t' break me down. They aint but jest one place left, jest one little spot made an' purvided f'r such as me — that's the grave. They'd crowd me out o' there if they could, but they can't, they aint any landlords in the grave. I c'n rest easy there."

(*All are weeping, Alice stroking his hair. Linnie with her head buried in the pillow.*)

Mrs. E. (*rising hastily*). "I'll go an' git y' s'm tea, Jason. I guess that'll hearten you up some." (*Goes out with tearful face. Meets Frank Graham and his wife and all go out together.*)

Edwards (*looks at Reeves*). "You've been a good friend to us all, young man. Y'll never git y'r pay f'r waitin' s' long. I've never felt just right about it. But I couldn't see no way out of it. Allie wouldn't —"

Reeves. "Never mind about that. I'll get my pay." (*To Alice.*) "There's a curious sort of morbid pleasure in denying oneself a pleasure. You know it!"

Linnie (*caressing Edwards*). "Don't give up, poppa. Just see how nice the prairie looks, mebbe the wheat aint *all* spoiled."

Edwards (*after a long pause, brokenly.*) "I'm no account from this time on. I've got through. All I'd want now is t' git back t' the old town where I played. Seems 's if I could jest kinda git where I could hear the sound of water once more an' see the old green hills I'd die more satisfied, someway."

Reeves (*with great eagerness, kneeling*). "Listen to me, father, I'm going to take things in my own hands now. I'm going to make Alice my wife. From this time on, her home is your home. You needn't worry about their future; just enjoy —"

Edwards (*stopping him with a gesture*). "Hold on, young man! I'm sixty years of age. F'r fifty years I've travelled, and I've always paid my way. Up t' this day I've earned every crumb I've eet, every dollar I've spent. I never was beholden to any man before, and I wouldn't be now if,— but don't talk t' me about *enjoyin'*— it aint in me, a pauper!"

Alice (*indignantly*). "You're not a pauper."

Reeves (*rising quickly*). "He's a hero! He has fought heroically. No battle with bayonet and ball can test the courage of a man like this hopeless battle against the injustice of the world, this grinding, endless, ferocious war against hunger and cold."

Alice (*fondly, impulsively*). "Walter, you are — an angel!"

Reeves (*smiling and pressing her cheek against his shoulder*). "A very *militant* angel, I assure you, with an absorbing love for earthly heroes and heroines." (*Bending over Edwards and taking him by the hand.*) "I know how hard it is for a brave soldier to go to the rear. I've heard my father say — he's dead, he was in the Wilderness, as you were, — I've heard him say that men shot down in a charge, used to bind up their wounds and stagger on streaming with blood rather than go to the rear, their eyes blazing from their livid faces, unconquered and unconquerable, and when they weakened and fell, they'd swing their caps and cheer as the column passed on into the smoke of the enemy's cannon." (*Tenderly, kneeling.*) "Old man, you've gone down in a greater and more ferocious battle than the Wilderness. You're old and disabled; let me carry you to the rear. Let me take you back to Derry." (*Enter Mrs. E., with platter.*)

Alice (*pleading*). "Yes, father, you've done your part. You're not to blame. You'll die here — mother, plead with him. Father, I've fought with you, but I can't fight longer. I'm worn out with it all. I've given up."

Edwards (*after a long pause*). "I surrender. I'm beat. I give up, but it hurts, it hurts! I'm like an old broken scythe, hung up, t' rust in the rain; I aint no use to y' now, Jennie! Here's my hand, young man — Walter, my son, take her back t' Boston where she ought t' be, an' take me back t' Derry. I sha'n't be a burden to y' long. I don't s'pose I'm wuth the trouble, but I'd kindo like t' be buried back there. I hate t' die out on this hot prairie with no tree t' be buried under; seems 's if I couldn't rest, an' rest is the sweetest thing in the world f'r a man like me, the *only* thing left — I can't lose that."

Linnie (*throws herself on his knees*). "Oh, poppa, poppa, you make my heart ache so."

Edwards (*stroking her hair*). "I hope you won't have t' suffer as Allie has, little girl."

Reeves (*with deepest earnestness*). "I say you are fallen, but the column has passed on, the battle will yet be won. Courage, you will yet live to see the outposts of the enemy carried, and Linnie will live to see a larger and grander abolition cause, carried to a bloodless Appomattox, the abolition of industrial slavery."

(*Linnie lifts her face.*)

Alice. "Do you think so? *Is* there hope, Walter?"

Reeves. "There is great hope."

Edwards. "If I could believe that, I'd feel easier. If I c'd feel that my children, and my children's children could have a better chance than I've had, I mean without your help or anybody's help,— all I ask is a fair chance — "

Reeves. "That's what I mean. A fair chance for every man — *it's coming!*"

Alice. "Do you think so?"

Reeves (*expanding with enthusiasm*). "I know it. Just as I know spring will come again."

Edwards. "If I could b'lieve that."

Reeves (*in the same tone*). "You can't help believing it, as you live the next five years, the air is already electrical with inquiry. Over us the shadow still hangs, but far in the west a faint, ever-widening crescent of light tells of clear skies beyond. Live for that time, it's worth living for. Strike hands with me. Let me carry your knapsack. Believe in the future — "

Edwards. "I'll try." (*They clasp hands.*)

Alice. "How much you are to us, Walter. You have given us all new life."

Reeves. "I've only begun to be something to you. Now we are ready to begin life together, and they shall rest easy —"

Mrs. Edwards. "Here's y'r tea, Jason."

Edwards (*trying to rise*). "Help me up."

Mrs. Edwards. "Wait a minute. Linnie, bring some water and a towel; Allie, bring that bowl o' broth. Don't try to get up, Jason, till I get some more pillows." (*The women go out.*)

(*Edwards struggles to rise, Reeves puts his arm about his shoulders, as he does so a look of horror passes over the old man's face. He stares at Reeves, at last whispers:*) "My God, I can't move my feet!"

Reeves (*comprehending*). "No, no. Great God, man, that would be too horrible. It's only temporary numbness — "

(*Edwards makes another desperate effort and falls back on his pillow, with set, despairing face, a groan bursts from his lips.*)

"No, no — it's true — *I'm paralyzed!*"

Alice (*re-entering hears, stands for an instant appalled—rushes to his side*). "Oh, it *can't* be true — I — "

Edwards (*on impulse to shield*). "Sh! Don't tell — them — mother — baby — "

As Alice and Reeves stand horrified, gazing into each other's eyes, Linnie enters dancing, whistling.

Linnie. "And now we'll go back to Boston, won't we, Allie?"

Curtain.

NOTES ON LIVING PROBLEMS OF THE HOUR.

LIBERTY OF CITIZENSHIP IMPERILLED. A CONSENSUS OF OPINION ON A RECENT NOTABLE CASE. *

INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT BY THE EDITOR.

No more serious blow can fall against the very foundation of law and order than that which comes from ignorance, prejudice, or bigotry, when clothed with the august power of making laws or administering justice. To a law-loving and law-abiding citizen nothing is so alarming or calculated to awaken the gravest apprehension as an exhibition of injustice coming from the judiciary, for he realizes that every act of injustice, every wrong perpetrated against an individual reacts against law and order, strongly tending to produce in the public mind more or less contempt for law and the existing order of things, the evil of which cannot be over-estimated, especially at a time like the present when the spirit of discontent is so marked in almost every strata of society. The broadest spirit of wisdom, justice, and toleration must characterize the thoughts and acts of our statesmen, and those who in our courts administer justice, if law and order challenge the reverence of the people in this age of reason, of evolution and universal unrest. The duty that devolves on the newspapers and magazines of the nation which have been not inappropriately designated the real congress and senate of the people, is to guard with argus eyes *the rights of the humblest citizen.*

Serious and impressive indeed is this sacred trust when the rights involved strike at the fundamental principles of justice and English law. A most suggestive illustration of this character has recently occurred, a comprehensive and careful statement of which is given by Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan in the following paper. That such astounding proceedings could transpire in this Republic seems incredible; that the daily press with a few honorable exceptions should fail to more than note the facts as news items seems equally alarming,† signifying how lightly the age is coming to look upon the assumption of unusual or arbitrary power in the judiciary.‡

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* So grave and far-reaching are the principles involved in the extraordinary proceedings of this case that we addressed letters to several leading thinkers in various walks of life, requesting their expression. In the following papers will be found a statement of the case with the views of Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M. D., Hon. A. B. Richmond, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Hudson Tuttle, H. O. Pentecost, the editor of the *Twentieth Century*, and L. V. Moulton, Esq., together with some introductory remarks by the editor.

† The *Daily Globe* was the only great Boston daily that editorially protested against the unjust treatment of Mr. Reid. The following extracts are from the editorial in the *Globe* of May 15th.

"Dr. Reid says that he is clairvoyant and 'psychometric' to an extent that he is able to read a sealed letter without opening it, and to describe the condition and surroundings of the sender. He offered then and there in open court to read any letter the judge might take from his pocket without opening it and to describe the sender.

Judge Jackson turned upon him rudely and said his court was no place for exhibitions of mountebanks and jugglers, whose tricks he would not believe if sworn to on a pile of Bibles, and he therefore confirmed the judgment of the trial court.

Such conduct as that of Judge Jackson savors plainly of bigotry and unfairness. The Spiritualists, like all others, have a right to a fair show in court, whatever may happen to be the judge's private opinion of their honesty."

‡ The following extracts from a letter written by L. V. Moulton, Esq., of Grand Rapids, Mich., who ably defended Mr. Reid, will be instructive to all liberty-loving citizens. Mr. Moulton says:—

"The trial of Dr. Reid was a remarkable proceeding. In my opinion nothing like it has been since the days of Cotton Mather. The testimony of Reid's witnesses was adapted

Waiving all points as to the special merits or demerits of this particular case *we are confronted by the vital principle involved. The defendant was refused the opportunity to prove* his power and *his innocence*, though the State penitentiary opened before him, simply because the judge in a western town did not believe that such power existed or that the spirits of the departed could and did return to communicate with mortals, although hundreds of the ablest, brainiest, and noblest scientists, philosophers, essayists, and reformers who have carefully and scientifically investigated this problem have demonstrated to their satisfaction beyond the peradventure of a doubt that such power does exist, and that the dead do return and communicate with the living. It is not reasonable to suppose that Judge Jackson of the Federal Court in Michigan is more competent to justly judge of the probability or possibility of the power possessed by sensitives than such men as Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the greatest living working naturalist, and since Darwin's death the most illustrious representative of Darwinism, or Gerald Massey, the people's poet of England; Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer; Prof. Henry Kiddell, at one time superintendent of public instruction for New York, and hundreds of other careful, conscientious, and scientific thinkers and investigators in every field of scientific and intellectual research. It is a grave thing to sentence a man to the penitentiary. It means far more than the depriving of his freedom for the time of the sentence.

If Judge Jackson had been just enough to apply the golden rule to the case he would not only have gained the respect and esteem of every fair-minded man, but he would not have brought into contempt the law he is supposed to expound.

How long it takes the world to learn that nothing is gained by injustice; that the poor and the despised are by reason of their weakness more entitled to our magnanimous consideration than the rich and powerful. Has the day arrived in which a poor man can no longer secure justice in the courts of the United States?

AN EMINENT EDUCATIONAL AND SCIENTIFIC WRITER'S REVIEW OF THIS ALARMING CASE OF ARBITRARY AUTHORITY.

ARROGANCE is one of the great besetting sins of humanity, and it is one of the most difficult problems of statesmanship to devise checks that will effectually restrain executive, legislative, and judicial usurpation and abuse of ungranted power. Such

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to rebut and qualify the evidence put in against him, which consisted solely of alleged admissions. It was legal and proper evidence for that purpose. It was also adapted to prove that he did deliver answers which came from the spirits addressed, which if proven would be a complete defense. If he delivered what he promised there was no fraud. All evidence to show this was ruled out on the assumption of Judge Severens that 'There is no evidence whatever to determine such a matter.' Then he assumed the thing impossible in violation of the old and well-established law of presumption of innocence.

"Judge Jackson said, 'There are some things so absurd that this court will not stultify its intelligence by taking testimony thereon,' meaning whether anyone can communicate with the dead. Reid's offer of demonstration was proper and legal evidence. A witness against him swore that Reid informed him that at all times he must open the letters or otherwise know their contents. Now to answer letters in court without so opening them or knowing their contents would be legal and proper evidence that such was not the truth; its exclusion against law and justice, *an arbitrary suppression of evidence material to the issue. No proof was even offered to show that Reid ever failed to properly answer every letter, or refunded the money.* He had answered hundreds. We had over forty of his clients to testify as to facts, circumstances, questions, and answers, whose testimony was ruled out on the ground that 'the most we could get would be their opinion that spirits made answer.' Even expert opinions are admissible in law, and they offered facts not opinions. No one complained of loss. No one to find fault. It was *assumed* without proof that he could not do it. Judge Jackson said: '*It is prima facie fraud and requires no proof.*'

"On the motion for a new trial I made a complete analysis of the case. Took two and one-half hours. If we can get help will go to the United States Supreme Court with the case.

"It is such an outrage that people cannot believe it. They cannot realize what has been going on."

men as Washington and Chief Justice Marshall, who need no exterior force to prevent encroachment, are rare exceptions. It is the general rule that power unrestrained runs into abuse, and Shakespeare justly referred to the "fantastic tricks" of men "dressed in a little brief authority."

Most wisely, then, did Jesus Christ place so much emphasis on the virtue of *Humility* and insist that the teacher or leader should consider himself a servant of those to whom he ministered. He has had many faithful followers, to whom this admonition has been a care, but nevertheless priestly arrogance has been as conspicuous in the history of churches as the arrogance of politics and war. Rank and power are rarely free from arrogance, and unrestrained power is almost synonymous with tyranny. In this country no better illustration can be seen of this truth than by witnessing the treatment of sailors in either the mercantile or the military marine service, and the treatment of the miscellaneous crowd gathered in by policemen to receive their sentences from the police magistrates of cities. The humbler the condition of the individual, the more surely is he trampled upon. The sailor or the negro has few rights which the arrogant respect, and every small unpopular minority is sure to be trampled on in America as in Europe. Is there no champion for these humble classes? Why should not the able expositor of the wrongs of western miners, or Helen Gardener, or Junius Henri Browne, or Mr. Pentecost, or Mr. House, the author of Yone Santo, or Charles L. Brace, or Capt. Black of Chicago, or the novelists, Howells and Cable, take up this theme and do for the pariahs of society what Mrs. Stowe did for the black man in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"?

As we ascend from police courts, we expect to find more and more of the judicial dignity which cautiously respects human rights, and abstains from trampling on the humble. If anywhere in this country judicial dignity and self-control are to be expected, it must be in federal tribunals. But alas, those acquainted with our judicial history might furnish a sad catalogue of exceptions, and gross abuses of judicial responsibility in which both private rights and public rights have been trampled on. It is not necessary to recite these examples now as our purpose is merely to mention a recent case of the abuse of "brief authority," as grossly arrogant and utterly indefensible as anything in all the judicial history of the United States or even Great Britain.

We refer to the case in which W. E. Reid, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was on trial, under a charge of fraudulently using the United States mails in giving responses which purported to come by mediumship from the departed. Whatever opinions the court or jury might have of the possibility of the defendant's ability to secure such responses, such opinions were entirely irrelevant, when

the possibility of doing this in good faith was the very question to be decided. The accused was entitled to prove his good faith and success by the testimony of witnesses, while the prosecution had the right to prove his failure. But this honest trial was denied. Forty witnesses brought by the accused at great expense were refused admission, that the case might be decided according to the prejudices, or pre-existing opinions of the court, and the denunciations of the prosecution. To deprive a prisoner thus of the testimony which might acquit him was a shameless violation of justice which certainly entitled him to a new trial.

The accused party, charged by hearsay with trickery, and denied the use of the testimony that covered the case, then demanded to exhibit in court the very process which was treated as fraudulent, and allow the court to judge of its integrity by personal inspection, and even this right was denied. The enormity of such a decision shocks every sentiment of honor. If a man accused of distributing counterfeit money demands that the identical money shall be produced in court, and that he may prove by experts its genuine character, and yet is refused this opportunity, and condemned without this test, the public would infer that an honest man had been shamefully wronged, or if a man charged with a murder, offers to produce the murdered man in court, and is refused permission, and even refused permission to introduce witnesses to swear that he is alive, — it would be difficult to suppose that such an outrage occurred in any civilized country — even in Russia. Yet wherein would such cases differ in principle from the judicial outrage perpetrated upon Mr. Reid in refusing him leave to prove his innocence either by witnesses or by public inspection by the court of the very matters of which he was accused? This offer to submit his assailed processes to public criticism by intensely hostile parties is the highest evidence of the integrity of the accused, while the refusal of such rights is the clearest evidence of an UNSCRUPULOUS and LAWLESS determination to convict the accused. And he *was* convicted, without any direct evidence whatever that his pretenses were fraudulent or any evidence that anybody had been defrauded, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, under the verdict of a hoodwinked jury — his testimony and his proffer of the most rigid test being excluded, not in accordance with any legal principle, but by an arbitrary and lawless decision of the judge before whom he appeared.

He was accused of crime — of intentional fraud in the indictment, for offering to do what has been done a thousand times among intelligent and scientific people — what has been in successful progress in the United States, and every kingdom in Europe, and never before been legally assailed in this country as fraud or

crime. He had an unlimited amount of testimony at his service, that he had never failed to satisfy enquirers, however skeptical, that answers to their questions had been written by an invisible agency on the inside of slates which had been fastened together — and in many cases when the slates had never been for a moment out of their own possession — that he had thus answered questions, not only in private, but in public, when the letters containing the questions had not even been given to him, but had been retained by the writers in their own pockets, and he had no knowledge even of the existence of such letters and questions. All this his counsel was prepared to show by a superabundance of testimony, while the government did not produce a single instance of failure, or a single direct evidence of fraud. But he was not allowed to refute the libellous indictment in the only way in which it could be refuted.

It is not strange that many are unwilling to believe that such an outrage as this has been perpetrated in the forms of law, that the processes in progress among the enlightened all over the world have been assailed as crimes, and admission refused to the only testimony of which the case admitted in defence. It is generally supposed that nothing like this has occurred or could have occurred in American court. Hence the necessity of describing this outrage to the enlightened readers of THE ARENA.

Seeing that the court was determined to force a conviction by keeping the jury in ignorance of the facts, Dr. Reid and his counsel displayed their moral courage and sense of integrity by offering to show in court under the most hostile and jealous scrutiny the very process which the indictment charged as a fraud. The offer was courageous and some might think foolhardy, from the well-known difficulty of procuring psychic phenomena which depend on mental conditions, amid the confusion and out-spoken malignity of such a scene in court; but it was conclusive as to the integrity of the accused, and its refusal by the prosecution was an equally clear evidence of its dishonesty and its belief that the prosecution would have been annihilated by a public test. The whole trial was a dishonest conspiracy against justice, and when the whole truth is told, circumstances included which would enlarge this article beyond its limits, the prosecuting attorney will stand more conspicuous even than the judge in the pillory as an object of scorn.

But even after the exclusion of all testimony for the accused, or if no such testimony had been offered, an upright tribunal would have dismissed the case, because *there was nothing in it.* Not a single witness came forward to show that he had been defrauded, not a single witness to show that Reid had ever failed to do all that he promised. An honorable attor-

ney would have abandoned the prosecution as utterly baseless. It had nothing to stand on but worthless reports of conversations between Reid and other parties. There were conversations two years before the transactions for which he was assailed, irrelevant testimony—proving nothing and coming from a notorious impostor who was engaged in producing bogus materializations and other imitations of spiritualism, and who tried to produce the impression that Reid was no better than himself, though he confessed that Reid saw through his fraud and affirmed that his own operations were of a different character.

What, then were the means used to impress the hoodwinked jury with the guilt of Reid? Simply scurrilous denunciation in the most impassioned manner by the attorney, the chief basis of which was his own assertions concerning matters not in evidence, and the evidence improperly lugged in that Reid was in debt to two persons who were very poor, and had not yet paid them, though in fact his means had been exhausted in defending himself against the prosecution. The furious tirade of the attorney embraced matters not in the evidence, and matters to which he had no legal right to refer, for which he should have been called to order had not the court been determined to convict, the assumption being made by court and attorney that the processes in which Reid was engaged were self-evident frauds, for which he should not be allowed to introduce any testimony. If the jury had any respect whatever for the court and attorney they could not avoid a conviction under the presentation that was made. The average jury has not the sagacity or independence necessary to convict a court guilty of such practices as related above.

Nothing is lacking to complete the picture of energetic cunning and malignity in the prosecution. To cut off all sympathy and co-operation from Reid, it was extensively and falsely given out that spiritualism was not on trial nor its merits involved in the prosecution, and that it was simply an investigation of the dishonest acts of Reid with his patrons, when in jail; no evidence was offered of such dishonest acts, and the indictment simply charged him with fraudulently pretending and announcing that he could procure spirit messages for those who applied to him, when he knew he could not. His whole business was accused as a fraud gotten up as a swindle, and he was not allowed to prove that it was not a swindle but was honestly, publicly, and frankly conducted to the satisfaction of his patrons. Under this shameless misstatement the public has been kept in utter ignorance of the character of this judicial outrage and made to believe that it was simply a trial and conviction of a common swindler, an impression which was finally established by the telegraphic message sent to the press and generally published May 16: "Dr.

Walter E. Reid, the now famous 'spirit' postmaster, who bilked dupes all over the United States out of one dollar bills, was this morning sentenced by the United States court to a year's imprisonment in the House of Correction at Detroit, for using the mails for fraudulent purposes." Almost the *entire press* has allowed itself to be deceived like the jury, and instead of having its suspicions aroused by the glaring falsehoods circulated, has *presumed on the integrity of the court* and accepted the representations from official sources, when a single honest and competent reporter commissioned to enquire would have uncovered the most scandalous proceedings known to our judicial history.

The unfortunate victim of official malignity, Reid, appears to have been wonderfully endowed with mediumship, though lacking in common prudence and business judgment, and capable of giving demonstrations under almost any circumstances. In a public hall at Grand Rapids persons who brought letters in their pockets received answers before they had presented the letters. Persons who brought slates fastened together and retained them in their own hands, received messages written on the inside of the slates. In many cases the spirit-writing appeared in the handwriting of the deceased. Such wonderful facts publicly displayed, should have deeply interested all sensible people, for they gave everybody immediate access to the most marvellous facts demonstrated by the students of psychography and illustrated in the works upon that subject. See, for example, Psychography, a treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena, by "M. A. (Oxon.)" London, 1878. No reader of this work can reasonably doubt the occurrence among the enlightened students of psychic science of the very phenomena illustrated by Reid. But there seems only to have been present in the minds of the judge and attorney a malignant determination to crush this evolution of psychic science, in carrying out which they have manifested the spirit of the lower class of detectives and pettifoggers and successfully deluded the jury.

The climax of this outrage however was reached, when on the appeal for a new trial, Judge Jackson scornfully refused it, not with the force or ingenuity of legal argument (for sophistry might have been used to defend this outrage), but by the simple expression of his intense scorn of Reid and his operations — seeming to assume that the man was too contemptible or detestable to have any rights in law. There was no excuse for this. Reid was the publisher of a paper, and by many people was as much respected as the judge, for he had been chosen president of the State Association of Spiritualists, and although after conviction he resigned his position as president, he was unanimously retained as honorary president. That millions believe in such phenomena,

among whom are some of the most accurate scientists and brightest intellects of the time, is a sufficient offset for the scurrility with which Reid was assailed, as guilty of "damnable corruption," comparing him to a juggler pouring out different wines from the same bottle and asserting that his operations were *prima facie* fraud, and not a proper matter for any investigation by evidence. Investigation was not permitted. The attorney during the progress of the case had boasted that he had in his possession locked slates and sealed letters which the defendant could not answer and would not dare attempt to answer, but when defendant's counsel asked the privilege of showing in open court that he could answer sealed letters, the attorney cried out "I object," and his objection was sustained.

Thus was conviction secured and when demand was made for a new trial on account of the gross illegality of action by both court and attorney which were distinctly set forth and undenied, Judge Jackson, *paying no attention to the proved illegality*, pronounced evidence for the defence of the reality of what Reid did "ridiculous" and accused Reid of assuming a "divine gift" possessed by no one else (which was false) and of cloaking his operations in mystery (another falsehood) and of trying to shield illegal acts by a claim of religious liberty (another falsehood, fully exposed by the counsel). It was well said by the counsel that another trial ought to be had on account of the utterly illegal action of the prosecuting attorney, to enable "the counsel for the government *to make a case*, and an argument according to law and upon evidence, within instead of without the case, and *save his reputation as a lawyer and gentleman*." Well said; there never was a case that needed more the invectives of an Ingersoll or a Phillips to illustrate its enormity.

There was also a very pointed illustration in the remarks of Reid when called up for sentence before Judge Severens: "The thing which led to my arrest and conviction was a single letter from a man in Marshalltown, Iowa, asking me for information to enable him to accomplish the ruin of a young girl. I refused to give him any information. I would not answer it and refunded his money. The district attorney advised me to have the letter opened and I did so. He then arrested me. If acts like this are to bring sentence upon me I have nothing further to say."

The coarse ignorance of Judge Jackson was not overlooked by the counsel for the defence (L. V. Moulton of Grand Rapids). He introduced the authority of many eminent gentlemen who publicly recognized as scientific truths the very class of facts assailed as frauds, such as the Earl of Crawford and Balcarras, F. R. S., Prest. R. A. S.; Prof. Wm. Crookes, Fellow and Gold

Medalist of the Royal Society; C. Varley, F. R. S. C. E.; A. R. Wallace, the eminent naturalist; Prof. F. Zoellner of Leipzig; Profs. G. F. Fechner, Schribner, and Fichte of Leipzig; Prof. W. E. Weber of Gottengen; Prof. Hoffman of Wurzburg; Prof. Perty of Berne; Profs. Wagner and Butlerof of St. Petersburg; Profs. Hare and Mapes of the United States; the Earl of Dunraven; the authors T. A. Trollope; S. C. Hall; Gerald Massey; Sir R. Burton; Prof. Cossac, LL. D; Lord Brougham; Lord Lytton; Lord Lyndhurst; Archbishop Whateley, Bishop Clarke, Darius Lyman; Prof. W. Denton; Prof. A. Wilder; Prof. Hiram Carson; Prof. George Burt; twenty-four judges and ex-judges of Courts; Victor Hugo; Wm. Lloyd Garrison; Hon. R. Dale Owen, Hon. J. W. Edmonds, and many others of note. In addition to these, he quoted freely from the writings of Dr. Robert Chambers, Prof. Hare, Prof. Challis, of Cambridge, Baron Carl DuPrel, Cromwell Varley, and Camille Flammarion, the astronomer. The reply of Judge Jackson was so utterly irrelevant it would be charity to suppose him intoxicated.

But really before an enlightened court what need of citing such authorities to show that Reid stood in illustrious company. His rights as a man would have been none the less if he had stood alone as the exponent of wonderful facts demonstrating these truths in every way possible to an honest and fearless man.

What is the result of these proceedings in which the public are interested? The report of the defence committee states the matter clearly as follows: —

The following propositions are deducible from this case as it now stands:

1. If a person claims to do anything which in the opinion of the court is impossible, or supernatural, proof that defendant made such claim shall be *prima facie* (on its face) evidence of fraud. The prosecution need not prove that he cannot, or does not do as he claims. The rule of presumption is reversed in such cases and the burden of proof upon the defendant.

2. The question whether what defendant claims to do is impossible or supernatural, will not be submitted to the jury as a question of fact, but will be determined by the court *a priori* and without a hearing. "The court will not stultify its intelligence by taking testimony thereon."

3. In such cases if in defense evidence is offered to prove that defendant can do what he claims to do, such evidence shall not be permitted, and the court may declare that no such evidence exists. That "we have no means within the range of human evidence that would enable us to determine on any theory a matter of that sort, either one way or the other."

4. The rights of defendant in this case were disregarded by the counsel for the government, and were not deemed sufficient ground for a new trial in to wit: The counsel commented upon the silence of the defendant, and raised a presumption against him on that account, also evidence which was ruled out was commented upon as though in the case, and statements added thereto not even offered, and other similar things done which would not be allowed in ordinary cases. Your committee would respectfully submit that in their opinion, Mr. Reid has not been fairly tried, nor justly condemned, and that steps be taken at once to carry the case before the supreme court of the United States that it may be determined.

Juries, therefore, have no right to decide on facts when the court usurps that prerogative to itself and a district attorney who

pays no respect to law but indulges in scurrility without limit, aided by a court equally unscrupulous, could convict almost anyone they assail unless there were stronger material in the jury box than is usually found there.

How easy would it have been to have convicted and sentenced Prof. Morse to jail when he came to Boston to make known his telegraph, if the United States attorney and judge had been of the Michigan pattern and believed with the editor of the Boston *Atlas* (as stated in THE ARENA), that his telegraphing was but the trick of jugglers. The court, knowing the fraud, would not have degraded itself by allowing the juggler's tricks to be exhibited, nor would it have allowed any evidence from any source concerning what the court considered *prima facie* fraud. It would have instructed the jury as in the Reid case, that although it was a fraud of which they were to judge according to their own common sense, which was sufficient without evidence, still if Prof. Morse while engaged in juggling tricks really believed in them he might be acquitted. What hypocritical condescension! How could the man possibly be sincere when he was pretending to do what he knew was impossible and was really a fraud. And yet upon this stupidly insolent suggestion Judges Severens and Jackson base their claim to fairness and clemency.

Had such a man been on the bench here he might have said: "Gentlemen of the jury, you are to decide this case according to your own common sense and the well-established ideas of Society. You know a fraud when you see it, you know that electricity cannot talk, or write, or send messages. It *never did*. You know that the man who claims such things,—claims to do them by some kind of mystery as if God had given him alone what He has denied to the wisest men of the world,—must be a flagrant impostor and a fraud, for every man who pays him for a message is swindled. There may be some persons silly enough to believe they have received messages by electricity, but that is because they do not understand the trick. They are credulous and it is the duty of the Government to protect such persons from being swindled. But the court is disposed to be merciful as well as just, and you may well acquit the prisoner, Prof. Morse, if you can believe that, notwithstanding he has devised and carried on this swindle, he is innocent in purpose and really believes in the swindle. But to be sure of his honest sincerity in this matter it must be shown in evidence that he has paid his hotel bill and all the persons whom he employs."

The failure to pay some of his creditors was the basis of much the most effective part of Attorney Palmer's tirade against Reid, and his refusal to allow a test of his powers in court ought to have impressed an intelligent jury.

We can imagine a Turkish cadi refusing to allow an infidel dog of a Christian to prove that he is not a horse thief by showing that the horse has not been stolen, but it is difficult to imagine anything like this in the American judiciary — a lawlessness which can be compared only to Lynch law inspired by whiskey.

Such a case as this suggests the question, Have we a republic? A republic, according to Solon, is a community in which a wrong done to the meanest citizen is felt and resisted by the entire body. It is not merely the wrong to Reid that we are called upon to resist, but judicial lawlessness, and a spirit of congressional usurpation which it is difficult to check—an assumption that Congress may set its steel trap in the post office to crush men for acts done in the pursuit of legitimate business *not forbidden by the State.*

JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

AN EMINENT DIVINE'S OPINION OF THE JUDGE'S REFUSAL TO PERMIT THE DEFENCE TO EXHIBIT HIS POWERS.

I KNOW nothing personally about Dr. Walter E. Reid, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and I know nothing about the judge who has condemned him to the Detroit House of Correction; but one thing is so clear that the voices of all fair-minded men in America ought to be raised in indignant protest against it. Here is a man *denied the opportunity even to try to prove his innocence, and condemned while protesting his ability to do so.*

This case goes back of all question as to the truth or falsity of Spiritualism, and raises the very fundamental principle of justice. What is a court for? Why has this Anglo-Saxon race of ours fought for ages for the right of trial by jury? What does trial mean? If this judge's action is to stand as a model, then we do not need any jury. We do not even need to have the judge trouble himself about such simple matters as "the facts and the evidence." He only needs to evolve from his inner consciousness, not an opinion, but only a prejudice, and the case is settled.

Our sturdy American sense of fairness has long ago settled it that a man has a right to be tried by "a jury of his peers." Should this judge ever come up for trial, it is to be hoped, for the credit of the State of Michigan, that it would be difficult to find twelve men who would be *his* "peers" in stupidity and intolerance, and he would get fairer treatment than he has seen fit to give to another.

What is the case? What is known about such cases? Dr. Reid claims to be able to reply to sealed letters, or that such letters are answered through his "mediumship." This means either one of two things: first, it may mean the claim that invisible intelligences are the ones who answer the letters; or,

secondly, that he possesses clairvoyant powers, and so becomes conscious of what the sealed letters contain. If the latter supposition be true, it is quite possible that the doctor himself might misinterpret his own powers, and attribute to "spirit" agency what his own spirit is capable of doing. Anyone who has given even a superficial study to the subject, knows that this supposition is at least wholly reasonable.

Now, under these circumstances, the persons who write letters must be either believers or such as are at least curious enough on the subject to wish to try it. In either case they do it with their eyes open. If they are idiots, give them a chance to find it out, — it may do them good. We are "*protecting*" too many things in this country already, in my judgment, and I am not in favor of adding fools to the list.

A word now as to the problem involved. There is no need of raising the question as to the truth of Spiritualism. The judge felt himself competent to settle the matter off-hand and adversely. In this he differs from some of the wisest and most competent men of the age. After careful and prolonged study (which the judge has *not* given), they decide in its favor. But this is not the first case of Dogberry in the seat of judgment. But we need not even raise that question, — keep it to the simpler issue. One of the greatest philosophers of this generation has said that "he who denies the truth of clairvoyance does not display merely his caution or conservatism, — he displays his ignorance."

This does not mean that all who claim to possess clairvoyant power do really possess it, but only that such a power does really exist. The existence of such a faculty — the ability to read sealed letters, to read with the eyes closed, to read writing placed against the back of the head or on top of the head — is now no more doubtful than the existence of normal vision. A judge who does not know this is no more fit to sit on a case involving it than is a color-blind engineer fit to be trusted with a train of cars. Only a little while ago all the wise (?) people were scouting hypnotism. Now it is being used in the regular treatment of disease. How, then, is the farcial tragedy to be played? When will men learn that their particular and pet ignorance is no adequate measure of the universe?

So far as I know, Dr. Reid may be an arrant impostor, but that is not the point. The point is that *such* powers as he claimed to possess *do actually exist.* If he really possesses these powers, then he is *not guilty.* Any decent pretence of justice, then, should give him a chance to prove as to whether or not he does possess them. The outrageous injustice of the judge lies in the fact that he *refused him all opportunity to prove his innocence.*

Let every fair-minded citizen of America, then, protest against

this insult to justice until the protest is heard. THE PRINCIPLE IS THE IMPORTANT MATTER. It is an arbitrary, bigoted, ignorant denial of justice, that threatens not only Dr. Reid, but any man who happens to have learned something that the judge as yet has not found out. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

MR. REID'S FIRST TRIAL, AS REVIEWED BY AN EMINENT JURIST.

IN November, 1889, Dr. Walter E. Reid was tried before the United States Court at Grand Rapids, Mich., for violating Section 5480 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, which reads as follows:

"If any person having devised or intending to devise any scheme or artifice *to defraud*, or be effected by either opening or intending to open correspondence or communication with any other person, whether resident within or outside of the United States, by means of the Post Office Establishment of the United States, or by inciting such other person to open communication with the person so devising or intending, shall, in and for executing such scheme or artifice, or attempting so to do, place any letter or packet in any Post Office of the United States, or take or receive any therefrom, such person, so misusing the Post Office Establishment, shall be punishable by a fine of not more than Five Hundred Dollars, and by imprisonment for not more than eighteen months, or by both such punishments. The indictments, information, or complaint may severally charge offences to the number of three, when committed within the same six calendar months, but the Court thereupon shall give a single sentence, and shall proportion the punishment especially to the degree in which the abuse of the Post Office Establishment enters as an instrument into such *fraudulent* scheme and device."

The complaint charged that "one Walter E. Reid wrongfully and unlawfully devised a certain scheme and artifice to defraud, to be effected by opening correspondence with divers persons to complainant unknown, etc.—and did then and there, knowingly and wrongfully propose to secure communications from Spirit-land, by and through the agency of sealed letters," etc., etc. I assisted in the defence at the trial in November in which the jury disagreed, standing six for acquittal and six for conviction.

It will be seen that the *gravamen* of the charge was that he devised a scheme to defraud the public, first by advertising that he could read interrogatories sent to him enclosed in sealed letters, and second, that such answers were communications from the spirit-world.

Any citizen has a legal right to advertise through the mails both his business and his capabilities to do what he believes he can do. For instance, the inventor or manufacturer of a patent medicine may advertise through the mail the cures their nostrum will perform and the virtues it possesses. Now it may be used with beneficial results by some, while it is injurious to others, yet if the inventor or manufacturer had no fraudulent design in thus advertising their panacea they have violated no law. It is the motive that prompted the act that makes the act criminal. There-

fore, if a man advertises his skill as a physician, musician, mechanic, or artisan, and it transpires he is not skilled in the role he claims, yet he is not a criminal if he used no device or scheme to defraud, but believed that he was capable of performing all he alleged.

How can a man prove that he *believes* what he says is true better than by producing competent evidence that it is true? Although the fact alleged may seem improbable to the public and the statement false, yet if he who asserts it can prove it to be true by credible witnesses does he not establish both the existence of a fact and the honesty of his own convictions?

The rule of the law is that "*The best evidence of which the case in its nature is susceptible must be produced*," and the average mind can conceive of no better evidence of the fact that an incident occurred than the testimony of competent observers who witnessed it. It certainly seems logical, rational, and just in this land of boasted freedom of thought and action, that when a man is charged with uttering a falsehood, before he is condemned he should be permitted to prove that what he said was true; or when he asserts that he can accomplish a specified result—even though it be by means unknown to the public—that before he be condemned as a charlatan, he be permitted to demonstrate the truth of his claims.

All men are presumed to be innocent until they are proven to be guilty. Even in a civil action, fraud is never presumed but must be proved by clear and satisfactory evidence, and as the crime charged increases in magnitude, so does the presumption of innocence increase. This rule of law is the offspring of Christian civilization, and it will endure while time shall last—every year of advancing enlightenment will only more positively assert this great natural bill of rights, and thereby more securely guard the liberties of the people.

Sincere belief, even though erroneous, robs an act of its criminality. A man approaches me in an angry manner, pointing a gun and threatening me. On a well-founded belief that my life is in danger I may kill him in self-defence, and although it shall afterwards appear that his gun was not loaded, and that I was in no *actual* danger, yet the law excuses me because I had good reason to believe that my safety required prompt action on my part and demanded his death.

Let us apply these plain legal principles to the trial of Dr. W. E. Reid. The gist of the complaint against him was, as I have stated, "that he falsely and fraudulently represented that he could read interrogatories enclosed in sealed envelopes." Now, if he could do this, he was not guilty in the manner and form in which he stood indicted, and no court should have permitted his con-

viction. At the trial we had a great number of reputable intelligent witnesses who would have truthfully testified that they had seen him perform this feat — which the court deemed impossible, because his Honor had never seen it, and did not believe it could be done, and therefore would not permit us to prove it. Observe: the charge in the indictment was not for defrauding any particular person — for that is no offence under Section 5480 of the Revised Statutes,— but for using the U. S. Mail for fraudulent schemes and purposes. Now surely it was not a fraud for Dr. Reid to advertise that he would read interrogatories inclosed in sealed envelopes, provided he *could* do so, and we offered to prove this by clear and competent testimony just as we would have proved an *alibi* or any other positive circumstance in defence, yet the court refused to admit the evidence of this fundamental fact of our defence. With this ruling the case went to the jury without evidence of the exculpatory facts, and although the defendant had a complete defence *in foro conscientiæ*, yet *in foro judici* it availed nothing.

Mrs. Partington once naively remarked that "A court is a place where justice is judicially dispensed with."

The next charge in the indictment was "*that he fraudulently pretended that he was able to communicate with the spirits of departed friends.*" Now as no witness could testify that this was not true, and as a citizen is presumed to be innocent until he is proven to be guilty, how could he be legally convicted on this charge? Whether we can or cannot communicate with the spirits of the future world, is as yet an unsolved problem. Many of the ablest minds of the world believe it is possible, and that there is to-day demonstrative evidence of the fact. The creeds of many of the Christian churches acknowledge spirit influence and communion. These probabilities or possibilities are not to be decided as questions of law by our courts, but belong to that great tribunal where human consciousness is the jury, physical facts, occult phenomena, and inspiration the witnesses, and the Ego with its inherited Divine attributes the judge of both the law and the facts. Every personality must weigh the evidence presented, and by its own standard estimate the truth or falsity thereof, and from its own convictions render a verdict. No judge has a right in the jury-box, and no juror should be influenced by his presence there.

After the conviction of Dr. Reid, and pending a motion for a new trial, the judge was, of course, the sole arbiter of all questions of both law and fact, and he had a right to ascertain by personal examination whether the claims of the defendant were either frauds or facts, and thereupon to do what justice demanded. If the alleged facts were true, that is, if the defendant could actually read interrogatories in sealed envelopes, and advertised that phenomena through the mail, he was not guilty under the statute, even if he

erred as to the source from whence his power came. The criminal law punishes only for *wilful* transgressions, not for errors in logic or judgment.

If then Dr. W. E. Reid could, either by the phenomena of clairvoyance or otherwise, read the contents of sealed envelopes, his conviction was an outrage on law and justice; and should the rulings of the court in his case prevail and become a legal precedent in the land, the citizens of this republic would hold their liberties by a frail and feeble tenure indeed.

In passing the sentence of the law upon Dr. Reid, the court is reported to have said: "*The jury had all the facts and circumstances before them, and also upon your intention. You claimed then, as now, that you could do these things; but the jury found you could not, that you did not so believe, that you knew you could not.*" This is a most remarkable statement if the court made it as reported, and must mean that "*the jury had all the facts and circumstances*" as given them by the United States only, for they certainly did not have the facts of the defence before them. Both my colleague and myself earnestly argued and insisted upon the right of the defendant to prove that he could read the contents of sealed letters, but the offer was most peremptorily rejected, the testimony ruled out, and defendant left defenceless. The court, in the next sentence, says: "*It was impossible for the court to depart from the precedents and law and permit to be made in court the strange, unwarranted tests asked by your counsel.*" This shows that it was offered to prove in court the truth of the defendant's claim, "*but the court could not depart from precedents.*" Therefore the logic of this ruling is that a citizen may die or his liberty be destroyed, that a legal precedent may live and not perish, — or more tersely stated, a precedent is of more value than liberty. An old legal maxim says, "*Boni judicis est ampliare jurisdictionem*," — "A good judge will, when necessary, extend the limits of his jurisdiction." This legal maxim is as venerable as the revered precedent, and if the court had acted upon it, and extended its jurisdiction enough to have permitted the defendant to prove that he could do and had done what he advertised, and that he so believed at the time; if the court had but enlarged the limits of its jurisdiction until it had embraced truth and justice within its boundaries, Dr. Walter E. Reid would not have been convicted of a crime he never committed. Of little weight indeed is human liberty when thrown into the legal scales against a precedent older than the time when by precedent wager of battle was allowed and old women condemned to death for the crime of witchcraft.

"*Fiat justicia ruat coelum*," — and kills a precedent.

A. B. Richmond.

AN AGNOSTIC'S VIEW OF THE CASE.

[Mr. Pentecost after stating the case proceeds to make the following vigorous protest.]

If my understanding of the case is correct, Mr. Reid's only possible chance to escape arbitrary imprisonment was denied him. And this seems to me to have been an atrocious piece of high-handed injustice. A prisoner asking for a new trial offers to prove by scientific evidence that he is innocent of the charge brought against him, and the judge positively refuses to allow him to demonstrate his power. Nothing could be more subversive of the very idea of justice than such a ruling. If such a precedent is to be followed there will be nothing to prevent the violent incarceration of any person whom judge and jury assume to be guilty of any trumped-up offense, especially if the unfortunate victim of law procedure happens to hold unpopular opinions, or to have made discoveries not generally known to be facts. If such arbitrary rulings pass without general protest, or if they are allowed to hold good, any of us are in danger of being arrested by authorized prejudice and condemned to penal servitude by judicial ignorance, especially if we are too poor to carry our case to the Supreme Court.

I am not a Spiritualist. I do not believe there are any "spirits." I believe if there are "spirits" there is no possible way by which they can make themselves known to persons like us whose only sources of knowledge, in my opinion, are the senses. Judging from past experience I do not believe Mr. Reid or anybody else can read a sealed letter. But, at the same time, I regard his right to be heard in his own defence as sacred as that of any other citizen. His offer to scientifically prove his powers was reasonable, and the refusal to allow him to do so was an odious outrage. It was a continuance of the world-old story of the dominion of passion and ignorance under the forms of law and order. Thus new religionists were flogged at the cart's tail; thus witches were burned. Our people are uncivilized, and our judges barbarians until they learn that Spiritualists should have all the rights that other people possess. It is generally understood that Roman Catholic priests claim to be able to pray souls out of purgatory. Not long ago I received a circular through the mail asking for money and promising that it should be used for such a purpose. Why not arrest, as a fraud, the priest who sent that circular? If he were arrested upon such a charge and offered to prove in a tangible way that he could perform what he promised would it be just to deny him the privilege? If not, why was Mr. Reid denied a similar privilege? Evidently for no reason except that he holds unpopular opinions.

This is not the first judicial injustice that has been practised upon Spiritualists, and it is to be feared that it will not be the last. Spiritualists suffer various persecutions because their views are unpopular. What falls upon them through non-judicial public opinion cannot be helped. That is part of the natural penalty that everyone with unpopular ideas must pay as long as human beings are indisposed to listen to new theories, or observe newly discovered facts. Perhaps it is just as well that all new philosophies should be obliged to work their way up through a hard crust of conservatism. That may be a wholesome testing process. It may prevent too rapid progress. It may force progressive thinkers to lay their foundations well and be able to give a reason for the faith they hold. But if law courts continue to condemn persons without evidence of guilt or against evidence of innocence, merely because they hold religious or scientific opinions contrary to those of judge and jury, the time is not far distant when all thoughtful persons will cease to respect the so-called "machinery of justice."

HUGH O. PENTECOST.

A LEADING SPIRITUALIST'S VIEW.

[Owing to limited space, we have excluded Mr. Tuttle's statement of the case as it is fully given by Prof. Buchanan].

WALTER E. REID has been made a martyr in the estimation of a large class of people, whose opinion has more than ordinary value, for they are thoughtful, given to independent action, and ignore party lines, when the principles they hold dear are assailed. The rulings of the judges, in the case of Mr. Reid, perhaps have no parallel outside of the courts of the South during the period of reconstruction, when ignorant, inflated negroes were exponents of law and justice.

Observe the judge did not refuse this (the proposal to demonstrate his psychic power) on the grounds of its being irrelevant, *but because anyone who claimed the ability to answer sealed letters, in his opinion, was a mountebank.* He thus pre-judges the case, and declares that no amount of evidence can establish the fact. Such a ruling is not only a great injustice and injury to Spiritualism, but a menace to the liberty of each and every individual. Here is a man brought in great jeopardy to be branded with the infamy of felony, pleading with the judge to be allowed the opportunity to demonstrate the power the judge asserts he does not possess, he offers to make a crucial test before the judge, from which only an honest man could come with honor and acquittal. The ruling of the judge is certainly one of the most remarkable instances of judicial prejudice on record.

There may not be, as stated in the correspondence of the Boston *Globe*, 30,000,000 Spiritualists in the world, but the number closely approximates thereto. A majority of these reside in the United States, and their strength has been repeatedly shown by political action when their liberties have been assailed. The true Spiritualist is above the narrow confines of party, and casts his vote for the men and measures he considers best. Not many years ago the partisan press assailed the religious belief of the candidate for governor of Ohio of the party almost hopelessly in the minority. The attack was brief, for the first echo informed the editors of the irreparable blunder they had made. The silence for the remainder of the campaign only emphasized the cowardice of the assault. Every Liberalist and Spiritualist voted for that candidate as they would resent a personal insult, and he was elected by an overwhelming majority. The present administration is conspicuous for the narrowness, bigotry, and spirit of persecution, often approaching unbearable tyranny, it manifests. If we may forecast the future by the past, that party will meet with a merited rebuke at the polls from the hosts who regard their principles and the liberty of their expression as of infinitely more value than party victory.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

BRIEF STATEMENT OF THE ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE IN LAST TRIAL.

THE writer has been intimately acquainted with W. E. Reid ever since he came to Grand Rapids, and is familiar with all of the details of the suit which resulted in his conviction and sentence. A few of the leading points will tend to give an idea of the way the case was tried.

The offense alleged was the use of the mails to further a fraudulent scheme. The use of the mails was conceded. The fraudulent scheme alleged in the indictment is as follows: "The said Walter E. Reid did then and there unlawfully and feloniously profess and falsely pretend to secure communications from the Spirit-land upon the request of any person who might desire the same." The defense admitted the profession, and denied that it was *false, unlawful, and felonious.* The issue therefore was on this question of fact, *Did he do as he professed? Did he procure such messages as he agreed to procure?* On a motion to quash the indictment, we raised the question whether this was a proper issue to put before a jury. The court evaded ruling upon that question, and held him for trial. The case turned upon this question absolutely and it could not be ignored. How it was disposed of is important to every justice-loving American citizen

whether or not he believed in the power of the departed to communicate with the living. There was but three possible ways in which he could proceed: 1.—Put it on trial according to law and submit the question of fact to the jury to determine; or 2. — Presume it in his favor according to the common law of presumption of innocence, which would end the case at once in his favor; or 3.— Presume it against him without trial, which would deprive him of his common law rights of presumptions of innocence and of trial by jury.

Which of these was done? A juror was asked if he had formed an opinion on the general proposition of this defendant's ability to procure such communications, and the court declared, that "no such issue of fact shall be tried in this court," and at another time the court said, "There is no evidence to determine such a question," and later on Judge Jackson declared, "There are some things so absurdly impossible that the court will not stultify its intelligence by taking testimony thereon," so the question of whether he did procure such communications was not *tried* but it had to be *determined*, because if he *did do so*, there could be no fraud, and he could not be guilty. Before he could be lawfully convicted, it *must be determined that he did not do as he agreed to.* The defence was placed in this curious dilemma. Any evidence to prove that he *did not* do as he undertook to do was admissable, but evidence for the express purpose of showing that he *did do so* was not admissable.

Some issue of fact had to be submitted to the jury, and so the question of his "intent" was raised by the court and the jury instructed to find a verdict upon his "belief." If he believed he could do as he advertised he was to be acquitted. Such a question could not legally arise until *fraud* had been proven or found. *To raise the question of intent was to presume the fraud*, to presume that he did not deliver the messages advertised, so the court disposed of the main fact in issue by *presuming it against the defendant without hearing testimony thereon.* Reid was not indicted for falsely pretending to *believe* anything, but for falsely pretending to *do* something. One issue of fact could not be lawfully substituted for another in this way.

Alleged admissions made to men confessedly in the business of fraudulent dark seances, some two years prior to engaging in this business, were made the basis of the case against him. These admissions were to the effect that he had to open the letters or know their contents in order to make answer thereto, otherwise he could not answer them. Defence offered to show that at that time, in the presence of these witnesses, he did make accurate and test answers without doing as they alleged he said he must do at all times. This evidence was ruled out.

Evidence was offered to show that he had accurately answered letters, containing test questions, that he had never seen or heard of during the time laid in the indictment. This also was refused. These fraudulent mediums swore that they never took pay for their performances. A government witness subpœnaed against Reid testified that he had paid them money for their performances.

Space will not permit a full account of the evidence. The court ruled out all detailed account of single transactions, and finally refused to allow the defendant to exhibit his method and process before the jury, notwithstanding the fact that they had alleged experts there who claimed that there was only one way to perform them; that they could explain them, and knew all about how they were done! This will give some idea of how that part of the case was managed.

The argument to the jury by the counsel for the Government was in violation of law, and a disgrace to the Government he assumed to represent. He dwelt long and loudly upon the fact that defendant did not testify in his own behalf, and also argued with telling effect on evidence of Reid's indebtedness to some women, which evidence was ruled out of the case, adding thereto statements as to their poverty and distress, not even testified to.

The court misdirected the jury by asserting that all other questions were conceded, but his *belief* and *intent*, that that was all they need inquire into. The defence had insisted that he delivered the messages as he agreed to and that belief did not nor could not be an issue unless fraud could be proved.

On the motion for a new trial, all this and much more was argued, but the motion was denied, Judge Jackson declaring, "If he asserts that he has a divine gift not allowed his fellow-citizens, it is a *prima facie evidence of fraud, and puts the burden of proof on him, and we are not bound to stultify our intelligence by* ADMITTING EVIDENCE TO PROVE *such an absurd and impossible* CLAIM. *Nor are we bound to assume in his favor that such a claim to supernatural power is true; on the contrary, it is prima facie against him.*"

To put it in plainer terms of our own so that all may understand, the rule is this in substance: If a person claims to do what (*in the opinion of the court*) is impossible or supernatural, such question of fact will not be submitted to a jury, but will be determined *à priori* by the court, and no evidence will be entertained contrary to the preconceived opinions of such court, nor will the defendant be allowed the common law right of presumption of innocence. No other proof of guilt will be necessary than proof that he claims to do something that the *court believes he cannot do.*

L. V. MOULTON.

THE ABUSE OF EULOGISTIC RESOLUTIONS.

"In the good old days, when they hanged witches," the people of this country were careful of the reputation of their great men. When a great man died, they met and adopted resolutions, and set out his good qualities, etc. This is thoroughly commendable, and should always be observed; but in latter days this matter has reached such a point that doubtless most thoughtful people would like to consign the prevailing custom to "innocuous desuetude."

It is not enough that friendly and benevolent societies, military companies, base-ball clubs, and other private and social organizations, must pass resolutions which would mean a great deal if they meant anything at all, but a man cannot be a lawyer, a doctor, an actor, or a member of either house of Congress, but that when he dies, the newspapers give us, with an account of his death, a set of resolutions invariably commencing with something like this: "Whereas, it pleased Almighty God, etc.," and ending with a *resolved* that he was one of the best, purest, and most accomplished of men, and that "these resolutions or a copy thereof be transmitted to his afflicted family, and published in the town or city papers," etc. All of the intermediate space is occupied with informing the public what an exceptional character "our departed friend was," and what mourning is felt for his loss, and that his place can never be supplied. All end with something like this: "We bow with resignation to the decrees of an All-wise Providence." Now this is simply ridiculous. Why cannot some great American genius get up for general use a formula entirely void of the hackneyed whereases, and "we bow with resignations," etc., so that the funeral notice and resolutions which were offered and unanimously adopted on the occasion of the death of the Hon. Josiah Jenkins, a member of the Nip and Tuck Society, should not be so exact a copy of the profound expression of feeling manifested and publicly expressed by the Association for the Promotion of Humbugs, on the melancholy occasion of the death of Tittlebat Titmouse.

Being a lawyer, doctor, merchant, member of any society, or a member of either house of Congress, does not necessarily carry with it any special social allegation or rank, and is by no means a condition of friendship or of increased social status.

Doubtless, a majority of lawyers, doctors, members of social societies, and members of Congress, are honest and good men,

but can it be doubted, that in their ranks there are many (or some) who are not so? Then why should there be (on the death of any) resolutions passed commending them, unless they were specially deserving of such tribute? Should such resolutions be passed alike for good and bad? If so, the merits of the good and the deserving are utterly lost when we contemplate that the identical sentiments are made to do service to all.

The fact that complimentary resolutions are expected on the death of every member of Congress, every member of any society of which the deceased may have been a member, without regard to merit, makes them not only useless, but damaging to those who really deserve them.

This custom is not in accord with the old maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," because it goes further, and to the extent not of refraining from speaking at all of the dead, unless we speak good, but it makes us speak good of everybody who dies a member of Congress or of a particular society, without regard to his race, morals, or previous conditions of rascality.

It is certain that in the course of events all members of Congress, and all members of all of the various societies will die. We cannot conscientiously say that all of them came up to the conditions demanded by the rhetoric of the commendatory resolutions which are usually adopted, nor is it proper to draw the line strongly between those who do and those who do not deserve a great tribute.

Would not the best course be to refrain from florid platitudes, and undue praises, which are alike superfluous, meaningless, and impertinent, and instead of seeking occasions for exhibiting our grief in public, determine to wait until a public demand requires it?

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

WHO KNOWS?

Who knows but that as the visible, changeful, perishing myself is built of atoms, in their analysis too minute to be recognized by the senses, and yet really present always, the imperishable myself may be built of material infinitely finer than that which makes up atoms, and may fill the interstices between them? To illustrate: Suppose you fill a bowl with marbles and then pour in as many shot as can be received among these marbles, for there is space still remaining. Then suppose you pour in sand which fills the still remaining space between the shot. By choosing materials carefully graded as to dimensions you can fill the bowl a dozen times over after it had seemed to be already full, and you would do this by occupying the interstitial spaces. The real and enduring myself may be this moment as present as it ever will be in any world. It is present, however, only to consciousness. That mysterious power correlates and holds the atoms together. Indeed it furnishes their only cohesive force. We call it life and cannot trace it by means of the coarse senses that are adapted to the atomic, the perceptible self. Now some day this interstitial self drops the atomic self and goes its way. The power of cohesion, the vital force being gone, the spiritual body (for it is nothing more nor less), having separated itself from the material, the latter must return to its original ingredients, and this is all there is of death, perhaps.

Frances E. Willard.

A DEFENCE OF THE BIBLE PATRIARCHS.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, is reported, in a late issue of the New York *Tribune*, to have said at a ministerial conference of his reverend brethren, substantially this. "I do not take much stock in the Patriarchs. The most of them were men who would not be tolerated anywhere outside of Sing Sing at the present day." Be it remembered that Sing Sing is the nearest State's prison to N. Y. City, in the State of New York, and the point of the remark is apparent.

Time was when to discuss the private characters of such Bible personages as the Patriarchs in the same manner that the character of any other mere man is discussed, weighed, and judged, was deemed the rankest kind of heresy. Disloyalty to the church, unbelief in the doctrines of Christianity, and a weakening of the foundations of the church were credited to the man who dared to speak of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as other men are spoken of, when judged by their actions.

To-day, however, it is not necessary to defend the whole of a Patriarch's life and call him all good, merely because he was a Patriarch; neither is it just to assail the whole life of one, and sweepingly condemn them all, nor does the church quiver from foundation to steeple top from the shock of an attack upon one of these old worthies, or unworthies, as they doubtless sometimes were.

The Christian church has learned that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were men only, with, as other men likewise have, occasional glimpses of God-taught truth vouchsafed to them. That under the divine spiritual influence and power, they did mightily for God. When this influence departed for a season, and they listened to the voice of the natural man rather than to that, they did exactly what every other man in the world has done in like circumstances, the deeds of the flesh. Our Methodist friends call it "backsliding." When in that backslidden state were they any worse than other men in the same spiritual state? The error arises not so much from the Patriarchs themselves as from the erroneous views entertained by their followers of their extreme sanctity, when they themselves nowhere professed to be any differently constituted from other men, and subject to the same natural and spiritual laws.

But is it, after all, fair to test the man character of Jacob by

that of men of the nineteenth century? Is it even reasonable to put this ignorant simple Bedouin Shepherd on a par with the man of to-day? No! The man with whom to compare Jacob fairly, is the man of his own time — Laban for instance. Compare not by an isolated act from the life of each, but take the whole life of each, so far as the records run, and see that though at the beginning they had the same strain of blood, and as "blood will tell," so the strain seemed to tell in the life of Jacob, yet as they grew older, while Laban clings to his idols and heathen practices, and in the end goes back to his lean kine, his Syrian pastures, and to engage in the business of making new false gods in the place of those stolen by his daughter (who seems to have been her own father's daughter, in respect to her accurate knowledge of the difference between "meum" and "teum"), goes back into obscurity, and is heard of no more, Jacob develops in knowledge of the true God and of men's real position in His eyes. By reason of this development and knowledge, he leaps from his knees, in one night's deep heart experience, from Jacob the Supplanter, to Israel, a prince of God. Nor is this the *end* of his development. He constantly advances in the direction of real knowledge, until, with every trace of that mean "strain" eradicated, he stands before the mightiest monarch of the time, an honored guest, and upon his death-bed delivers one of the most far-reaching and eloquent of prophecies, and is forever honored by the declaration of Jehovah Himself, with "I am the God of Jacob." Could Dr. Parkhurst, or any other nineteenth century divine, do any better in the line of development, under the same conditions of birth, education, and circumstances?

With all our boasted progress and claims to knowledge; with all our complacent self-encomiums on our age and nation, and our "higher criticism" and extended research, our most distinguished divines have failed to fathom the depth of the God-inspired knowledge, so far as their spiritual insight is concerned, of even a single one of the "old Patriarchs."

CHARLES HALSEY MOORE.

DR. HARTT'S VIEW OF THE RUM PROBLEM CRITICISED.

Dr. Henry Hartt wishes the experiment to be made of curing the evil of drunkenness by regarding it as a *crime*, and punishing it as such. A proposition of this kind from an M. D. is very remarkable. From another, not having studied the science of therapeutics, it might not seem so astounding, even in this age of the world, that drunkenness should be regarded as a crime, and not as it is — a disease. If we imprison for drunkenness, we must just as logically imprison for a dozen other things, likewise results of heredity and improper conditions of living. Dr. Hartt says: "I am persuaded that by this course, and this course alone, we should speedily banish it from respectable society to the hands of debauchery and crime."

Dr. Hartt seems anxious that the *rich* "criminal" should suffer the penalty of his crime in like manner as his poorer brother. But how could that be managed? The rich man gets drunk in his own house. The "world does not see *him*, as he lies in stupor — or raves in *delirium tremens*. Who is to set "watch and ward" over *him*, and arrest him upon his "third offence"? Then it is the *dis*respectable drunkard, most easily discovered, in saloon or gutter, who is to be subjected to the cure — imprisonment. If it were to be tried and actually *proved* a cure, would the thing not work just the reverse of what Dr. Hartt predicts, and the committing of the crime be left entirely to the "unarrestable" upper so-called "respectable" class?

But let it be first proved that drunkenness *is* a crime. I don't think it can be done. We nearly all of us believe in heredity, nowadays. If we trace our ancestry back according to the Hebrew Scriptures we must acknowledge that while Adam was our *first* universal father, Noah was our second, and he was certainly a very disreputable drunkard, and the "crime" has come down to us, through every generation. Added to an inherited craving, there is also the baneful effect of false modes of living — the use of highly seasoned foods, causing unnatural thirst, and worst of all, common to rich and poor alike, is the curse of tobacco, which does more to cause excessive drinking than is imagined by the majority of mankind.

Dr. Hartt speaks of "gifts of a beneficent Providence," by which I suppose he refers to intoxicating liquors. *Are* they *really*?

I don't see any "beneficence" in such "gifts." They have invariably caused evil and wretchedness unlimited — and whenever any good?

Men *can* be cured of drunkenness. Why not (from motives of economy, if no others)? Substitute for the jail an inebriate asylum; "arrest" the man, "imprison" him there for a while, and turn the poor fellow out — not *punished* but *cured*. It would cost the government no more, just the reverse, for there would be little danger of a recurrence. Prisons, as run now, do but little to *correct error*,— the question is do they not largely *cause* it?

K. Hardy.

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THE ECONOMIC FUTURE OF THE NEW SOUTH.

BY PROF. N. S. SHALER.

It has required a quarter of a century to show us how great was the influence of slavery in repressing the development of the Southern States of this Union. It was not a difficult matter for the economist to give many reasons to support the position that a servile state of the laboring class was inimical to the best interests of the population, but it is now evident that few if any of the critics of slavery had attained to an adequate conception of the magnitude of the repressing influences of that institution. It was almost as effective in keeping the commercial motives of our time away from the South, as the barrier which ages of systematic isolation had drawn around Japan. While men, it is true, found no difficulty in forming the arbitrary line which separated the two sections of the country, there was no real intermingling of spirit. The people of the North and South were centuries apart in all save the outward guise of culture.

For awhile after the Civil War, the troubles of that time of social overturning, misnamed the reconstruction period, threatened to reduce the conquered States to anarchy; but the civilizing instincts of the population swiftly brought order out of a chaos which with any other race would have endured for generations. Then began the true reconstruction which is now in such a marvellous way rebuilding from the shattered fragments of southern society, great States of the modern type. This process of rehabilitation has been singularly favored by the commercial spirit which characterizes the northern people. It is the habit of many idealists to condemn the business motives which so influence the conduct of men in our generation, but it is easy to see that the spirit of trade has proved in

this instance a remedy for very grave ills. Left to the influences of politics alone, the subjugated South and the victorious North would have remained long apart: without some common grounds of sympathetic contact it is difficult to see how the division could ever have been healed. This common ground of relations has been found in business interests. Northern capital has invaded the South more swiftly and more effectively than the northern armies managed to do, and on the old battle-fields, victors and vanquished have forgotten their ancient strife in the friendly converse of men who are winning wealth each for the other.

As the complete union of the two sections manifestly depends on the extension of commercial relations between its people, it is worth while to review the resources of the South which are likely to contribute to this end. We may thereby gain an insight into the probable future of the business growth, which alone can soon firmly unite the long discordant parts of our country. In guaging the resources of any region, the first question before us is to determine the quality of its population. There is an ancient notion that the white population of the South consisted in part of a soft-handed gentry incapable of labor, and in part of peasants, despised by their superiors in social station, and without moral or physical stamina. All the federal soldiers who came into close contact with the southern armies were rudely disabused of this prejudice. They found themselves face to face with men of their own kind, laborious, alacrious, and enduring after the American manner. War is a cruel test of these human qualities: judged by this fire assay we know the Southerner to be of sterling material, in no way below the lofty standard of his race. Slavery doubtless retarded the processes of civilization in men of all stations who were exposed to its influences, but it left untouched the sterling qualities of the folk much as they were among the English ancestors of our people of two centuries or more ago.

Although there is far less difference between the character of men in the Southern and those of the Northern States than is commonly supposed, there are some features of diversity that deserve notice. The characteristic colonists of New England more generally came from the urban population of the mother country, while in the Virginia district a larger part of the population appears to have been more rural in its

origin. It is probably to this difference in the previous nurture of the people that we owe the diversity in the way in which their settlements were arranged: in the New England colonies the people usually gathered into towns and hamlets, while in the South they from the first showed a disposition to scattered plantations. Be the cause what it may,—and it is likely that it is far more complicated than just suggested, the southern people have been and still remain essentially country folk, loving the width and solitude of their own fields, dwelling much within their own thoughts, taking slowly to new things: in a word, endowed with the peculiarities which always characterize country folk. The old fashioned British squire, rigid and gnarled as an oak, but the best of human temper at heart, and the yeoman, rude, prejudiced, and ignorant, yet of the same sturdy quality, have in the South survived the assaults of modern culture. The modern spirit has to deal with excellent material in almost all the parts of the white population of the old slave districts. In some sections, it is true, there are considerable numbers of the degraded people known to literature as "poor white trash" but more often found in print than in reality. These are mainly the descendants of indented servants, of emigrants of the peasant class, or from the mongrel colonies planted by the land companies of the Carolinas with an admixture of degradations from the better part of the population.

To a stranger who is accustomed to the smart look which much contact with men gives to the people in the more modernized parts of the world, the countrified air and shabby, often squalid dress of the rustics of the South, will convey a most erroneous impression. He will err in supposing that the men before him have the same mental and moral qualities which he is accustomed to find in people of a like appearance in other lands. Let him but know them, and he will find that they are generally trustworthy citizens, honest, fairly laborious, and with very clear and high, even if somewhat peculiar, sense of the relations of man and man. In case it happens that he becomes their guest, he will be surprised at the combined dignity and gentleness with which they will do the offices of hospitality. That they have not been more efficiently laborious is due to the fact that hitherto they have had no sufficient inducement to labor. Under the old conditions it was almost impossible for any

amount of thrift to lift a man of the yeoman class from his position as a small farmer to the station of a slave-holding planter. Such promotion came to men by inheritance, or by the wealth acquired in trade. Enough of the simple needs of life and after that leisure became the ideals of the poorer whites.

In the new dispensation the poor white works well, surprisingly well, when we consider how changed is his present situation as contrasted with the past. Give him a generation to train his limbs to the unaccustomed chase of the dollar and he will find the pace of his race.

Not the least of the good promise of the southern white population is found in the admirable quality of their ancestors. There is probably at the present time no equally numerous part of the English race so unaffected by foreign blood. As yet this population is little influenced by recent immigration and there seems a chance that the peoples of continental Europe may not invade that part of the country. The original settlers of Virginia and the Carolinas were like those of the northern colonies in most respects, but there are, as before mentioned, some important differences in detail. The North received a larger share of immigrants belonging to the trading and manufacturing classes of the mother country. The South was more generally from the soil-tilling people; the northern settlers were, as a whole, more purely southern English, the southern people received a singularly large share of Scottish blood either directly from Northern Britain or through Northern Ireland. Though some part of this Scottish immigration went to Pennsylvania and to colonies even farther north, Virginia and North Carolina received the largest share of this precious heritage of any part of the United States. Strong in mind and body and very prolific, this Scottish population has been the dominant element of the South for near a century and bids fair to remain the most important in the time to come.

The negro population affords by far the most serious of the questions before the South. This problem is so manifold, and touches so many of the ideal and actual interests of the people that it is almost impossible to form a clear judgment concerning its solution. It is, however, evident that the difficulties of the situation are naturally divided into three groups, viz.: Those which pertain to the economic inter-

course of the races, those which concern their political relations, and those involved in the purely social contacts. The first of these is already in great part solved. The negro is hard at work: the spur of necessity, the need of daily bread, causes him to do as much labor as was ever won from him by the fear of the lash. He is already a fair laborer, not demanding much pay, and not given to strikes; he works well about his task, and seems to be learning the lesson of perseverance almost as rapidly as his white fellow citizen of the laboring classes. That part of the race prejudice which made it difficult for the whites to work with the blacks, which was indeed never very strong, is disappearing. It is very common to find them toiling side by side in the field, the factory or the mine, with no mark of friction.

So strong are the economic motives of our time that the satisfactory condition of the labor problem in the South is the best possible assurance that the most important features of political accord between its adverse races will soon be attained. When men are amicably associated in daily labor we may be sure that there are no immediate dangers to be apprehended from their political discords. Then also in the matter of social relations the consensus in economic life will in time develop so much of friendly intercourse as is fit to the needs. I do not mean to imply that a close social union between these diverse peoples, the African and the Aryan races of this country, is ever likely to come about or is even desirable, nor do I think that the political outlook is by any means satisfactory, yet despite these conditions the rapidly developing and even now tolerably satisfactory accord of the economic relations of the blacks and whites shows that we are quite past the worst dangers of the situation. The habit of associated labor has taken us beyond the dangers of a serious conflict between the races, and day by day will increase the elements of concord. We may, therefore, turn to the physical resources of the Southern States with confidence that no serious conflicts will interfere with their economic use.

The resources to which the South owes its commercial development may be considered under the following headings, viz., climate, soil, water power, and subterranean stores of economic materials. The first of these, the climate, and in a subsidiary way many of the others, are dependent in a measure on the general form of the country. It will there-

fore be necessary to take an account of the more important elements of the topography of the region. The general shape of the Southern States is simple. The most important feature consists in the vast ridge of the Appalachian mountain system which, though beginning in the New England district, attains its characteristic form as well as its greatest height in the region south of the Potomac. In this district the mountains proper and the bordering table-lands occupy an area of about two hundred thousand square miles, the surface of which is elevated to a height of a thousand feet or more above the sea, and much of which, perhaps one-half in all, has its most elevated parts at the height of over two thousand feet above the tide. The result of this elevation is that almost one-half of the area of the Southern States east of the Mississippi River has a much colder climate than its latitude indicates. Measured by the temperature conditions of the sea shore line, this district may be said to have climatical relations analogous to those of the coast between Washington and Boston. Its conditions are in this respect perhaps the best of any district now occupied by our race.

In the east between this vast mountainous district and the Atlantic, lies a strip of lowlands formed where the table-lands decline gently to the sea. This region is on the whole a good field for our race; its climate is tempered by the sea on the east, and the elevated country on the west. Though in places malarious it can be made salubrious by drainage. On the south this great southern plain is extended in the peninsula of Florida down to near the northern tropic. In this curious portion of the continent we find a climate which may be termed sub-tropical in its nature, but tempered by the ample seas which wrap it about. The lowland district is continued along the northern shore of the Gulf around the southern terminus of the Appalachians, and then extends up the Mississippi Valley as a rather broad trough in which lie the swampy districts of Western Mississippi and Tennessee, the greater part of Louisiana, and the eastern portion of Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri. The remainder of these last named States is high and salubrious land, lying on the vast decline extending eastward from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The really low lying and marshy districts of the South do not include more than one-eighth to one-tenth of its area, and in these the conditions of the surface make it

possible with simple engineering devices to give a better drainage than that which has been effected in the valley of the Po and lower Rhine. At least seven-eighths of the South is not naturally malarious, though in the frontier stage of the occupation of the land there is, as in other parts of the country, a liability to ague, and the neglect of drainage may lead even more quickly than in the North to attacks of filth diseases.

In good part the marshes which exist in the South are the result of the large and seasonably well distributed rain-fall. This field shares this singular advantage with the rest of the country which occupies the portion of North America which lies east of the Mississippi. This part of the continent is the best watered of all the lands occupied by the race, and the southern section in particular, owing to the warmness of the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico, is almost exempt from destructive droughts. This well adjusted supply of rain gives to the southern rivers a tolerable constancy of flow and thus fits them for water powers in assurance exceeded only by the New England district. The whole of the elevated region of the Appalachians abounds in noble streams which may be turned to this use. To this gift of gracious skies we may also attribute the superb forests of this region. These woods contain a greater variety of broad-leaved deciduous trees than are found in any other sub-tropical forests of the world, and the conifers are only exceeded in growth by those of the giant forests of the Pacific Coast. The forests of the Northern States, which never covered anything like the area of those in the southern districts, have been stripped of their valuable timber, while a large part of the area south of the Potomac and the Ohio have never been scourged by the axe, and are saved from fire by the relatively great rain-fall. In this region lie the effective timber resources of the continent; used with reasonable care, they will by their swift growth afford a permanent supply for all the needs of its population.

The soil of the South, though on the whole less fertile than that of the prairie districts, deserves a high place among the tillable districts of the world. Central Kentucky and Tennessee, the Shenandoah Valley, and certain other less important portions of the Southern States, are underlaid by limestones, which by their decay produce soils of singular

fertility and endurance for tillage, affording a production from agriculture not surpassed in any land. The valleys of the rivers contain wide fields of alluvium, which are exceedingly fertile and refreshed by the annual inundations of the streams. The limestone districts of Texas afford a deep and rich soil, which is of the best quality and affords, in years of sufficient rain-fall, most excellent crops. All the regions underlaid by the crystalline rocks of the Appalachians are generally characterized by clayey soils, which are only surpassed by those which are provided on the limestone deposits. The area of high grade soils in the fairly well watered portions of the Southern States is not far from two hundred and fifty thousand square miles. Between the tablelands of the limestone areas and the alluvial valleys and also along the whole shore and district, the geological conditions are such that the soil is generally in its nature a sandy loam, becoming more sandy as we approach the Floridan district. In Florida, except in the limestone hummocks and in the everglade district, the surface of the earth is covered by a very arenaceous coating.

It is an eminent peculiarity of the South that nearly all of its surface is fit for some kind of tillage. East of the arid lands of Texas there is probably not one fiftieth of the area which cannot be made serviceable for man. Being almost altogether south of the region affected by the glacial period, there are hardly any loose rocks, and the fields are never strewn with stone in the manner so familiar to us in more northern regions. Even where the soil is of a sandy nature, careful tillage, aided by an abundant rainfall, will give profitable returns to the farmer. Not the least of the agricultural advantages afforded to the agriculturalist is the abundant supply of mineral manures existing in this region. In South Carolina, Florida, and westward through Alabama and Mississippi, certain strata contain an abundance of phosphate matter, which not only have a value as articles of export, but provide supply for the needs of the neighboring fields. So far the tillage methods of the Southern States have been but little affected by modern science, but when the agriculture of this district is fairly developed it will be found that its soils are extremely well suited to the needs of the skilful husbandman.

It is, however, to the under-earth resources of the earth that we must look for the foundation of those industries which

are to effect the economic revolution of this part of the country. These are fortunately of a nature to afford the basis for a sound and extended commerce and a vast manufacturing industry. Until the close of the civil war, even the mining enterprises of the South were extremely limited. A number of small furnaces produced iron, mainly from the ores of the northern portion of the district ; but the production was not sufficient to have any great commercial importance. In Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia there were gold mines, some of which had given considerable returns. The first step in the mining activity of this region after the war was to re-open these gold mines, and with the appliances of modern mining to seek to win a profit from them. These endeavors were one and all failures. The fact is, these mines were commonly worked by slaves in the seasons of the year when their masters had no use for them in the fields, and could afford to employ them in labor which gave even the smallest return. Moreover, the lodes which contained the gold were productive only near the surface, where long decay had brought the metal into a condition to be readily won, and these superficial portions of the veins had been exhausted. It was doubtless advantageous to the South that precious metal mining did not find a place among its modern industries. Experience shows that the search for these products of the earth breeds a speculative spirit and that it is difficult to create other more legitimate employments in regions where gold and silver are obtained in remunerative quantities.

Although the Southern States here and there afford ores of copper, lead, and zinc, its mineral wealth substantially consists in the vast store of coal, iron, manganese, fire clays and other earth products, which pertain to the great staple products of commerce. At present and for all the foreseeable future the most substantial economic work of our civilization depends mainly on the use of coal and iron. Although both of these substances in a way abound throughout the northern hemisphere, and iron ore of fine quality is found most widely distributed over the earth, they are rarely found in considerable quantities near together. The association of the two in the same field is important for several evident reasons. In the first place it requires from two to three tons of coal, or its equivalent in coke, to extract the metal from the

ore and bring it into the state of pig iron. Then all the subsequent processes by which it is converted into the uses of the arts require yet more fuel. When the ore and coal are far apart it is a costly business to bring them together. Each hundred miles of distance between them commonly means an expense of from one to two dollars per ton in the cost of making the metallic iron. In the Southern States the quantity and the association of the materials for this industry are better than in any other country, except perhaps in China.

The iron ores of the South are not only extremely abundant but occur in several widely separated fields. The Shenandoah district of Virginia and the neighboring valley of the Roanoke, western North Carolina, Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, North Western Georgia and Northern Alabama, all districts belonging to the system of the Appalachians, abound in workable deposits of this mineral. Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, also contain valuable iron ores, but they lie remote from deposits of good coal. The peculiar advantage of the Appalachian district is found in the fact that the ores lie in the neighborhood of excellent coal beds, which in certain cases can be used as it comes from the mine, or may be made to serve the needs of the smelter after it is converted into coke. The average distance of the iron ores from the coal needed to reduce it to the metallic state does not probably exceed one hundred miles. The ores of the Lake Superior district have to be transported from seven to ten times this distance to find an appropriate fuel. It is true that the average richness of the Lake Superior ores in metallic iron is probably nearly one third greater than those found in the Southern States, and the former yield Bessemer iron, which, save in rare instances, cannot be produced from the southern deposits. On the other hand, the southern ores are generally won with considerable ease. Enough ore to make a ton of iron can at many points be mined and put in the furnace at a cost of between one and two dollars, while to bring the same amount of raw material from the earth about Lake Superior to the smelting point costs, at the present time, from nine to twelve dollars. Moreover, there is a method of making steel, known as the Basic Process, which, for general purposes, is as good as the Bessemer system. This method is well proven, and, with the expiration of certain patents, which in a few years

will cease to be valid, will doubtless come into general use in the Southern States.

The peculiar ease with which the southern irons are mined is in good part due to their geologic conditions. They are generally in the form of true beds which once were limestones, and have been converted by percolating waters containing iron in a dissolved form into iron ores; being beds of this origin, the deposits are more continuous than those of other nature, such as those about Lake Superior, where the ore occurs in much more irregular deposits. Moreover, the Southern country was not occupied by the glaciers of the last ice period; thus the soft oxidized ores were not worn away as has generally been the case in the glaciated fields, nor have the outcrops been hidden by the deep accumulations of drift materials which are so common in northern districts. In part also their advantageous conditions are due to the fact that the southern climate permits work to be carried on in open pits throughout the year, while such uncovered openings would not be workable for more than seven months of the year in more northern climes.

At present the southern iron furnishes ore at a certain disadvantage, owing to the fact that their market is limited to the United States, and they are generally remote from the great centres where this metal is most consumed. The rapid industrial growth of the region about them is likely in a very few years to give a local demand for all the metal they at present produce, but their product will within a decade find a way to a wider field than this continent. To see this feature of their future it is necessary to glance at the present conditions of the two great southern continents Africa and South America.

Within a few years the industrial condition of these two great lands of the South is destined to undergo a great change. In both sections the construction of railways and the extension of other commercial enterprises have been commenced, and their realms so long beyond the limits of the active life of the world are to be rapidly subjugated to civilization. They are, in a word, to enter on their iron age. The lack of any satisfactory iron-making fuel in these continents as well as their social conditions apparently make it impossible that they can produce their own supply of iron or coal. These materials will have to be brought from Europe or North America: they might

perhaps be produced in China, but it will demand a social revolution to bring that people to compete with the Aryan civilization. Europe has not the means to supply this need; already the call for iron from these countries has carried the price of that metal to a point beyond what it commands in the markets of the United States. It seems clear that the Southern States of this Union will shortly be in a position to claim the place which its resources for iron production entitle them to hold, and that they will be looked to as the source of supply, both of iron and coal, for these awakening continents.

It now appears certain that within a short time a canal will be constructed through the American Isthmus, either at Darien or at Nicaragua or perhaps at both points. When this task is accomplished the southern portion of the United States will lie next to the greatest marine highway of the world. It alone can afford the coal for the shipping which is to pass along this path, and this for the reason that the mines of the southern Appalachian district are three or four thousand miles nearer to the Caribbean waters than those of England.

The vast agricultural and mineral resources of South America will soon be demanded as sources of supply of the world's markets. The developments of this continent will demand a great amount of machinery and tools. The geographic and the geological conditions point to the South as the place whence these shall be supplied. So too, the demands of Africa, as its population becomes modernized, will naturally be met by the earth resources of the Southern States. As these changes come about this region, with its store of coal and iron, its abundant water powers, good soil, and excellent climate, will not only command these markets, but will be in an excellent position to send its products of mine, factory, and forest to the whole Pacific realm.

The great revolution of our civil war, by destroying slavery, opened a new realm to the enterprise of our people. Most fortunately the earth resources of this realm provided the basis of an economic development which promises to solve the difficulties which could not be cleared away by arms or by legislation. This development bids fair to complete the modernizing process and to give a new life not only to the South and to our nation as a whole, but to have a vast influence on the industrial developments of other lands.

OUR FOREIGN IMMIGRATION. ITS SOCIAL ASPECTS.

BY PERI ANDER.

During the past two years, public attention has been rather forcibly attracted to the quantity and the quality of our foreign immigration. The searching investigation of a certain Congressional committee revealed a state of affairs that was far from reassuring. Press and pulpit have agitated for reform. Indeed, a significant change is apparent in the attitude of the press.

Until recently, the subject received little consideration, but leading journals now urge with practical unanimity the need of restrictive legislation, and several periodicals in various parts of the country devote themselves almost exclusively to the discussion of immigration and kindred questions.

No doubt to a growing feeling of popular discontent with the present condition of affairs may be attributed the sudden appearance of a new party in the west,—a party which advocates such radical changes in immigration, naturalization, and unlimited purchase of land by non-resident aliens. In fact the signs of the times seem to point to a consideration, or, more accurately, to a reconsideration of the great problem of immigration.

Of course there are various methods in which such a subject may be treated. We may regard it for instance from a political standpoint, or from a material or economic point of view, or again, as indicated by the character of this article, the question may be considered purely in its social aspects.

It is somewhat important to bear these distinctions in mind, because in past discussions they have been frequently lost sight of. To refute a social objection to immigration

the economic argument has been adduced, or else the latter has been calmly cited as if it covered the entire case and conclusively settled further discussion. But manifestly it does not do so. On the contrary a distinguished writer recently, while conceding the force of the economic argument, clearly indicated its inconclusive nature. To quote from a magazine article by Hon. Hugh McCullough, the writer referred to: "It is estimated," he says, "that since the foundation of our government more than thirteen millions of immigrants have come to the United States, and that if each brought with him sixty dollars in money the pecuniary gain has been about eight hundred million, but the gain in this respect has been small in comparison with what the immigrants were worth as laborers in the various branches of industry. Estimating them to have been equal in value to the slaves in the Southern States, they have added to our national wealth three times as much as our national debt amounted to at the close of the war!" But the writer goes on most pertinently to remark, the italics not being his: "What the *offsets* may be to this enormous gain is yet to be determined. The true wealth of a nation is not to be measured by acreage or money, but by the *quality of its people*. If the effects of foreign immigration should prove to be deleterious to the *character of the population* the gain referred to would have been dearly acquired."

These words are most striking and suggestive. The common weal, which is after all but another name for Commonwealth, does *not* depend solely or chiefly on material resources nor on the extent of the national domain. Of true national greatness material resources, however important an element, are not the origin or source. The whole history of the human race shows that moral considerations, moral influences and tendencies are far more permanent and lasting. Upon the character of the people has national greatness depended in the past; upon the character of her people does American greatness and American civilization depend to-day.

Such a reflection raises, or should raise the whole subject of immigration above mere partisan considerations and places it upon a vastly higher and broader plane. What bearing does immigration have upon the character of our people, what influence does it have in moulding and developing the character of the nation?

It is not customary to speak of a nation's character in this sense. Yet every nation manifestly has a character of its own as distinct as those of the individuals who compose it. And, to take a step further, we may say without pressing the analogy too far, that as the character of the individual is shaped and often strengthened by the very obstacles with which his destiny confronts him, the national character is determined very largely by the success of a nation in removing or overcoming the barriers which lie in the path of *its* development, or in other words upon the solution of what are called national problems.

Our own nation's progress and character, for example, obviously depend upon the temper in which we face our national problems and the resolution we display in grappling with them, and a little consideration will show that the relations which immigration bears to certain of these problems assume an importance which can scarcely be overestimated, — towards the attitude of labor to capital, for instance, or to purity of the ballot, towards the liquor traffic, or Mormonism.

With regard to Mormonism it might perhaps be hoped that immigration will act to some extent as a corrective of the evil and ultimately aid us in supplanting it. Immigration of the right sort would, no doubt, exert such an influence. Up to the present time, however, it does not appear to have done so. On the contrary Mormonism, though of native birth, has been nurtured almost entirely upon foreign immigration. The growth and prosperity in this nineteenth century of such an institution, "the twin relic of barbarism," is a phenomenon which has amazed the world and become our national reproach.

For many years we employed against it every agency at our command. But Mormonism continued to baffle all the efforts of government and people. We could not suppress it. It was not even checked, but continued to grow faster than the "Gentile" population, and to expand in various directions. And why? Because the source of supply is practically inexhaustible, being constantly renewed among the nations of Europe. For the Mormons make few converts in this country except among immigrants lately landed. Their methods and motives are too well known, education and intelligence too common. But their agents are busily at work

in various quarters of Europe. Thousands of ignorant, unsuspicious foreigners have been inveigled to the west, and proselytizing to-day does not seem to diminish in activity.

The fact is that Mormonism might long ago have yielded to the force of public opinion but for the constant accessions from abroad that have recruited, yes, and vastly multiplied its ranks. Recent legislation is supposed to have solved the "Mormon Problem," so far, that is, as legislation can accomplish the task.

But the social and moral evil already incurred is almost incalculable. For years to come it will tax all the resources of church and state to counteract the results of Mormon rule. And anyone who has witnessed the recent growth of Mormonism and its extension into new territories, may well hazard a doubt as to the actual solution of the problem, or whether in fact it can be entirely solved during the existence of our present system of immigration.

The present relations of capital and labor constitute a grave problem to every civilized nation. Time was when we were disposed to imagine that we should escape most of the dangers and perplexities that arise from a conflict between them. But the events of the past few years have made us sadder and wiser. During the sessions of the congressional committee, it will be remembered, that careful computations made by Mr. Powderly and other leaders among the workingmen, indicated that an enormous quantity of laboring men were living in enforced idleness. A million Americans, many of course men of family, were estimated to be out of employment, seeking work and finding none.

Mr. Powderly attributed this state of affairs very largely to the competition of foreign immigrants. But the proof of such an assertion did not depend upon his statements. The whole drift of the testimony taken before the committee showed in the clearest manner that multitudes of workingmen were being supplanted in various quarters by the hordes of pauper and contract labor. And this iniquitous and unjust competition has been going on for years with hardly a voice raised till recently in behalf of our unfortunate countrymen.

And the workingmen have been in many ways such an object of solicitude to our political economists, philanthropists, and statesmen. During the last presidential campaign both political parties discussed the tariff with special reference

to the physical condition of the workingmen. One party urged the advantage of cheap clothes and cheap markets. The other promised high wages to keep Americans from sharing the fate of the underfed laborer of Europe. Meanwhile both parties studiously ignored the rapid increase on our own soil of the underfed individual in question!

Among the audiences that faced the campaign speakers were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the "unemployed million!" How the professions of the politicians must have savored of mockery to these men. To them it was not a question of good clothes or good living, but of work or starvation, of life or death. After listening to the arguments they might bitterly have asked, "Is not the *life* more than *meat* and the *body* than *raiment?*"

Meantime the tide shows no signs of ebbing. Though fluctuating at intervals it steadily gathers volume with each successive decade. If it continues to rise what must be the lot of the laboring classes whose welfare is such an object of concern? Alas, for the mischief that has already been wrought. Dark enough at best appears to be the future of the American working women, many of whom in large cities are already obliged, it seems, to work for wages that barely suffice to keep body and soul together. We look upon slavery as a thing of the past, but does not unrestricted foreign immigration mean virtual slavery to thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen? As for the character and intelligence of this swarm of invaders, does it average higher than our own? It might perhaps be some compensation if we could think so. But just at present it is difficult to take a sanguine view. To be able to do so would be far from flattering to our self-esteem. The proportion of the undesirable element is too great. So large an infusion of contract and pauper labor is not likely to raise our standard of intelligence and morality.

Indeed, among certain recent importations, morality seems conspicuously absent. Notwithstanding our experience with polygamy in the west, we are submitting to the introduction of a system of polyandry in the east, practised by a race of men who occupy themselves when opportunity offers in rifling and mutilating the bodies of the dead.

Besides the direct menace to the individual and the state involved in a continuation of our present policy, there is

another consideration involved. We have already within our borders a fair supply of anarchists, communists, nihilists, and all that ilk. The Pittsburg and Chicago riots made us painfully aware of their presence and numbers. We have been disposed to assume, however, that we should never share the experiences of foreign governments in dealing with these classes. The conditions here were all so different.

But ever since these riots anarchist and communist have continued to come. And much of our pauper and contract labor and criminal immigration affords a capital field of labor for the enterprising anarchist or communist. Moreover, a million of unemployed, whether native or foreign, constitute of themselves dangerous and inflammable material in any community. The enemies of all law and government are adepts in manipulating such a material. The conditions of society here, in fact, no longer differ so widely from those abroad and each year sees an increasing resemblance between them.

In the municipal growth and development of this country, immigration has always played a most important part. Probably no one deems its influence to have been altogether beneficial. Many of our best and worthiest citizens, judging from their recent utterances, are coming to regard it as practically an unmixed evil. A few extracts from the proceedings of a meeting held last year in New York, may serve to illustrate the growing sentiment. The object of the meeting was to promote evangelizing the masses, and the list of members, clerical and lay, comprises many representative men.

The distinguished chairman stated, by way of introduction, that the gathering was not sectarian, but Christian and thoroughly American and of great importance both to the metropolis and the nation. Men were being forced to recognize the enormous disproportion of foreigners to natives in the large American cities. No such disproportion existed elsewhere in the civilized world.

In London the proportion of foreign population to native was about two per cent. In the city of New York over eighty per cent. of the population was of foreign birth or parentage. To this fact the speaker attributed most of the vice, crime, packed primaries, bribery of voters, bossism in politics, and fraudulent and farcical elections. The addresses that followed were very instructive.

It appears that in 1840 the city contained one Protestant church to every 2,000 people; in 1880, one to 3,000; in 1888, one to 4,000. In some of the uptown wards where the best showing was made, one church sufficed for 5,000 people, while there was one saloon to 125 people. The total population of the city was about 1,500,000, and the total membership of the Protestant churches only about 100,000.

These figures ought to have a deep significance not only for Christianity, but for the whole people. Any investigation would show, as the reports of the meeting indicate, that vast amounts of money, time, and labor are expended in ministering to the spiritual, social, and physical needs of the masses of the city. And it might be difficult for a candid and competent observer to disparage either the motives or methods of those who are thus engaged in laboring for humanity. For much of the work is well organized and also thoroughly earnest and practical. The outlook, however, must be discouraging even to the most ardent philanthropist. Nor is the situation materially improved by including in our estimates the members of the Roman Catholic communion. Statistics show that in the city of New York the proportion of the adherents of Christianity to the total population is constantly and rapidly diminishing. Not only do the churches fail to make headway, they are rapidly falling behind. It is impossible to make much impression on the dense masses of immigrants who are constantly pouring in. The noble aim of the association of churches is to Christianize and to Americanize the foreign element. Under existing circumstances, success in either direction is, humanly speaking, impossible. While one immigrant is being transformed into an American and a Christian a dozen of his compatriots have arrived to claim the same kind offices. It is like an attempt to cleanse the Augean stables.

Such a comparison does not necessarily involve any disparagement of the new comers. It does not raise the much vexed question as to how many of them are of a desirable class. It might be frankly conceded for the purpose of argument that nine-tenths of them would furnish good material for American citizenship under favorable circumstances.

But human nature is very much the same with every race and few men could withstand the evil influences that

surround the emigrant landing in one of our large cities. A recent writer who took part in the proceedings of the meeting referred to, says: —

"Few men appreciate the extent to which they are indebted to their surroundings for the strength with which they resist or do or suffer. All this strength the immigrant leaves behind him. He is isolated in a strange land, perhaps doubly so, because of a strange speech. . . . A considerable part of our American born population are apparently under the impression that the ten commandments are not binding west of Missouri. Is it strange, then, that those who come from other lands, whose old associations are all broken up, and whose reputations are left behind, should sink to a lower moral level? Across the seas they suffer many restraints which are here removed. Better wages afford larger means of self-indulgence. Often the back is not strong enough to bear prosperity, and liberty too often lapses into license. Our population of foreign extraction is sadly conspicuous in our criminal records. This element in 1870, formed twenty per cent. of the population of New England and furnished seventy-five per cent. of the criminals. That is, it was twelve times as much disposed to crime as the native stock."

Yet it appears that these men whose associations, moral restraints, and religious ties are all broken up, are in numberless instances inaccessible to the influences of either Christianity or philanthropy. They are practically isolated on account of their vast numbers as well as their natural but unfortunate tendency towards aggregation.

Their situation concerns the state in its sphere as vitally as it does Christianity itself. The interests of society imperatively forbid the segregation of multitudes of people from the influences and restraints of religion. The most pronounced agnostic or skeptic would hardly hold otherwise. And nothing can be more opposed to the spirit and genius of our institutions than the aggregation of masses of foreigners upon our soil. Our policy has always been just the reverse. Every consideration demands the speediest possible assimilation in their interests as well as our own.

We stand to-day on the threshold of the second century of our national life. In spite of all drawbacks and mistakes boundless opportunities are before us, and the future is

largely in our own hands. In Emerson's inspiring words, "we live in a new and exceptional age. America is another name for opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of the Divine Providence in behalf of the human race."

Some of the nation's problems have already been solved. Various others can and must be solved. For as Mr. Brice has recently reminded us in *The American Commonwealth*, our government and our legislation frequently fail, but the people so far have been equal to every emergency in their history.

To verify Emerson's prediction however, to work out our political destiny and develop the highest type of civilization, a radical change in our system of immigration seems absolutely essential. The instincts of self protection, not to say self preservation, require such a change. No human institutions can endure indefinitely the strain which our present policy, if persisted in, will inevitably put upon our social and political life.

If we cannot sift the immigration which is pouring in upon us from every quarter of the globe — and every effort to do so hitherto has proved abortive — should not a sense of duty and responsibility to ourselves and our children, as well as to the human race, impel us to close the doors entirely for a time, or at least to make the attempt?

HYPNOTISM AND ITS RELATION TO JURISPRUDENCE.

BY EMILY KEMPIN, LL. D., SECRETARY OF THE NEW YORK MEDICO-LEGAL SOCIETY.

I. The Question Under Consideration.

Owing to the widespread interest at the present time in Hypnotism, and as the discoveries that have been made in recent years are so momentous to Science, a paper on this subject seems timely, especially when we remember that our literature is almost silent upon this subject.*

The question, as to what is the real nature of Hypnotism, has led to the formation of two schools, differing widely from each other in the treatment of the subject. One, that of La Salpêtrière in Paris, we may call the old school, at the head of which is Charcot. Students of this school and their adherents, maintain that Hypnotism, while not produced by an unseen agent, a fluid called *magnetism*, urge that the phenomena depend on the existence of some elementary power which they believe to be effective without the realm of physiology. They claim, that the nerves are influenced by something from outside of the human organism, and therefore come very near to the mystic agent of Mesmer.

In contrast with this school are the theories of Liébeault and Bernheim in Nancy. James Braid, of Manchester, England, was the first who proved that the phenomena of Hypnotism do not depend upon a fluid transmitted from the magnetizer, but our nerve forces working *within* the organism of the person to be hypnotized. This theory has been

* Professor Mils Posse, of Boston, has translated a work of Björnström upon Hypnotism; Professor Charcot, of Paris, has in a contemporary review treated the subject briefly from his point of view, and Clark Bell, Esq., has delivered an interesting address before the Medico-Legal Society thereon. With these exceptions I am conversant with no literature in America of any importance treating on Hypnotism.

taken up by the eminent scientists in Nancy, and sustained by a wide practical experience, they have worked out the new, eminently important theory of *suggestion*.

What suggestion in this technical sense is, in its relation to Hypnotism, will be explained in this paper. *

In order to bring the subject clearly before the mind it will be necessary to next examine a few points which relate to the subject in hand.

II. Definition.

Hypnotism (from the word hypnos — sleep) is applied to all the phenomena and their accompanying circumstances which are connected with conscious or unconscious suggestion. *Hypnosis* means the changed state of mind of the hypnotized. *Hypnotizer* is the person who exerts the hypnosis. *Suggestion* is the creating of a dynamic change in the nervous system of a person (or in such functions as are incident to that system) by another person, thereby imparting to the other the (conscious or unconscious) conviction that such a change does take place, has taken place or will take place. Taken as phenomena and potencies, hypnosis and suggestion are as old as humanity. New are only two factors:

1. The acknowledgment of these phenomena as scientific verities. 2. The facility with which almost every human being can be hypnotized by the method of Liébeault. These two factors, especially the latter, give to Hypnotism a new and great importance in criminal and civil law.

III. The Methods of Hypnotizing.

The hypnogenic processes are numerous and various. Almost every magnetizer has had his special method and they have all succeeded in a measure. It was believed for a long time, that the hypnosis is created by some external means, by the effect of peripheric effects from outside on the sensory nerves.

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* The medical part of the same is an extract from the recent essay of Professor Dr. August Forel, Director of the Hospital for the insane in Zurich' Switzerland, entitled: "Der Hypnotismus, Seine Bedentung und Seine Handhabung." It is for American readers the necessary supplement to Mils Posse's translation of Björnström, because the latter discriminates not distinctly enough between the theories of the two schools.

For instance the fixing of the eyes on some shining object or the steady gazing of the subject at the eyes of the hypnotizer, the staring at one's own image, etc., or by effecting the sense of hearing. A blow on a gong is said to cause often sudden sleep, or the hypnotizer blows softly into the face of the person to be hypnotized, or he closes his eyelids with the fingers, and presses gently on the eyeballs.

Braid's method, widely known and used, consisted in letting the medium stare at a shining object, a glass knob or some such thing, which is held a couple of inches above the root of the nose, so that they are obliged to take a position that makes them converge strongly upward by which the muscles of the eyes get tired or the optic nerve becomes over-irritated.

Charcot's celebrated school at La Salpêtrière has modified the Braid method by placing pieces of glass close to the bridge of the nose, by which procedure the convergency of the eyes is increased and sleep comes more rapidly. The strong and successful opponents against the theory which underlies this method of Braid and Charcot are Liébeault and Bernheim at Nancy. The school at Salpêtrière believes that a mechanical irritation produces the sleep and attaches no importance to the association of thought. Charcot and his scholars maintain, that the hypnotized are entirely unconscious and can by no means during the hypnotic sleep be influenced to do or not to do what others suggest to them. The contrary has been proven by the school in Nancy. According to its doctrine, it is not the procedure which makes the patient sleep, but the *idea* that he is going to sleep.*

The scientists maintain strongly, that the fixing of the eye by itself never produces hypnosis, but the suggestion, that is the creating of all the hypnotic phenomena by producing the necessary ideas, especially ideas of phantasy. This is done by the firm declaration, that such and such a state, which is wanted, exists actually or will exist. This is the *Verbal suggestion.*

If a man persuades himself by suggestion, we term it *auto-suggestion* or *self-suggestion.* But suggestion is also produced by other means than the language alone, for instance, by images, in fact by everything which creates strong

* The standpoint of Liébeault and Bernheim takes also Forel.

phantasies. But still more, suggestion can be made unconsciously or the respective illusion can be so weak or short, that the memory can never call it back, and yet the suggestion have full effect. The theory of suggestion has changed the science of Hypnotism in a most remarkable way. Under the old theories, only hysteric or nervous and a very few normal persons could be hypnotized with great difficulty, while the theory of Liébeault succeeds with almost every strong and healthy man. The number of hypnotized healthy persons at Nancy, by Liébeault and Bernheim, amounts to several thousands. During the year 1887, Dr. Wetterstrand in Stockholm has made the experiment of suggestion with 718 people, of which only 19 remained uninfluenced. Dr. von Reuterghem in Amsterdam has hypnotized 162 persons out of 178 successfully, and Fontan and Ségard in Marseille had among 100 persons only a few failures. Forel hypnotized, within one year, 181 out of 215, and a scholar of his, who learned the way of hypnotizing by suggestion with him, recently hypnotized of sixty all but three. In regard to these facts, compared with the few hysteric persons hypnotized at Salpêtrière, whose number amounts to not more than twelve a year, Forel says justly *that the muddled view of hypnosis has to be replaced by the rational views of suggestion, that is, the suggested sleep instead of the hypnotic sleep.*

IV. The Suggestion.

Suggestion, in the technical sense, is the creating of a dynamic change in the nervous system or of functions incident to that system of a person by another person. But we are not only susceptible to suggestion, when going to be hypnotized, but also in an entirely wakeful and ordinary normal state. This is especially the case with imaginative persons; by hearing or reading of a disease, they can imagine that they suffer from the same complaint. In general, suggestion plays a far greater role in normal life and appears daily far more often than we think. Suggestion generally constitutes an important part of all education of children, of all teaching, of the physician's treatment of the sick, of the influence of all men over each other, for good or for evil. It is a common experience, that confidence in the physician and in the remedy greatly promotes the success of the treat-

ment. This is simply suggestion. The physician or the remedy awakens in the brain of the sick person the idea, that just this physician and this remedy will cure this disease. The suggestion is often more than half the cure. The same result of suggestion is also to be seen in our daily life. If we suddenly say to a young girl: "How you are blushing," her face immediately grows red, although she did not have the slightest cause. By yawning or by pretending to yawn, I can cause a whole company to yawn. Laughter and tears are also directly contagious; the mouth waters, when we hear a delicacy spoken of; all is suggestion. So a person in a perfectly wakeful state may be moved to tears, to laughter, to expression of joy, sorrow, anger, etc., by a drama or by the reading of a novel.

This common human susceptibility to suggestion has its degree, however, but we cannot say that it is most developed in weak, sensitive, dependent natures. Also during natural sleep man is susceptible to suggestion. We all know how dreams can be produced and guided at pleasure by this means.

V. Kinds of Suggestion.

The most common and frequent suggestion is the so-called *verbal suggestion.* In this kind of suggestion the hypnotic phenomena is produced by the firm declaration of the hypnotizer that the state wanted by him exists or will exist. In these cases the order must be direct and decided. If it is done with hesitation, and too gently, the patient becomes hesitating and irresolute when it is to be performed. If a man persuades himself without the interference of another we speak of auto-suggestion or self-suggestion. Auto-suggestion is always performed where the person to be hypnotized resists the suggestion of the hypnotizer. If, for instance, a hypnotizer has tried several times to suggest without success, the auto-suggestion with the patient grows so strong that he cannot be hypnotized. (We shall see in the following that the hypnotized is not always automatical.)

Typical auto-suggestions are to be found with hysterical persons. Forel gives instances, where a person was sleepless, but had good appetite. He hypnotized her, and suggested her sleep successfully. Instead of sleeplessness she lost now

the appetite. This is the effect of auto-suggestion. If, for instance, we are to sleep at night in the same position, it is merely by auto-suggestion. A very intelligent and educated lady had seen Professor Forel hypnotizing. She was highly interested, and when in a following night she awoke with a terrible toothache, she tried to cure herself by auto-suggestion in imitating Forel's voice and monotony of the suggestions she had heard from him some days before. She succeeded perfectly in going to sleep again, and in the morning no trace of the disease was left.

Suggestion can effect all the senses, and can be varied according to the will of the hypnotizer. By deception of *sight* a room may be changed into a street, a garden, a cemetery, a lake, present persons may be made to change appearance, strangers to appear, objects to change form and color. But in regard to Medico-Legal science the most important phenomenon is *post-suggestion.*

All that can be attained during the hypnosis can also be produced in the wakeful state, so that one gives during the hypnotic sleep to the hypnotized the suggestion, that such and such an act will be done after he is awake. Forel relates: "I said to one hypnotized: 'When you are awake, you will set this chair on the table and then tap me on the right shoulder.' Afterwards I told him different things, and then: 'Count six and you will be awake.' He did so, and when saying six he opened his eyes. During a moment he looks drowsy, and then stirs at the chair. Sometimes he struggles hard against the powerful impulse to obey the suggestion. According to the grade of susceptibility or the natural or unnatural suggestion that was given to him, his reason conquers or will be conquered by the suggestion. But like other experimentors, I have observed many times, that the attempt to resist the suggestion can injure the hypnotized. He becomes anxious, nervous, and worried, by the idea that he has to obey by all means.

This instinct can continue for hours, even for days. In other cases it may be weak as the remembrance of a dream and then the suggestion remains unobeyed. But even in such cases one can enforce the performance by the repeated suggestion of the same thing during the hypnosis. Our hypnotized, after having glanced at the chair, rises suddenly, takes the chair and puts it on the table. I say, "Why do

you do that?" The answer is different according to the grade of education and temperament of the hypnotized, Number one says frankly, "I was obliged to do it, but I do not know why." Number two says, "It was an idea which came to me." Number three says, "The chair stood in my way." Number four does not know what he has done; after my question he simply believes he awakened just now.

But a still more wonderful, we may even say diabolic kind of suggestion is the *suggestion à échéance*, so called by the French, who made the most astonishing experiments with these means. The suggestions *à échéance* are suggestions on a fixed time. It is only a variety, but practically one of the most important phenomena of the post-hypnotic suggestion.

Dr. Richet * gives the following instance: —

After B. had been hypnotized, I used to say to her: "You will return to me on this day or that, at this hour or that." She remembered nothing of this when she awoke, but said of her own accord: "When shall I return?" "Whenever you can; some day next week." "At what hour?" "At any hour you like." With astonishing precision she always returned on the day and hour that I had prescribed during the hypnosis, although she did not remember anything when she awoke. Even if the time were ever so inconvenient, she came at the appointed hour. Once when she arrived she said: "I do not know why I came now; the weather is terrible; I have company at home; I have been running to get here; I have no time to stay, but must immediately return to my callers. It is too silly!" Another physician has succeeded with a suggestion of one year's duration. The enormous importance of the suggestion, *à échéance*, is clear. Thoughts and resolutions of the hypnotized can be ordered in advance for a time, when the hypnotizer is no more present, and besides this, one can give the suggestion of the free will to the hypnotized, and further, one can give a suggestion that the hypnotized has no idea when and where the suggestion has been made or that it comes from another person. Very susceptible people can even be hypnotized with total amnesia (not remembering or non-remembrance). If I suggest to such persons: "You have never been hypnotized," they will, on being asked, swear that they have never in their life been hypnotized.

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* Revue philosophique of 1883.

SUGGESTION OF THE WAKEFUL.

Very susceptible people can be subjected to suggestion without hypnotic sleep while they are fully awake. All the phenomena of hypnosis or post-hypnotic suggestions can be produced. Generally, this can only be done with people who have been hypnotized before. Nevertheless the experiment has been made with very intelligent and powerful persons, who have never been hypnotized, and the suggestion of being susceptible in the wakeful state can be made during the hypnotic sleep. Forel is convinced that it needs only some exercise and audacity in order to produce the suggestibility in the wakeful state with a great percentage of entirely normal people. An interesting and frequent form between the hypnotosis and the wakeful state is when the hypnotized, having his eyes open and behaving himself like a normal person, finds unnatural and senseless suggestions quite natural, and therefore performs all suggested acts without discussing them. If he is asked afterwards why he has done so, he will say that he has acted in a kind of dream without knowing exactly what he had done. There are altogether a number of different stages between the completely wakeful state, and the deep, somnambulic sleep. But it is exceedingly difficult to decide whether a person who proves susceptible to suggestion is fully awake, or in a slight latent somnambulic state. Finally, we mention the *hallucination retroactive*, the suggested remembrance of something that has never happened. Forel justly holds, that the expression hallucination retroactive is not quite correct, because it is not only the remembrance of visions but just as well the remembrance of sentiments, thoughts, etc. The so-called hallucination retroactive is a *plus* of remembrances, while in the ordinary suggestion something is suggested *away*.

Here is an example of the hallucination retroactive: Before a society of tourists, in Zurich, it was suggested to an eight years old boy, that the jurists present had stolen his handkerchief eight days ago. When questioned on the subject, he described the place and stated the time. Five minutes later, Forel suggested to him that all this never happened, and that he, the boy, had never said so, and with the same assurance, the boy swore now, that he had never

said such a thing. The great merit of having made clear these highly important facts of retroactive suggestions remains with Bernheim. He has shown how easy it is to create by it false witnesses, who give their false testimony with the firm conviction of having spoken the truth. Such deceptions of memory are easily produced with children who all are more or less inclined to believe what adults affirm to them in a firm tone. The same is true of weak persons.

In the history of procedures of all countries, many instances of false testimony and false confession are known, which have been made on the suggestion they have received by others, in an entirely wakeful state, and not knowing that they testified falsely. There exists also a class of hysterical people, who are so accustomed to lie, that they cannot do otherwise. They swindle and lie, and are actually not able to discriminate their phantasies from the real true facts. It is unjust, if we punish these people with contempt; they lie instinctively, and even if punished severely, or spoken to kindly, they continue almost automatically to tell you the most stupid, useless phantasies. It is a condition of the intellect, which we can compare to a morbid state of auto-suggestion.

VI. The Condition of the Soul during the Post-hypnotic Suggestion.

The suggestions à échéance and the suggestions in the wakeful state.

The soul in this state is wakeful yet changed. But it is impossible to define exactly *how* it is changed. Each case differs from the other: in some cases suggestion produces the hypnotic state, the eye becomes rigid, and the hypnotized can even be amnestic in regard to everything that has happened and performs all that has been suggested to him. In other cases an entirely wakeful state prevails, where the person under the suggestion struggles hard against the constraint, the impulse of the suggestion.

The different grades vary from the barest automatism, to the keenest self-criticism of the unfortunate. The following instances will make this clear. Forel relates: To a nurse of our hospital I suggested, each time when reporting to the as-

sistant physician about the patient Luisa C., "You will make a mistake and say Lina C., and each time when you begin to speak with the doctor you will scratch the right side of your forehead." The suggestion took effect. In the middle of her common talk to the doctor she made the mistake of saying Lina C. instead of Luisa C. She became often aware of it, tried to correct herself, made however the same mistake and was much surprised about the matter. At the same time she scratched at the suggested spot, as soon as she began to talk with the doctor. It is marvellous how she makes the same mistake every day, how she was angry with herself, apologized and said she could not comprehend why she cannot say the right name. After a few weeks she felt so uneasy about it, that she omitted the first name and spoke only of the patient C. While this mistake in speaking the name was made in an entirely wakeful state, the scratching was done instinctively, but at the same time she acted and spoke things that had not been suggested to her and were entirely reasonable.

The same person in speaking in the presence of two witnesses on Hypnotism said to me: "Doctor, though I am compelled to do all you suggest to me in the hypnotic state, I always feel that it comes from you, it is such a peculiar feeling, like something coming from outside." "Very well," said I, "sleep." She was soon in the hypnotic sleep, and then I said to her: "Soon after being awake you will have the idea, quite by yourself, to ask me." "Long ago I wanted to ask you, doctor, how it happens that persons sleep so quickly on being hypnotized, while in the ordinary sleep the process is much slower. How is that? it is so queer." "You will have then not the least idea that I suggested the question to you; the idea comes from you alone, as you wanted to ask the question long ago. Count now to six and be awake." She counts, awakes, answers me to have slept wonderfully, and then about half a minute later she asks the suggested questions word for word, showing by her questioning tone the strongest interest. I answer at length and then ask her how she got the idea to ask me the question. "Oh," she answered, "I wanted long ago to ask you the same." "Is it not a suggestion which I have given you just now?" "Oh, no," she said, "you can't deceive me, it is my own idea." "And yet you are mistaken; here are two wit-

nesses who have heard that I suggested the phrase to you a few minutes ago." The hypnotized was very much disconcerted at this communication and was obliged to admit that she could recognize only those suggestions which were so foreign to her natural inclinations and habits of thought that they did not seem to be her own ideas. This seems to show sufficiently that a suggestion can be smuggled into the normal activity of the soul, so that the hypnotized believes to have acted or thought spontaneously, not having any presentiment of the parasital will of the hypnotizer.

VII. Hypnotism as a Physical and Moral Remedy.

There exists not the slightest doubt to-day, that Hypnotism is a very good and in some instances indispensable remedy of diseases of various characters.

The hypnotic sleep has been used instead of chloroform as early as 1829, when French surgeons succeeded in making painless amputations. We know also of wonderful cures of complaints of the nervous system. Many cases of hysterical paralysis, contractures, and other nervous ailments have been treated successfully by Hypnotism. The same helps also to cure disorders of digestion by improving the appetite, or by checking the pains in the stomach during digestion. Among the most important diseases which have been the objects of the hypnotizer's successful experiments, may be mentioned alcoholism and the morbid thirst or dipsomania. Not only such diseases can be cured by Hypnotism and suggestion as are sequels of drunkenness, but this method is still more valuable by stopping the drinking itself and the craving for strong liquors.

Hypnotism is also a means of education. It is principally the school of Nancy, which of late years has studied the influence of Hypnotism on character and claims to have tried the method in several thousand cases, always with some good effect and never causing any harm. Suggestion for educational purposes has a double importance. It is used in every day's life to influence the character of children and can be used symptomatically like a therapeutic remedy against bad habits, character, etc. In order to make its effect perpetual, in this case the mind of the child must be led to such auto-suggestions, which will produce the desired result. When

pedagogues will realize that the key for all education lies in a reasonable use of suggestion, the difficult art of pedagogy will undergo a most wonderful and favorable reform.

VIII. The Juridical Side of Hypnotism.

The results of the wide experience made by the adherents of the school in Nancy, demonstrate clearly that our so-called free will is, as the great philosopher Spinoza says, an illusion and that free will is nothing more than ignorance of the motives of our resolutions. This acknowledgment leads us naturally from the medical to the juridical question, What effect has Hypnotism on our system of Law? It has been answered more or less fully in regard to criminal Law by several modern writers on Hypnotism, who all are of the same opinion, that the far-reaching effect of Hypnotism make it a very dangerous instrument in the hand of the negligent or unconscientious hypnotizer. The new science requires some new legislative measures. In the first place none but physicians ought to be allowed to use Hypnotism. The non-medical hypnotizer is a nuisance to the public in several directions. Even where Hypnotism is applied as a remedy by the physician it ought to be used very carefully and not repeated without need. Just as many poisons are dangerous if repeatedly applied, it is also the case with Hypnotism: it is such a strain of the nerves that instances of disturbance of mind through these means are not seldom.

Hypnotism can also be used in the service of crime.

(*a*) The hypnotized can fall victim to crime. Abduction, robbery, theft, perjury are easy to accomplish on hypnotized persons.

(*b*) The hypnotized can be used as a ready tool in the service of crime.

The practice of Hypnotism should not only be forbidden to all but licensed physicians, but these even should not be allowed to use it without having authorized witnesses present. The difficulty which seems to be in the way of fulfilling this requirement can easily be overcome by interference of the State authorities. The State ought to have control of the remedy of Hypnotism, whether it be used as a remedy against sickness or against moral defects.

Our whole system of law, with all its consequences, rests upon the idea that men have a free will, and free will of the parties is the first and principal requisite all over the globe. If the experiments of Hypnotism demonstrate clearly that our free will is a dream, that it can be and is constantly influenced by suggestions of those whose will seems to be stronger than ours, should we not let will alone in regard to the validity of legal acts? How little our so-called will stands the suggestion of others is to be seen in daily life. If a salesman in the store induces us, by his praise of the goods, to make the bargain which we would not perform a few minutes ago, it is nothing else than suggestion. We may be angry afterwards at our weakness in the critical moment, the contract nevertheless remains valid and we have to take the consequences of it upon ourselves. Nobody would think of annulling it on the ground of lack of will. Properly said, we had also the will in the moment of performing the contract; the question is rather how this will was produced, by which means the consent had been given. These means are in each and every case suggestions, — suggestions produced by the beauty, the necessity, the utility of the objects which we make ours by the legal acts. These suggestions are always produced, and thus create the will, through something outside of us.

The good salesmen and women, therefore, are those who have the most suggestive power. It is very interesting how canvassers and agents, especially book-agents, are taught by their employers how to make suggestions in order to be successful. They have to commit to memory a long story of the value of the article they are going to sell, and the following prescriptions are given to them: "You must control your customer and be the leading spirit of the occasion. It is your business to arouse interest and desire; earnestness and enthusiasm, quiet but deep, should be brought to bear. Don't hurry, keep cool, and be concise and direct in your language. Whatever you do it must be done with an air of earnestness and assurance, *in full confidence, as it were, that he will do what you request of him. There must be no faltering or indecision on your part. During all the time you talk with him, look into his eyes and never directly answer objections. Let him not think of anything but your article and what you say.*"

The above copied instructions to canvassers, printed in a little "strictly private book," and given into their hands, are the exact instructions how to hypnotize persons by suggestions. Professor Bernheim or Forel could not better instruct some medical friend as to how to proceed in order to produce the hypnotic state of mind with their patients than does this canvasser's guide. I am confident no theory but experience has taught these people how the will of one person can be controlled by the will of another.

What is done by canvassers is done by every good salesman and saleslady, is done a thousand times, when we are not aware of yielding to another man's will, but believe to have carried out *our own* intentions.

In consideration of this surprising, but well-established fact, we may justly ask: Shall we sustain a system of Law where the validity or nullity of every legal act is dependent upon the will of the parties, upon an uncontrollable and as to its existence very questionable factor?

Should the system of jurisprudence not be brought in harmony with the new discoveries made in the science of Hypnotism? Should the will in the future play that important role in law as it has done in the past three thousand years? And if not, what can we put in its place? These are very grave and exceedingly difficult questions. They are not likely to be solved by our present generation and I would not attempt to answer them. I ventured simply to throw the ball into the air — who will catch it?

THE COMING CATACLYSM OF AMERICA AND EUROPE.

BY PROF. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

"I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end."
— *Ghost in Hamlet.*

THE writer is naturally an optimist, a full believer in the noblest destiny of man; but he cannot maintain his optimism stubbornly against reason, against evidence, against science, and against the teachings of history. Calamity and catastrophe are as much a part of the plan of nature as successful progress, and as the portents of the coming storm gather thick and dark in the sky, it would be fatuous to refuse to see them.

Gen. Butler, who is certainly one of our ablest statesmen and financiers, said at a banquet in his honor May 1, 1890, in Boston: —

"They have cyclones out West, accompanied with thunder, lightning, heavy rains, and hail, which are very destructive. Look out for a financial cyclone where no building or institution will be strong and tight enough to protect the business of this country from the destruction which will follow in its path."

He enforced the truth of his anticipation by showing that agriculture was unprofitable, and that American farmers were laboring under a mortgage debt of $3,450,000,000, which could never be paid, and was so hopeless that no honest broker would invest anyone's money in Western mortgages on farms.* And yet *Gen. Butler suggested no rem-*

* That the urban population has been growing rich while the agricultural population has been growing poor, was illustrated in the speech of that eloquent advocate of tariff legislation Benjamin Butterworth of Ohio, who said in Congress, "I can name upon my ten fingers men whose combined profits for the last decade have exceeded those of all agriculturists of any State in the Union." The deserted farms of New England and the farm

edy whatever, but expressly discredited the schemes which have been proposed in Congress. He evidently regards the universal destructive crash as inevitable — a crash utterly unexampled in the world's financial history.

But this is a small matter compared to the feeling that is growing in intensity among hundreds of thousands that there must be a settlement of the old feud between capital and labor, and that the settlement must be a bloody one. This is surely absurd enough, as a matter of political economy, or a question of social progress, for it means not social redress of any wrong, but universal ruin. Yet, passion will not count the cost or estimate the results, and passion is attaining a fearful power. The language even of Western farmers is becoming incendiary, * and the turbulent elements of the cities are distinctly looking forward to blood; and their angry passions are fanned by leaders who do not lack for intelligence and eloquent zeal, and by social agitators who, though not bloody-minded, are continually adding to the angry discontent by rhetorical exaggeration of the wrongs of labor, saying nothing of the fact that labor is better rewarded to-day than at any time in the past, when it was abject and submissive. To-day it claims all its rights, and has learned its strength.

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with improvements just sold in Connecticut for a dollar an acre, tell the whole story. Yet I do not endorse the sensational statement of Gen. Butler. Far from it. I believe that he has been misled by newspaper statements which have been circulated in the last three or four years concerning farm mortgages which are grossly exaggerated. The published statement of farm mortgages in Michigan was five times greater than the truth, and, in fact, exceeded the entire value of the farm lands. If Gen. Butler would investigate this matter he would discover how enormously he has been misled by the newspapers. Still the facts remain that the working farmer is going down, for in ten years, from 1870 to 1880, the number of small farms diminished, while the number of farms over a thousand acres, increased sevenfold.

* To realize this, let us recollect that inflammatory paragraphs, of which the following from Brick Pomeroy's *Advanced Thought* is a fair example, have been scattered by millions through the country and continue to come with increasing energy: — "When the gang that calls itself the Government of the United States, loans $60,000,000 of money raked in from overtaxed farmers and business men to the National Bankers without usury or interest, and the bankers loan it out, through confidential agents, to struggling farmers in the West, at two per cent. a month, we don't see why the 'Government' does not more completely organize to enslave labor."

The language of Kansas farmers as expressed in the following report of a meeting in Ottawa Co., Kansas, is worth quoting, because nothing of that sort reaches the readers of the metropolitan press of the East. I copy from the *Non-Conformist* of Winfield, Kansas, May 1, 1890.

ENEMIES, TRAITORS, ARE THE LAW-MAKERS OF THE PAST TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS. NO MORE PETITIONS, NO MORE PRAYERS, BUT DEMANDS THAT CALL FOR ACTION OR BLOOD. GIVE YOUR PEOPLE RELIEF OR ANSWER THE CONSEQUENCES. NO MORE TAXES OR INTEREST AFTER DECEMBER 1ST.

The Garrisonian movement was distinctly a movement of peace and non-resistance, and its leader, when his face was slapped, and his nose pulled, in Ohio, philosophically expressed the hope that his assailant was satisfied; but that movement was, notwithstanding, a torch to light the fires of civil war, and a great deal of the modern discussion of social evils goes to strengthen the power that is destined to fill our land with the horrors of civil war. I do not mean that the aggressive power of the organizing masses is the sole power concerned, for on the other side is the aggressive power of plutocracy, and political corruption managed by financial schemers, which is already regarded by millions as the serpent that must be crushed. The financial managers of our politics do not

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DIST. 41, OTTAWA CO., KAN., April 7.

At a mass meeting of the citizens of Ottawa and Cloud Counties, Kansas, George Walker was chosen president, J. M. Peet, secretary. . . . . The meeting was a grand success — good speeches, brass band and martial music, combined with the greatest enthusiasm ever witnessed.

J. M. PEET, Sec'y.

Following are the resolutions —

When in the course of events it becomes necessary for the farmers, for self-protection, to ignore a law made by and through the dictation of British lords, and sanctioned by a tyrannical Congress, claiming to be the servants and representatives of the people, when in reality every act is antagonistic to the interests of the producers of the country and tends to centralize capital in the hands of a few: In pursuing the course we do, it requires that we should declare the causes that impel our action. We declare, as did our patriotic fathers, these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and to secure these rights we will use all just means in our power.

The history of the United States for the past twenty-eight years is a history of repeated injuries, tyranny, and usurpation, unparalleled in the history of the world, and all laws enacted having a direct object, viz., to establish a landed and monied aristocracy on the ruins of once free America. We claim that our pretended representatives have refused their assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the producers and laboring classes, and in their stead made laws in the interest of British lords, Wall Street bullionists, National banks, railroad and other corporations. Among these laws made are (1) the exception clause on the people's money, that depreciated it 50 per cent.; (2) the credit-strengthening act of 1869; (3) the repeal of the income tax, thereby taking the burdens of taxation off the rich and placing it on the poor; (4) the funding scheme to prevent the people from paying their debts, in order to perpetuate usury; (5) the demonetization of silver; (6) the resumption of specie payment when we had none to pay with; (7) the giving to rich railroad corporations more than 215,000,000 acres of the people's land; (8) the appropriation of 6 per cent. 30-year bonds to the same corporations, which amount to $119,963,000 cash, principal and interest. They have made laws that compel us to pay double interest; first, interest on the bonds, then interest on the national bank notes. The law that enables the banks to contract or inflate the currency at will, thereby leaving us at the mercy of a soulless corporation of a monied aristocracy. For twenty-eight years we have patiently submitted to these outrages; we have petitioned our pretended representatives for relief, in the most humble terms, only to be answered by repeated injuries. Now, as petitions and long, patient suffering avail nothing, we must therefore

realize what a vast multitude do now believe most earnestly and angrily, that the legislation of financiers and politicians has destroyed their prosperity, has robbed the people of several thousand millions, and furnished the major part of the princely fortunes that tower above the common plane of humanity and threaten the stability of the republic, for the Jeffersonian republic cannot stand on a "prince and pauper" basis, or a mighty landlordry and an humble, rack-rented tenantry. The profound scorn with which this class of ideas, and the arguments and records leading to such conclusions, are regarded in the dominions of which Wall Street is the metropolis, indicate no possibility of harmonizing the contend-

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denounce our representatives as enemies and traitors to our interests, and laws made by them as destructive to life, liberty, and happiness (as evidenced by the deplorable condition of our country), and do not merit the respect of liberty-loving people. You have confiscated and wrecked thousands of homes, made millions of paupers; you have pillaged our cities, destroyed our commerce, wrecked fortunes, blasted the hopes of producers and laborers, and revel in luxury on what you have unjustly wrenched from them; you have expelled our foreign customers and filled the country with tramps, tears, and mortgages; you have deprived us of the means of self-preservation by placing in the hands of corporations and syndicates, and giving them the absolute monopoly of the land, forests, mines, minerals, money, banks, and transportation, and through your unjust discriminations we are unable to meet our obligations; therefore, once more, we appeal to you for help; once more we ask you to issue legal tender currency and loan it to us at 2 1-2 per cent., to the amount of one-half the value of our farms, in order that we may extricate ourselves from the deplorable condition your unjust legislation has forced us into, and save our homes from confiscation — homes that we have struggled for years to beautify and make pleasant. This is the only remedy and it is in your power to grant it. Can we depend on you, or will you, as before, turn a deaf ear to our cries? Our homes are dear to us. You can save them for us without loss or risk to the country. Will you do it? or must we be ruthlessly shorn of all for the gratification of avarice and greed? We demand prompt action, as delay is ruinous. If you fail in granting this request, you are jeopardizing the peace of the country, for we declare by the heavens and earth that this wholesale robbery and *confiscation of homes must stop*. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. The people are being robbed of their birthright. God made land, air, and sunshine for His children, and not for coupon-clippers, usurers, and idlers, to the exclusion of others. We ask all men who love justice and mercy to stand by us in our struggles against monopoly.

In view of the above facts and statements, which are true, and the condition of the country bears evidence of its truth, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That after the first day of December, 1890, we will pay no more taxes, coupon interest, or mortgage indebtedness, unless the Government aid us in procuring the money, as above mentioned, or in any other manner equally favorable.

RESOLVED, That this organization of home defenders should be general throughout the United States, and that every honorable means should be used in pushing the organization.

RESOLVED, That the success of this organization is the only hope of a mortgage-cursed and tax-ridden people, and we appeal to our brother farmers, laborers, and other producers, to join us in our efforts to be free.

The paper that reported this meeting was illustrated by a picture of a congressman making promises to the people, betraying them at Washington, and on his return seized, tarred, feathered, and hung.

ing parties, one of which is and has been *in* and the other angrily recognizes that it is *out*. Mrs. Partington's problem as to the effect when an irresistible force meets an immovable obstruction is the problem that our nation will soon be engaged in solving. The poison of vindictive anger has entered the life current of the nation, and it is to be observed that when the Chicago Anarchists as they were called, who had so large a following of sympathizers and admirers, were on trial for their lives, they scorned to utter one word of conciliation or peace. The whole drift of their defence conveyed the idea of terrible wrongs which they were justifiable in meeting with bloody violence.

A volume would be required to show by innumerable disturbances in every State in the Union the turbulent and dangerous character of a large portion of our population and the slight causes that are necessary to put it in motion. The Ku-Klux and the White Caps are the outcroppings of a turbulent spirit, which is generally stronger than the law and order element if it be aroused, and the bloody Astor Place riot in May, 1849, on account of a quarrel between Forest and Macready, is a fair representation of the inflammable nature of our people. To this we must add in times of disturbance, the existence of a large class of unimprisoned felons, who at all times require a large police force to keep them down. Society, like the pleasing surface of our globe, conceals at all times a subterranean fire which disturbance brings to the surface.

But one thing is necessary to insure a conflict. The armies must be gathered and organized in two hostile camps, for mobs do not make war. The organizing is going on now as never before in the world's history. The labor party, the anti-capital party, will soon embrace from one to two millions of men, bound together by common interest, common sympathies, and common hatred of everything hostile to their interests, with a strong conviction that they are an oppressed class and small patience with their oppressors, while the consciousness of their physical power will encourage a defiant and uncompromising attitude. In such a condition the disturbances or mobs which are usually local and temporary, electrify the mass and become a national convulsion. A single individual may become the immediate cause of a civil war.

Thousands are to-day impressed with the approaching dangers. The facts that should alarm them are conspicuous. The industrial classes in both city and country are profoundly discontented. The Western farmers are not alone in their suffering. The decline in New York has been so great that State Assessor Wood, in 1889, expressed the opinion that "in a few decades there will be none but tenant farmers in this State." While the farmers are going down and near four-fifths of the city of New York live in tenement-houses, the plutocracy is going up, the gulf is widening between wealth and poverty,—between the man who may be arrested as a tramp for being out of work, and the millionnaire who spends $700,000 on a stable for his horses! "A great change is coming," says Wm. Barry in the *Forum*. "Our rich men," says Bishop Spalding, "and they are numerous and their wealth is great, their number and their wealth will increase,—but our rich men *must do their duty or perish. I tell you in America we will not tolerate vast wealth in the hands of men who do nothing for the people.*" "These plutocrats," said Bishop Potter last year, "are the enemies of religion as they are of the State." Gen. Bryce (of Congress) expressed last year the idea that fills the popular mind with anger, speaking of "an unbridled plutocracy caused, created, and cemented in no slight degree by legislative, aldermanic, and congressional action; a plutocracy that is far more wealthy than any aristocracy that has ever crossed the horizon of the world's history, and one that has been produced in a shorter consecutive period; the names of whose members are emblazoned, not on the pages of their nation's glory, but of its peculations . . . . and whose octopus grip is extending over every branch of industry." Even the cautious President Cleveland asked: "What is to be the end of this?" But the alarm in high quarters is little compared to the angry murmurs among the millions.

A romance entitled "Cæsar's Column" has just been published to show that the warfare of selfishness in our present society must end a hundred years hence in the total bloody destruction of American civilization. It is a gigantic extravaganza, but earnestly and seriously written. But the crisis is much nearer and much less horrible. The President of the National Farmers' Alliance says of this work that his only criticism is that "The author has postponed the catastrophe

a hundred years. Unless the power of money to oppress is modified or destroyed very soon, *the present generation will witness the crash.*"

Can the war cloud be calmly surveyed from our present position, to determine when the fury of the storm shall burst and what will be the extent of its ravages? The comfortable souls who do not see the coming storm are not as numerous, relatively, at this time as they were before Lincoln was elected President, or when a Southern leader offered to drink all the blood that would be shed.

To those who anticipate the coming crash, I would suggest that it is not impossible to predict its advent. The solar system and the stars are not the only realities of which a future may be predicted from the past. They are governed by laws of periodicity which are very accurately defined and which are seldom affected by any complex data. Hence astronomical calculations have the highest degree of certainty and precision. That we are not equally positive and definite in the calculation of terrestrial events is due to the immense number of the factors and their clashing with each other.

Yet periodicity is the universal law of nature. The periods of human or animal life, the periods of vegetation, the periods of diseases, and even the periods of climatic, agricultural, and commercial fluctuations are beginning to be studied and understood.* If the moon has a definite relation to the female constitution and the progress of diseases, may there not be an infinite number of periodical relations from a multitude of causes, which investigation would reveal?

I am entirely sure that such periodical relations exist in reference to man, and for more than thirty years have been studying their applicability to human life, and have often astonished those to whom, upon our first acquaintance, I have spoken of the conditions of their past life and my prognostication as to the future.

These laws of periodicity apply with still greater force to nations, and especially denote their periods of calamity, with greater certainty, as there are fewer conflicting factors in

* May 30. There has been considerable dabbling in theories of periodicity without any knowledge of its fundamental laws. The Boston *Herald* says to-day: "Ten years have gone by since this last great change, and if the doctrine of periodicity is worth anything, we ought to be experiencing another great trade revival, and there are a number of reasons for believing this is the case."

reference to the destiny of nations, than in reference to the fate of individuals. Such, at least, is my conviction, and I am willing to risk my reputation as a scientist upon the predictions which my theory justifies in reference to events in the next twenty-five years.

The science of periodicity as explored by myself indicates three periods of calamity for the United States. The first was well verified in the terrific earthquake of New Madrid, the greatest yet known in our history,* and the immediately following war with England, and the prolonged financial depression and other calamities which followed.

As the second period approached, I had sufficient confidence in 1859, to publish in the Louisville *Journal* (edited by the brilliant George D. Prentice) my conviction that we were soon to enter a period of six years of national calamity, which was terribly verified in the war of secession or rebellion.

Now we are approaching a third and still more calamitous period, which I have long anticipated, and its near approach as I foresee it (though still remote and doubtful in the popular mind) prompts me to place on record the date of the coming cataclysm which *in its magnitude and horror will surpass anything of which authentic history has preserved a record!*

Do not ask me, kind reader, how I have reached so positive a conviction. A brief magazine essay does not afford room or occasion to explain or to vindicate a peculiar philosophy unfamiliar to the reading public. I have already said that my conviction is based on a positive, scientific law of periodicity, tested for over thirty years, but not published or taught, though I expect to place it on record for posterity; but so tremendous an announcement should not be made from any limited data. It should be tested in every possible way before giving it to the public, and it has been tested. The parallax is established and the telescope is positive in its revelations.

I shall speak with absolutely fearless candor my opinions as to the coming future, and as for the self-complacent

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* This great earthquake, extending over an area three or four hundred miles in diameter, and creating lakes where the surface subsided, continued from January 6, 1812, to January 26th, when the subterranean fire broke out in the destruction of Caracas. The earthquake area of the United States embraces the Atlantic coast, the Pacific coast, and the valley of the Mississippi.

gentlemen who have no toleration, and but little respect, for anything outside of their own inherited philosophy, which they had no hand in making, I can reciprocate their smiles, and add that "he laughs best who laughs last."

It has long been known to the truly enlightened that there is a higher sphere of thought and wisdom than that which is concerned in matters of sense and in worldly ambition or avarice. There is a prophetic power in the human soul, which, though like angels' visits, "few and far between," is a wonderful enlightenment and blessing when it comes. The great London fire was foreseen by George Fox; the career of Josephine was foretold before she left the West Indies, and the terrible fate of the French aristocracy and royal family was announced to their consternation by Cazotte, just before the revolution broke out. The secession war of 1861 was prophesied more than thirty years previously by the Quaker Joseph Hoag. Our religious records demand faith in prophecies and prophetic gifts, and Cicero, like other philosophic thinkers of the past, recognized a prophetic power in the human mind which has always been recognized in popular belief.

Those who have heretofore given just attention to my authorship in the "Manual of Psychometry," and other works, will recollect my published and verified predictions of the deaths of Alexander, Garibaldi, and Disraeli; of the pacification of Ireland when revolution was thought to be impending; of the preservation of peace in Europe when the great military and political leaders were anticipating war and every despatch was threatening; of the conservative course of the present German Emperor, who was expected to endanger Europe, and of general peace throughout the world within five years of the prediction. The verification of these predictions entitles my present forecasts to at least respectful consideration.

It cannot be denied that coming events often "cast their shadows before," and as the *mirage* sometimes portrays a city a hundred miles away, so does a strange reflection or refraction of the potential future bring it to that class of minds which we call prophetic. There is a realm of telepathic mind, which scientists are beginning to suspect and to seek. In the realm of mystery, I have been a student for half a century, for the purpose of bringing the marvellous and

mysterious under the jurisdiction of scientific law. But as the public either cares nothing for such matters, or if it dabbles in them, does it in a spirit of blind credulity, I do not fraternize with such a public, for I have no more sympathy with thoughtless credulity than with stupid skepticism. But on a great occasion like the present, I venture to speak for sufficient reasons of that which occult psychic philosophy and the study of unsuspected laws of nature has brought before me.

Our convulsionary period is approaching. The next presidential election will develop enough of the riotous element North and South, but especially in the North, to give us warning.

The political horizon has many portents of hurricane weather. The people have left the government to professional politicians, and they are widely dissatisfied with the result. The Republican party will be hurled from power. A Democratic administration will come in and that, too, will fail to give satisfaction. It will be succeeded by what may be called the labor party.* But our political doctors, even when well meaning, are generally utterly inadequate to the treatment of the formidable fever which is now approaching, and all will be in vain, the contending elements will not be harmonized. There will be as little spirit of peaceful arbitration now as in 1861.

The *spirit* of NATIONALISM, universal fraternity, is, of course, the remedy that we need, and the fevered patient would be cured if he could be induced to take the remedy. But the *measures* of Nationalism without its spirit will not become our remedy; and the attempt to introduce its measures will make a new discussion with but little influence upon the rising storm. The writer has a very decisive measure to offer which will not allay the storm but for which the storm will prepare the country, and it will come into operation when the storm has ended.

The twentieth century will be ushered in with increasing agitation and discontent, not because the reasons therefor

*Readers who look only to the metropolitan press have no idea of the imminence of the great change. I would merely mention that the Farmers' Alliance — a body tired of the old parties and looking only to the interests of the industrial masses — which had but five members in 1884, and those in Texas had 265,000 in 1887, and in December, 1889, organizing as the "National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union," it claimed a membership of three millions which is regarded as representing a population of ten millions!

are increasing, but because men are becoming inflamed by brooding over the social condition, the contrast of princely wealth and abject poverty. Poverty is never wise to prevent evils, but it can vote and it can fight, and it will do both.*

How high the agitation will rise in the next eighteen years it would not be safe to predict, but during that time it will be increased by the war in Europe, which will come on near the beginning of the twentieth century and end in the destruction of monarchy. Nineteen years hence war or quasi war will appear in this country and the convulsion will not be arrested until about 1916. The six years prior to that date will be by far the most calamitous that America has ever known.

I might give a lurid description of the horrible scene that rises before me, but I have said enough. It will be a labor and capital war intermingled with a religious element of discord and with a mixture of the race question from the presence of a powerful negro element confronting the Caucasian negro-phobia. It will be a dreary triumph of the destructive elements, compelling a new departure for the future and a more thorough democracy. The Church as a power will be thoroughly shattered, for the power in this revolution has outgrown the old Bible. The fetters of the past will be shaken off — the marriage relation approximated to freedom, for the drift of the future is that way and beyond. The

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* The gentle optimistic souls and *lassez faire* philosophers who cannot realize our dangers, would be enlightened by reading the able and plausible work just published, of Henry D. Lloyd, entitled "A Strike of Millionaires against Miners, or the story of Spring Valley," which shows how a combination of plutocrats bought up the farm lands at Spring Valley, Illinois, sold them out as city lots under the promise of opening coal mines and building up a great city, giving steady employment to 2,000 miners, and after over 2,000 miners with their families had settled there and bought a large number of lots, and were working at low wages, suddenly in 1889, closed the mines without notice or explanation or any promises for the future, reducing the great mass of the population in a few months to such pitiful destitution and suffering, that the whole surrounding country was compelled to exert itself to prevent starvation, and carloads of provisions were sent from Chicago, accompanied by its Mayor Cregier and Congressman Lawler. The story is pathetic and painful, and the only motive of the cruel proceeding appears in the subsequent proposition of the coal company after the miners were starved into humility, to take them back singly at about *half their former low wages.* A story of grinding rapacity seldom equalled.

When laboring men throughout this country read this narrative, if their blood does not boil, they are not average specimens of the American citizen. The author is unsparing in his stern denunciations, and gives the names of a number of the wealthy stockholders upon whom he charges this crime, asserting, too, that it is but parallel to similar crimes committed at Braidwood, Ill., at Tunxsutawney, at Scranton, Pa., at Brazil, Ia., at Hocking Valley, Ohio, and at the Reading collieries, supporting his statements by reports of committees. There is no better evidence of the impending crisis than this little volume.

cycle of woman is approaching, and that will be full compensation for the horrors through which we are to pass. But Biblical Christianity is nearing its end. The twentieth century will witness its expiring struggles, and the twenty-first will witness the existence of a religion in which all that was good in the past will survive. "Time's noblest offspring is the last." It will not ignore the dawn of Christianity, nor the principles of Jesus.

Nature, too, is preparing many calamities for us. As the destruction of forests goes on, our floods increase in power, and large regions are threatened with barrenness, as in the old world for the same reason desolation has come upon Syria, once like a vast garden of Eden, and upon the northern provinces of Africa, and is now invading Greece, Sicily, Southern France, and Spain. The American statesman has not yet learned that the woodman's axe is a far greater menace to our future than foreign cannon.

Our huge Mississippi has already converted its shores into a vast inland sea, and the levee system of restraining it is proved a failure, which may continually grow more and more disastrous as it has in China and in Italy, for the engineering talent to meet the crisis has not yet appeared in action either there or here. The Yang-tse-Kiang has become the scourge of China, overwhelming in its last flood three hundred and fifty thousand square miles, and near a million lives. The Mississippi is becoming our scourge.

And formidable, too, will be the power in the air, the terrible cyclones and the strange seasons that are coming among our calamities, when the warmth of summer shall fail, and the bounties of agriculture be denied us. The outer world is disordered, and if a huge meteorite should fall in the Wabash Valley this summer, recollect that I have said it is probable.* The coming summer will be marked by destructive cyclones, especially in the West, and the neighborhood of Kansas City will suffer. † The cold seasons coming twelve or fourteen years hence and crushing agriculture will add greatly to our social calamities, and the fierce discontent

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* The fall of a meteorite on that region about a week after this had been written looks like a confirmation.

† [Two very distinct and peculiar prophecies of Dr. Buchanan for the coming year are for sufficient reasons omitted from publication at present.—ED. ARENA.]

that prepares men for war. I venture to predict also a very sickly summer this year and great increase of mortality, fully doubling the usual harvest of death, mainly by prostrating abdominal diseases with some tendency to paralysis. Those who fail to take good care of themselves will suffer.

In the midst of all these horrors of war and floods, a terrible climax will be reached in a geological convulsion compared to which the earthquakes of New Madrid, of Java, of Lisbon, and Caracas will seem unimportant.

Very few have a just conception of our earthquake liabilities. The crust of the earth, floating upon a fiery sea of molten matter might be compared to a microscopic pellicle on the surface of an egg without a shell. A comparatively trivial disturbance in this would wreck a continent, as Atlantis was wrecked. A wave agitation, the hundredth part of one per cent. of its depth would shatter the entire surface of the globe, even if it did not make a convulsion by the inpouring oceans upon the fiery mass. The phenomena of earthquakes illustrate this. They resemble the agitation of a floating crust, producing a shock and wave which is transmitted with sudden rapidity hundreds of miles. All earthquakes send out the quick vibrations which would be impossible if the earth were a solid body. The continent lies floating on a bed of fire, and exists only because there are no storms to disturb the fire. The continent is not like a ship floating on the ocean,— a compact body,— for the continent has no cohesion worth mentioning and would drop to pieces like a floating island in a storm. The convulsion may be produced by astronomic irregularities, or by the explosion arising from the access of water to the subterranean fire as recently in Japan, or anything else to disturb equilibrium. The immense exhaustion of oil wells and boring for gas which blows forth in enormous power and quantity cannot go on for half a century without a serious disturbance of equilibrium.

Equilibrium is continually being disturbed. A change of one inch in the barometer represents a variation of seventy-two pounds to every foot of the surface of the earth beneath it, making a weight of over 1,843 millions of pounds to the square mile. Three feet of ocean tide represents an additional weight of more than 2,380,000 tons to the square mile. This is a very trivial amount compared to the attractions of the sun and moon over the entire surface of the globe.

Hence this supposed solid globe is continually quivering and shaking. An average of two shakings or earthquakes daily is reported by seismologists, aside from the special allowance of two a day to Japan, and according to Boussingault, the chain of South American Andes is never still. There is a terrible earthquake belt along the northern coast of South America (which sympathetically responds to the valley of the Mississippi), and along Central America, which is even surpassed by the volcanic belt from Java along the eastern coast of Asia, and between the two the Pacific Ocean is anything but pacific, as we shall realize about twenty-four years hence, when its foundations will be agitated to our peril.

But how different is the ocean from this globe of liquid fire, 8,000 miles in diameter! A spirited poem in the *Dublin University Magazine* spoke thus of the ocean: —

> Likeness of heaven, agent of power!
> Man is thy victim, shipwreck thy dower.
> Spices and jewels from valley and sea,
> Armies and banners are buried in thee.
> Ah! what are the riches of Mexico's mines
> To the wealth that far down in thy deep waters shines?
> The proud navies that cover the conquering West
> Thou flingest to death with one heave of thy breast,
> From the high hills that view thy wreck-making shore
> When the bride of the mariner lists to thy roar;
> How humbling to one with a heart and a soul,
> To look on thy greatness and list to its roll,
> And think how that heart in cold ashes shall be
> While the voice of eternity rises from thee!

But the sea of fire beneath our feet has no such solemn and poetic associations. Its agitation brings nothing but an infinite horror in which a sudden death is our happiest fate.

If the order of the astronomic universe permits the near approach of any wandering body to the earth, the sea of fire must be disturbed and the continents wrecked, and we have no assurance that it will not occur. It was some such an astronomic event that whirled the earth from its position, changed its poles, and overwhelmed its tropical climates in ice over 100,000 years ago. If any such disturbance occurs now it will be in our time of calamity from 1910 to 1916. Let astronomers observe.

The great mass of our continent, and especially its northern portion, are comparatively safe, but our Atlantic seaboard is not. It is safe to say that OUR ATLANTIC COAST IS DOOMED!! Whenever I am on the Atlantic border a strong foreboding comes to me that our countrymen living there only a few feet above the ocean level are in a perilous position. A tidal wave might destroy the entire population of our coast, and a slight sinking of the shore would be still more fatal. For ten years I have been looking to such possibilities, and their imminence has compelled me to study the question profoundly.

That we are floating in a perilous proximity to death was shown in the New Madrid earthquake of 1811, and the recent Charleston earthquake, which sent its vibrations many hundred miles. I do not think that any able geologist would dare to assert the safety of our Atlantic Coast, and I hope there will be no *crazy* investment of millions in forts and cannon on that coast, for they would line the bottom of the sea long before any hostile fleet shall appear. What shall become of the millionaire palaces is not a distressing question, except to their owners, but the huge buildings for manufacturing industry are a public concern, and I hope the enterprising will not be tempted to locate any more on the dangerous lowlands. I have not been seeking geological facts on this subject, but I believe it is conceded that New York or Manhattan Island is *very slowly sinking* at present, and the subsidence is greater on the Jersey coast, as an intelligent citizen of that State, an observer and traveller, told me that a subsidence of three feet had been recognized at Atlantic City.* But it will be no such slow subsidence that will destroy the coast. It will be a sudden calamity.

Permit me now, without giving my chief (and private) reasons after showing the possibilities and probabilities I have mentioned, to announce my firm conviction that in the midst of our coming civil war, THE ATLANTIC COAST WILL BE WRECKED by submergence and tidal waves from the borders of New England to the southern borders of the Gulf of Mexico. There will be no safety below the hills.

It is with great hesitation and reluctance that I have consented to present this horrid panorama; but truth should be

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*Large areas of the globe are undergoing subsidence, especially on the southern shores of the Baltic Sea, the west coast of Greenland, and the western portion of the Pacific Ocean.

our paramount aim, and if there be, as I maintain, any science which can look into the future, its proper presentation is by the statement of the future, so far in advance of the event as to constitute a decisive test. Here, then, is my statement.

Every seaboard city south of New England that is not more than fifty feet above the sea level of the Atlantic coast is destined to a destructive convulsion. Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, St. Augustine, Savannah, and Charleston are doomed. Richmond, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Newark, Jersey City, and New York will suffer in various degrees in proportion as they approximate the sea level. Brooklyn will suffer less, but the destruction at New York and Jersey City will be the grandest horror.

The convulsion will probably begin on the Pacific coast, and perhaps extend in the Pacific toward the Sandwich Islands. The shock will be terrible, with great loss of life, extending from British Columbia down along the coast of Mexico, but the conformation of the Pacific coast will make its grand tidal wave far less destructive than on the Atlantic shore. Nevertheless it will be calamitous. Lower California will suffer severely along the coast. San Diego and Coronado will suffer severely, *especially the latter.*

It may seem very rash to anticipate the limits of the destructive force of a foreseen earthquake, but there is no harm in testing the prophetic power of Science in the complex relations of nature and man. These predictions will be very interesting in less than twenty-five years, and if quite successful, they will give a powerful impulse to the development of that long-neglected and despised faculty — the divinest faculty in man, which imitates omniscience in grasping the future,— a faculty which when manifested by the humble is treated by ignorant legislators as an intentional fraud and impossibility, though the very same persons will listen with profoundest reverence to what some ancient Jew predicted would occur after a time, and a time and a half a time. If there be any material failure in these predictions, the cause will be sought and future predictions made with greater care. The venture now is not rash, for past experience and success of prior predictions justify this bolder venture. I have a record of many successful scientific (not astrological) predictions of earthquakes and epidemics by others, but do not understand the basis of their calculations.

As to predictions, a volume might be filled with examples of the successful and exact prevision by individuals of their own future. Gen. Bem, of Hungary, over forty years ago had a prevision of the exact date of his own death, which was verified when he died. I published the prevision in the "Journal of Man" long before its fulfilment. As to predictions or previsions of earthquakes, they are very numerous, and some of them very scientific. The near approach of an earthquake has often been felt by human beings and by animals. It is stated in the Philosophical Transactions that the New England earthquakes from 1827 to 1847 were often recognized by persons as they approached by the peculiar sensations they felt. In South America, the approach of earthquakes has caused dogs and horses to fly from the locality, and in one case great flocks of seabirds came flying inland.

Many successful predictions have been made, and Professor Milne maintains that by thorough investigation we may be able to predict the approach of earthquakes and give public warning, as is now done for storms. The Bishop of Ischia saved many lives by predicting the earthquake shock of 1843, and the Capuchin Fathers gave warning of the approach of the shock of 1850 at Melchi. The great earthquake shock at Lima was predicted by one Viduari then confined as a prisoner. But predictions are skilfully made on scientific data. Professor Milne warned his friends at Yokohama a few hours before the shock of Feb. 22, 1880.

Professor Rudolf Falb, of Vienna, has gained great reputation by scientific predictions — the first great success was in predicting the destructive shock at Belluno, June 29, 1873, affecting Northern Italy, when fifty lives were lost. He also gave warning of an eruption of Etna, which occurred in 1874, as predicted. These predictions were based chiefly upon astronomical science. It is well established by very extensive inductions that earthquakes are largely controlled by the positions of the sun and moon. If the mass of the earth be, as many believe, in a molten or fluid condition, it must be affected like the ocean by solar and lunar attractions. Professor Perrey, of Dijon, says that earthquakes are most frequent at the new and full moon,— when the moon is nearest the earth, and when the sun is on the meridian. His views have been confirmed by the Academy of Sciences.

The records of earthquakes show that they are more frequent at the equinoxes. Professor Falb, by elaborate calculations, arrives at the conclusion that there was a great terrestrial flood 4000 B. C., and will be another A. D. 6400.

Calculations that embrace remote periods require profound astronomical study. A Japanese writer, Tensho, in a work entitled "Jishin Setsu," claims that the movements of twenty-eight constellations have a determining influence on earthquakes; and Falb goes so far as to maintain that all future earthquakes may be predicted, in which I agree with him. The late L. L. Chapman of Philadelphia, quite an original mathematical genius, claims to have successfully and accurately predicted the occurrence of over fifty earthquakes.

The destruction of cities which I anticipate, seems to be twenty-four years ahead — it may be twenty-three. It will be sudden and brief — all within an hour and not far from noon. Starting from the Pacific coast as already described, it will strike southward — a mighty tidal wave and earthquake shock will develop in the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea. It will strike the western coast of Cuba and severely injure Havana. Our sister republic, Venezuela, bound to us in destiny by the law of periodicity, will be assailed by the encroaching waves and terribly shaken by the earthquake. The destruction of her chief city, Caracas, will be greater than in 1812, when twelve thousand were said to be destroyed. The coming shock will be very near total destruction.

From South America back to the United States, all Central America and Mexico are severely shaken; Vera Cruz suffers with great severity, but the City of Mexico realizes only a severe shock. Tampico and Matamoras suffer severely; Galveston is overwhelmed; New Orleans is in a dangerous condition, — the question arises between total and partial destruction. I will only say it will be an awful calamity. If the tidal wave runs southward, New Orleans may have only its rebound. The shock and flood pass up the Mississippi, from 100 to 150 miles, and strike Baton Rouge with destructive force.

As it travels along the Gulf Shore, Mobile will probably suffer most severely and be more than half destroyed; Pensacola somewhat less. Southern Florida is probably entirely submerged and lost; St. Augustine severely injured;

Charleston will probably be half submerged, and Newbern suffer more severely; Port Royal will probably be wiped out; Norfolk will suffer about as much as Pensacola; Petersburg and Richmond will suffer, but not disastrously; Washington will suffer in its low grounds; Baltimore and Annapolis much more severely; Philadelphia will suffer severely on its water-front, its spires will topple and its large buildings be injured; but I do not think its grand City Hall will be destroyed. Probably the injury will not affect more than one-fourth. But along the New Jersey coast the damage will be great. Atlantic City and Cape May may be destroyed, but Long Branch will be protected by its bluff from any severe calamity. The rising waters will affect Newark, and Jersey City will be the most unfortunate of large cities, everything below its heights being overwhelmed. New York below the Post Office and Trinity Church will be flooded, and all its water margins will suffer.

What shall we see after the crash and the war? The divers and wreckers will be busy in saving some of the submerged wealth. Politicians after the war will look for the crushed fragments of their demolished parties, but the people, the common people, will be a democratic power that the world has never seen. The measures which Nationalism hopes to introduce by clubs will be introduced by war. The rebellion against the old order of society will be in conflict with government, and conservative government will seem to put it down, but as it crushes it spreads, and finally triumphs in demolishing every form of monopoly. The people by *their* government will hold the railroads, the mines, the transportation, the money, the great manufactures and the great products, grain, cotton, tobacco, etc., and supply consumers at cost. But at what a terrible cost of human life will these results be attained, and how terrific the destruction in our great cities.

Europe, too, has its great calamity, but secondary in importance to that of America. The beginning of the tragedy will approach with the beginning of the century and the war develop in about fifteen years. Two years of sanguinary revolution will be her volcanic outburst from the pent-up fires that are smouldering now in human bosoms (and in the fiery sea that supplies Vesuvius), for Europe has not the statesmanship that could meet its crisis,—neither has

America. The result will be THE UTTER DESTRUCTION OF MONARCHY, an effete absurdity which the enlightened have outgrown. Every throne will be destroyed except that of the "sick man in Europe." The Sultan will remain, and the German Emperor will yield slowly to the progress of constitutional government. Victoria may not survive 1890; but it is possible her vitality will carry her into 1891. Her physicians will not be able to understand her condition or to overcome it. The tendency will be to an apoplectic shock and comatose condition, in which she will pass away. The gentlemanly Wales will have a short reign, for England is ripe for a change, and he will realize the propriety of an abdication. Ten years after his mother's death will probably end his life. England will be more fortunate than the continent, on which the situation will be grandly melodramatic, for after torrents of blood and demolished thrones have roused the world,—the limitless power of the globe introduces the GRAND CLIMAX in a terrific convulsion of the entire Mediterranean region, the coasts of Africa, Spain, France, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, and the Archipelago. Exhausted nature and exhausted humanity will then end their struggles. Long before that time arrives Pope Leo and Czar Alexander will have disappeared. July will be a dangerous month to the health of the pope. He will not last two years, probably not one. Neither will Alexander be in existence two years from now,— a death by violence seems to be his destiny. Less than three years will end the official career and personal existence of the two who stand at the head of this administration of the Republican party. The President will be the last of the two to take his departure.

Italy, which is at this time troubled by priestly machinations for the restoration of the pope's temporal power, of which the public will soon hear (though I believe the press is not yet aware), will suffer severely in the shock and the inroads of the sea along her coasts. Rome will not escape, and Naples will suffer. Egypt will be more unfortunate,— Cairo and Alexandria half destroyed, and the Suez Canal demolished,— its bed washed out. The maritime cities of the Levant will be nearly destroyed,— Palestine and Asia Minor suffer, and even Constantinople be badly shaken, though Greece, the favorite of the gods, will seem to be

shielded. Here we drop the curtain, as the tragedy is over in Europe.

And now, kind reader, I presume it will be as difficult for you as it was for me to realize these horrors. It will be still more difficult for the ingenious gentlemen who write to entertain the public, and who manufacture fictions designed to catch the unwary, or devote themselves to sensationalism or to pseudo-philosophies concocted of imagination. They may suppose that I have entered their guild, for they do not know that I would like to demolish it.

Difficult as it may be to realize these things, I am compelled to believe them, because they are demonstrated by the sciences that I have esoterically cultivated. You have not that evidence, and must therefore doubt, as I should in your position,—indeed I should be inclined to call it a distempered fancy. So would Herculaneum and Pompeii have regarded the scientist if he had been able to predict their destruction. Being in the fourth quarter of my century, I cannot expect to live to see more than the approach of the grand calamities that I foresee; but perhaps this record now made may be instructive to those who follow me.

To those who have faith in my judgment, especially the readers of my works, I would say do not remain more than fifteen years on the lowlands of the Atlantic coast, south of New England. Keep fully five years between yourself and the great calamity, to be absolutely safe.

But there will be no important emigration from the coast. The great cities will go down with all their splendor and wealth, poverty and crime, and fierce men in the interior will rejoice in the calamity and death of millionaires.

But the continent with its new seacoast will be safer from convulsions, and seventy-five or eighty millions can spare one million without arresting their march to power and dominion.

Boston, May 11, 1890.

DOMESTIC INFELICITY OF LITERARY WOMEN.

BY MARION HARLAND.

THE opinion that women who make literature a profession unfit themselves for domestic life, antedates Dr. Johnson's dictum that "the study of Greek is incompatible with feminine delicacy." Milton's Eve, whose interest in the angelic visitant to her spouse was centred in the lunch *menu*, was a reproduced photograph, badly faded by time, of Solomon's wise woman. Molière's *Précienses Ridicules*, and Paulding's *Azure Hose* are one-string symphonies in the same key.

Here and there, as the centuries roll, a woman is strong enough to withstand the deluge of popular prejudice. A Deborah judges the tribes for forty years, and leaves recorded as her proudest title, "A Mother in Israel"; a Sappho is remembered by her loves longer than by her songs; a Maria Mitchell and a Caroline Herschel pluck secrets from the stars, and remain very women in spite of the deteriorating influence of wisdom and genius; and — I may, and must add — without reversing the drift of the afore-named flood. The conviction that out of one material cannot be wrought learned or literary women, and good wives, and mothers, and housekeepers, may not be mighty because of oneness with truth, but it prevails. Less in degree than in the day when it was reckoned more disgraceful to read Latin than to spell badly, it is identical in kind with the leaven of Milton, Johnson, Molière, and Paulding.

Nor — and this is affirmed in the teeth of the stout contradiction of men of large mind and catholic sympathies, appreciative of large-minded people everywhere, irrespective of sex — is the sentiment these synonymize with prejudice, confined to the brutish illiterate. With the rank and file of masculine thinkers, and unthinking women, the conclusion that she whose "mind to her a kingdom is," must, of need, neglect the weightier matters of home affections, and homely duties, may be as illogical as to argue that, because a woman

has a pretty hand, she must have an ugly foot, — but the deduction holds its own, and the unreason is too common to be ignored. Women's congresses may moderate opposition to feminine progress, and the growing influence of women's clubs teach writer and speaker to veil sneers under the guise of gallantry. The unchanged belief works in the caviler's system like the point of the broken needle that eventually makes its way to the surface with a prick as sharp as it is surprising.

Yet, educational journals quote at length, and italically, the saying of a college president that a university graduate can plough nearer to a stump without hitting it than the unlearned laborer. The majority of pundits and papers decline to explain how a knowledge of the Differential Calculus, or the ability to write one's vernacular clearly and forcibly hampers the woman who must season salads and sweep rooms. A few are magnanimous enough to reason the case. Let us, with responsive magnanimity, examine facts and deductions.

First, — and frankly, — let us admit that a just sense of proportion and the management of perspective in the consideration of a subject in the abstract and in the concrete is *not* a characteristic of the feminine mind. The training, or rather the non-training of ages, has had much to do with this defect, but, to some extent, it is inherent. Judgment bends to sympathy; emotion shakes conscience from the balance, unless when the question is, to our apprehension, one of positive right or unequivocal wrong. Men like their chosen professions. A woman *loves* hers; informs it with her personality, and, holding it to her heart, minifies everything else. Her book is her bantling. The throes that gave it birth belong to the maternal side of her nature, and whatever other gender-traits she may overcome, she never gets away from the consciousness that she is of the mother-sex.

The critic's caustic gibe as to the message that ought to meet visitors at the slow poet's door, after a day of seclusion and tied-up knocker,—"Mr. Rogers and his little couplet are doing well,"—has more of fact than fancy in it where the figure is applied to woman's mental work. The production is *hers*, soul of her soul, and heart of her heart. The passion of maternity that made Miss Ferris's Mrs. Fairbairn, after

becoming a mother, cease to be anything else, accounts for more with the literary woman than she or her censors suspect. The slave of society has less excuse for neglect of household duties than the pen-wright. Mrs. Jellyby and Mrs. Pardiggle, made conservative and Christian, have no more when the written thing is worthy. It is, in the author's sight, of more consequence to her kind that she should write a poem to elevate other souls, or an essay that may reform a wrong, than that the pie-crust should be short, or John's socks darned with pious respect for alternate threads. The health of his wife's mind ought to be of more moment (if he loves her) than the condition of his linen.

Now — John likes flaky pastry, and to have socks and linen looked after in his mother's way. The dear old dame who hardly read one book a year, bored the dutiful son sometimes. If the truth were told, the monotony of housewifely homilies impelled him to admiration of the clever woman he afterward learned to love. In maturer manhood, he hankers after more savory flesh-pots than those prepared by untutored Bridget, while Hypatia nurses a fine frenzy in the locked sanctum above-stairs. Poetry is estimable in its way, and Hypatia a glorious creature in hers, to whom he feels constrained to apologize in naming buttons, or the rip in a fellow's pocket. Dingy soup is, of course, more tolerable when he has read on his way up-town, what the critics are saying of his wife's last and best book; but if clear *consommé* and a high order of intellect were not incompatible, John would be a happier, if not so wise a man.

Which leads by an air-line to the second tenable reason why the household presided over by a "professional woman" is subject to peculiar disorders.

Second. The *exactingness* of husbands.

The word is coined — if it be coinage — in no captious spirit. A man has a right to demand that his home should deserve the name. In accepting the estate and title of wifehood, his elect partner pledges herself solemnly to the performance of duties pertaining to the position. She defrauds him when she is no more in his life than an exemplary and "capable" unsalaried housekeeper, although this aspect of their relation is seldom studied in the right light. It is the nobler side of his nature which is cheated by a mere domestic drudge or a vapid society doll, or a shrewish gossip; when

the talk and thought of the home-circle are narrowed down to commonplaces, or such frothy discussion of people and events as supplies excitement and variety when higher themes are excluded.

Nevertheless, the physical man must be built up and fortified daily to resist recurrent assaults from the outside world. He is an exceptionally robust, or an exceptionally phlegmatic American citizen who does not come home every night, "fit to drop." The homely phrase tells it all. The blooded horse is he who falls in his tracks.

I foresee, having heard and answered it so often, the objection that the housemother has labored as hard and is as weary as he. I grant it — with a difference. Except when she has office hours in the city, even the woman who writes for a living toils under the shelter of the home-roof. She is *on the inside of the barricade.* How much is typified, how much realized in the mere environment of roof and walls, few women know until the dear refuge has crumbled away and left them in the open field. It has been said that Deity alone can comprehend the infinitely great and the finitely small. A woman must be mentally broad, and, in feeling, deep and tender, before she can content herself to spread cement as well as to carve stone. It is a horrible surprise to discover that her husband cannot live by her intellect alone, whereas the lover swore that it was victuals and drink to his whole being. Leaving out of sight the trifling truth that in the days of that love-making, his mother or landlady had his bodily case in charge, she reads in his apparent contempt for the product of her mind-kingdom, disloyalty to herself as his spouse. She must lay to intellect, and to her pride in and love of the fruits of intellect, the line and plummet of common sense, and study in calm diligence her specimen of the *genus homo.* Doing this, she will learn that her hungry John is, inwardly, as savagely impatient of brilliant epigram and unanswerable logic, when dinner is late or badly cooked, as Irish Mick who caresses his "woman" in like circumstances with leather strap or lid-lifter, and her tired John as incapable of appreciating a sonnet as if he had never learned to read.

More "cases of incompatibility" grow out of non-appreciation of these trite and simple facts than husbands, wives, and the courts that divorce them dream of.

Furthermore,—and to quote St. Paul, "I say this of mine own judgment,"—the husband, be he never so noble, and fond, and generous, is fatally apt to love his wife less when he sees her tower above and overshadow him. She is a part, and a secondary division of himself, and her overgrowth is an excrescence. He may, according to Dr. Holmes, be the stately ship that, without the brave little tug beside him, "would go down with the stream and be heard of no more;" but he keeps the toiling little craft upon the seaward side, well hidden from the admiring crowd on shore. Should she enlarge in bulk and increase in power so as to threaten to surpass his dimensions, there would not be room for both in the widest harbor of the world.

This may all be wrong and in flat opposition to the law of natural harmonies and mutual balance; but since it *is*, our literary woman must weigh the odds of disturbing causes in married life, as she calculates those of friction and gravitation in physics. Precedent and native aggressiveness have begotten in man this sort of absorptiveness that is satisfied with nothing short of "heart, soul, and strength." Man's mind, we are taught, is many-chambered. Business, politics, philanthropy, art, literature, love, and home, each has an allotted and lawful territory. In insisting that his wife shall have neither thought nor interest which he does not regulate and pervade, he makes her soul and intellect into a big lumber-loft, without other plan or use than to hold what he chooses to store there. Such husbands are not infrequently men of education and refinement, who, in most things, follow justice and incline to mercy.

I have lately re-read the life of Charlotte Brontë, and could find it in my heart to be glad that her married life was brief.

"Mr. Nicholls was not a man to be attracted by any kind of literary fame," says Mrs. Gaskell. "I imagine that this, by itself, would rather repel him when he saw it in the possession of a woman. He was a grave, reserved, conscientious man, with a deep sense of religion, and of his duties as one of its ministers."

"I believe," writes Charlotte of the parish-work her husband laid out for her,—"it is not bad for me that his bent should be so wholly toward matters of real life and active usefulness,—so little inclined to the literary and contemplative."

The effort after wifely (and cheerful) submission to the commonplace autocrat who "did not like to have her write" and led her, as in a leash, through the very routine of cottage visitations, chapel tea-drinkings, and school catechisings that had chafed her mettled spirit to madness as the unmarried daughter of Haworth Rectory, is touching and praiseworthy from the Nicholls standpoint. Had she outlived the year, the struggle between duty and genius must have come. As it was, she wrote, secretly,—when the strong necessity of expression was upon her, and "dear Arthur" had carried his deep sense of religion to the other end of the parish—a few chapters of *Emma*, a posthumous fragment that tells the revolt had begun.

Another and a contingent cause of the infelicity of the wedded woman-author is the shame and disappointment she endures, who sees that the development of what she esteems as her highest faculties acts upon him whom she loves as sunheat upon an untilled field, drawing into the light noxious weeds of envy and spite. She may shut her eyes to the painful truth for a time, and try meekly to curb inclination and to shape taste according to his decree. The process succeeds well with some, if a gradual lowering of the whole nature be a success of the good. With more (ought we to say, "Thank God"?) nature and reason burst bonds, and the nobler of the two whom God and love have bound together, outstrips the other until the term "wedded pair" sounds like a bitter sarcasm.

The assertion that literary women are, as a class, ill-regulated as to nerve and temper, I repudiate as unworthy of notice here, or of grave mention at any time. On the contrary, I hold, after many years' study of the subject, that the temperate pursuit of any specific study not connected with the daily routine of domestic cares and labors, tends to prolong life and youth. In physique and longevity, in vivacity and endurance, the literary workers of this country, at least, compare most favorably with those of their sisters who never overstep the bounds of authorized "feminine pursuits."

Still it cannot be denied that the liveliness of imagination, and the finely sensitive organization that usually go with creative talent, predispose our author to intolerance of restraint from him who has been proven to be her inferior in everything except the accident of sex. As she grows

away from him, the disparity becomes more palpable to eyes that would fain remain blinded. In this pitiable case, the maternal instinct alluded to awhile ago, is the savior of both if it assert itself. That is, when the woman so tactfully adjusts herself to the changed relation that her appeased lord does not discover that he has lost a wife and gained a mother.

While gladly recording the fact that many literary women are excellent housekeepers and perfect homemakers, let me impress upon the admirers and also upon the censors of the guild the truth already hinted at, to wit: that there are cogent reasons why it is more difficult for her to bestow the needed amount of attention upon domestic affairs than she can whose specialty is cookery, fancy-work, or house-cleaning. The dual life of the writer is at once blessing and curse. Her mind, ranging through an ideal world, lifts her above some annoyances of the lower realm, and sets her right in the track of others. Conscience is her abettor when she has a message to utter, and no time in which to give it, unless she slight the tale of mint, anise and cummin. That she is often out of tune with the clank of household machinery does not justify her, perhaps, in shunning the workshop. That the higher duty outranks the lower would seem to be inevitable. What though the linen is not sorted and closets are not overhauled as such seasons as Czarina Grundy appoints? Is she or the world the worse for her preference for study or writing above the renovation of out-of-fashion garments for herself and "the girls"? Something must be crowded out. Why is not she, who has more brains and education than the whole Grundy dynasty, a better judge than they of what is fit and proper in the home over which heaven has appointed her to rule? If there is a time for dusting, there is also a time to refrain from dusting, and the family life consists not in the abundance of courses at dinner and the style of the garments worn by the immortal creatures who compose the band.

Rooms, seemly in arrangement and apparel, conventional in material and make, well-cooked and well-served meals, and wise attention to the frugalities of larder and kitchen, may not of themselves foster soul-growth, and neglect of one or all may be a trifle, — a trifle hardly more important than the pin dropped among the wires of the bedusted piano.

But, dear sister and co-laborer, *take the pin out!* If you have not the executive ability to arrange a systematic plan of daily labor, stand in your lot and do the duty that lies nearest your hand so well that the just Father will show you the way to the second. Another may write your story, or poem, or essay. Nobody else in all the universe can mother your boy, or be your girl's guide and best friend.

There *are* men and husbands — and not a few of them, — strong, true, brave, and good enough to be allied to women of genius without the risk of heart-break to one, and life-wreck to both. Husbands whose proud appreciation of the laurels won by wives is sweeter to the winners than the far-off praise of the nations; whose work runs in harmonious parallels with that of those whose mental endowments may seem greater than theirs; counterparts that make up the perfect, beautiful whole of man.

For them, let feminine toilers of the pen bless the Giver of all good, and take strength to show to the world what manner of wives and homes these shining ones deserve and have. Homes which weaker women, seeing, may gather heart again and imitate, for the glory of the sex and the redemption of humanity.

A DAY IN COURT.

NO-NAME SERIES. NUMBER SIX.

I. Criminal Court.

To those accustomed to the atmosphere and tone of a court room, it is doubtful if its message is impressive. To one who spends a day in a criminal court for the first time after reaching an age of thoughtfulness, it is more than impressive; it is a revelation not easily forgotten. The message conveyed to such an observer arouses questions, and suggests thoughts which may be of interest to thousands to whom a criminal court room is merely a name. I went early. I was told by the officer at the door that it was the summing up of a homicide case. "Are you a witness?" he asked when I inquired if I was at liberty to enter. "Were you subpœnaed?"

"No," I replied, "I simply wish to listen, if I may, to the court proceedings. I am told that I am at liberty to do so."

He eyed me closely, but opened the door. Just as I was about to pass in, he bent forward and asked quickly: —

"Friend of the prisoner?"

"No."

He said something to another officer and I was taken to an enclosed space (around which was a low railing) and given a chair. I afterwards learned that it was in this place the witnesses were seated. He had evidently not believed what I said.

There was a hum of quiet talk in the room, which was ill-ventilated and filled with men and boys and a few women. Of the latter there were but two who were not of the lower grades of life. But there were all grades of men and boys. The boys appeared to look upon it as a sort of matinee to which they had gained free admission.

The trial was one of unusual interest. It had been going on for several days. The man on trial (who was twenty-four years of age and of the well-to-do laboring class) had shot and killed his rival in the affections of a girl of fourteen.

Some months previous he had been cut in the face, and one eye destroyed, by the man he afterward killed, who was at the time of the killing, out on bail for this offence. I had learned these points from the scraps of conversation outside the court room, and from the court officer. This was the last day of the trial. There was to be the summing up of the defence, the speech of the prosecutor, the charge of the judge, and the verdict of the jury.

The prisoner sat near the jury box, pale and stolid looking. The spectators laughed and joked. Court officers and lawyers moved about and chaffed one another. There was nothing solemn, nothing dignified, nothing to suggest the awful fact that here was a man on trial for his life, who, if found guilty, was to be deliberately killed by the State after days of inquiry, even as his victim had been killed in the heat of passion and jealousy by him.

The State was proposing to take this man's life to teach other men *not* to commit murder.

"Hats off!"

The door near the Judge's dais had been opened by an officer, who had shouted the command as a rotund and pleasant-faced gentleman, with decidedly Hibernian features, entered.

He took his seat on the raised dais beneath a red canopy. The buzz of voices had ceased when the order to remove hats was given. It now began again in more subdued tones. In a few moments the prisoner's lawyer — one of the prominent men of the bar — began his review of the case. He pointed out the provocation, the jealousy, the previous assault — the results of which were the ghastly marks and the sightless eye of the face before them. He plead self defence and said over and over again, "If *I* had been tried as he was, if I had been disfigured for life, if I had had the girl I loved taken from me, I'd have killed the man who did it, *long* ago! We can only wonder at this man's forbearance!"

I think from a study of the faces that there was not a boy in the room who did not agree with that sentiment — and there were boys present who were not over thirteen years of age.

The lawyer dwelt, too, upon the fact that the prosecutor would say this or that against his client. "He will try to befog this case. He will tell you this and he will try

to make you think that; but every man on this jury knows full well that *he* would have done what my client did under the same conditions." "The prosecutor told you the other day so and so. He lied and he knew it." The defender warmed to his work and shook his finger threateningly at the prosecutor. Everyone in the room appeared to think it an excellent bit of acting and a thoroughly good joke. No one seemed to think it at all serious, and when he closed and the State's attorney arose to reply, there was a smile and rustle of quiet satisfaction as if the audience had said: —

"Now the fur will fly. Look out! It is going to be pretty lively for he has to pay off several pretty hard thrusts."

There was a life at stake; but to all appearances no one was controlled by a trifle like that when so much more important a thing was risked also — the professional pride of two gentlemen of the bar. In the speech which followed, it did not dawn upon the State's attorney — if one may judge from his words — that he was "attorney for the people," and that the prisoner was one of "the people." It did not appear in his attitude if he realized that the State does not elect him to *convict* its citizens, but to see that they are properly protected and represented.

Surely the State is not desirous of convicting its citizens of crime. It does not employ an attorney upon that theory, but is this not the theory upon which the prosecutor invariably conducts his cases? Does he not labor first of all to secure every scrap of evidence against the accused and to make light of or cover up anything in his favor? Is not the State quite as anxious that he — its representative — find citizens guiltless, if they are so, as that he convict them if they are offenders against the law? Is not the prosecutor offending against the law of the land as well as against that of ordinary humanity when he bends all the vast machinery of his office to collect evidence against and refuses to admit — tries to rule out — evidence in favor of one of "the people" whose employee he is?

These questions came forcibly to my mind as I listened to the prosecutor in the trial for homicide. He not only presented the facts as they were, but he drew inferences, twisted meanings, asserted that the case had but one side; that the defendant was a dangerous animal to be at large; that his

witnesses had all lied; that his lawyer was a notorious special pleader and had wilfully distorted every fact in the case. He waxed wroth and shook his fist in the face of his antagonist and appealed to every prejudice and sentiment of the jury which might be played upon to the disadvantage of the accused. He sat down mopping his face and flashing his eyes. The Judge gave his charge, which, to my mind, was clearly indicative of the fact that he, at least, felt that there were two very serious sides to the case. The audience which had so relished the two preceding speeches, found the Judge tame and when the jury filed out, half of the audience went also. Most of them were laughing, highly amused by "the way the prosecutor gave it to him" as I heard one lad of seventeen say. The moment the Judge left the stand there was great chaffing amongst the lawyers, and much merry-making. The prisoner and his friends sat still. The prosecutor smilingly poked his late legal adversary under the ribs and asked in a tone perfectly audible to the prisoner, "Lied, did I? Well, I rather think I singed your bird a little, didn't I?" When he reached the door, he called back over his shoulder,— making a motion of a pendant body —"Down goes McGinty!" Everyone laughed. That is to say, everyone except the white-faced prisoner and his mother. He turned a shade paler and she raised a handkerchief to her eyes. Several boys walked past him and stopped to examine him closely. One of them said, so that the prisoner could not fail to hear, "He done just right. I'd a done it long before, just like his lawyer said."

"Me too. You bet," came from several other lads — all under twenty years of age.

And still we waited for the jury to return. The prisoner grew restless and was taken away to the pen by an officer. There was great laughter and joking going on in the room. Several were eating a luncheon abstracted from convenient pockets. I turned to an officer, and asked: —

"Do you not think all this is bad training for boys? It must show them very clearly that it is a mere game of chance between the lawyers with a life for stakes. The best player wins. They must lose all sense of the seriousness of crime to see it treated in this way."

"Upon the other hand," said he, "they learn, if they stay about criminal courts much, that not one in ten who is

brought here escapes conviction, and not one in ten who is once convicted, fails to be convicted and sent up over and over again. Once a criminal, always a criminal. If they get fetched here once they might as well throw up the sponge."

"Is it so bad as that?" I asked. He nodded. "Is there not something wrong with the penal institutions then?" I queried.

"How?"

"You told me a while ago," I explained, "that almost all first crimes or convictions were of boys under seventeen years of age. Now you say that not one in ten brought here, accused, escapes conviction, and not one in ten of these fails to be convicted over and over again. Now it seems to me that a boy of that age ought not to be a hopeless case even if he has been guilty of one crime; yet practically he is convicted for life if found guilty of larceny, we will say. Is there not food for reflection in that?"

"I do' know," he responded, "mebby. If anybody wanted to reflect, I guess most boys that hang around here don't spend none too much time reflectin' though — till *after* they get sent up. They get more time for it then," he added, drily.

"Another thing that impresses me as strange," I went on, "is the apparent determination of the prosecutor to convict even where there is a very wide question as to the degree of guilt."

"I don't see anything queer in that. He's human. He likes to beat the other lawyer. Why, did you know that the prosecutor you heard just know is cousin to a lord? His first cousin married Lord ——"

This was said with a good deal of pride and a sort of proprietary interest in both the lord and the fortunate prosecutor. I failed to grasp just its connection with the question in point to which I returned.

"But the public prosecutor is not, as I understand it, hired to convict but to represent the 'people,' one of whom is the accused. Now is the State interested in — does it employ a man to see that its citizens are found guilty of crime, or is it to see that justice is done and the facts arrived at in the interest of *all* the people, including the accused?"

"I guess that is about the theory of the State," he replied,

laughing as he started for the door,—"but the practice of the prosecuting attorney is to convict every time if he can, and don't you forget it."

I have not forgotten that nor several other things, more or less interesting to the public, since my day in a Criminal Court.

It may be interesting to the reader to know that the jury in the case cited, disagreed. At a new trial the accused was acquitted on the grounds of self defence and the prosecutor no doubt felt that he was in very poor luck, indeed: "For," as I was told by a court officer, "he has lost his three last homicide cases and he's bound to convict the next time in spite of everything, or he won't be elected again. I wouldn't like to be the next fellow indicted for murder if he prosecutes the case, even if I was as innocent as a spring lamb," said he succinctly.

Nor should I.

But aside from this thought of the strangely anomalous attitude of the State's attorney; aside from the thought of the possible influence of such court room scenes on the boys who flock there — who are largely of the class easily led into, and surrounded by temptation; aside from the suggestions contained in the officer's statement,— which I cannot but feel to be somewhat too sweeping, but none the less illustrative, that only one in ten brought before the Criminal Court escapes conviction, and only one in that ten fails to be reconvicted until it becomes practically a conviction for life to be once sent to a penal institution; — aside from all this there is much food for thought furnished by a day in a criminal court room. A study of the jury, and of the judge, is perhaps as productive of mental questions that reach far and mean much, as are those which I have briefly mentioned; for I am assured by those who are old in criminal court practice, that my day in court might be duplicated by a thousand days in a thousand courts and that in this day there were alas, no unusual features. One suggestive feature was this. When the jury for the next case was sworn — which was an unusually intelligent looking body of men — seven took the oath on the Bible and five refused to do so, simply affirming. This impressed me as a large proportion who declined to go through the ordinary form; but since it created no comment in the court room, I inferred that it was not sufficiently rare to

attract attention, while only a few years ago, so I was told, it would have created a sensation. There appeared to be a growing feeling, too, against capital punishment. Quite a number of the talesmen were excused from serving on the jury on the ground of unalterable objection to this method of dealing with murderers. They would not hang a man, they said, no matter what his crime.

"Do you see any relation between the refusal to take the old form of oath, and the growth of a sentiment or conscientious scruple against hanging as a method of punishment?" I inquired of the officer.

"I do' know. Never thought of that. They're both a growin'; but I don't see as they've got anything to do with each other."

II. In the Police Court.

The next day I concluded to visit two of the Police Courts. I reached court at nine o'clock, but it had been in session for half an hour or more then, and I was informed that "the best of it was over." I asked at what time it opened. The replies varied. "Usually about this time." "Somewhere around nine o'clock as a rule." "Any time after seven," etc. I got no more definite reply than these, although I asked policemen, doorkeeper, court officer, and Justice. Of one Justice I asked, "What time do you close?"

"Any time when the cases for the day are run through," he replied. "To-day I want to get off early and I think we can clear the calendar by 10.30 this morning. There is very little beside excise cases to-day and they are simply held over with $100 bail to answer to a higher court for keeping their public houses open on Sunday. Monday morning hardly ever has much else in this court."

I was seated on the "bench" beside the Judge. At this juncture a police officer stepped in front of the desk with his prisoner, and the Justice turned to him.

"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole tr—'n — g b tr'th — selp y' God. Kissthebook."

The policeman had lifted the greasy volume and, with more regard for his health than for the form of oath, had carried it in the neighborhood of his left cheek and as quickly replaced it on the desk.

"What is the charge?" inquired the Justice.

"Open on Sunday," replied the officer succinctly.

"See him sell anything?"

"No. I asked for a drink an' he told me he was only lighting up for the night and wasn't selling nothing."

"Anybody inside?"

"Only him an' me."

"You understand that you are entitled to counsel at every stage of this proceeding," said the Justice to the accused man. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"Your Honor, I have a dye house, and a small saloon in the corner. I always light the gas at night in both and have it turned low. I had on these clothes. I was not dressed for work. I went in to light up and he followed me in, and arrested me and I have been in jail all night. I sold nothing."

"Is that so, officer?" asked the Justice.

"Yes, your Honor, it is so far as I know. I seen him in there lighting the gas, an' I went in an' asked for a drink, an' he said he wasn't selling an' I arrested him."

"Give the record to the clerk. Discharged," said the Justice, and then turning to me he explained: "You see he had to arrest the man for his own protection. If a police officer goes into a saloon and is seen coming out, and doesn't make some sort of an arrest, he'll get into trouble; so for his protection he had to arrest the man after he once went in, and I have to require that recorded by the clerk to show why, after he was brought before me, I discharged him. That is for my protection."

"What is for the man's protection?" I asked. "He has been in jail all night. He has been dragged here as a criminal to-day, and he has a court record of arrest against him all because he lighted his own gas in his own house. That seems a little hard, don't you think so?"

The Judge smiled.

"So it does, but he ought to have locked the door when he went in to light up. Perhaps he was afraid to go in a dark room and lock his door behind him before he struck a light, but that was his mistake and this is his punishment. Next!"

Most of the cases were like this or not so favorable for the accused. In the latter instance they were held in bail to

answer to a higher court. Two or three were accused of being what the officer called "plain drunks" and as many more of being "fighting drunks" or "concealed weapon drunks." In these cases the charge was made by the officer who had arrested them. There was no suggestion that "you are entitled to counsel," etc., and a fine of from "$10 or ten days" to "$100 or three months" or both was usually imposed.

A pitiful sight was a woman, sick, and old, and hungry. "What is the charge against her, officer?" inquired the Justice.

"Nothing, your Honor. She wants to be sent to the workhouse. She has no home, her feet are so swollen she can't work, and — "

"Six months," said the Justice, and turned to me. "Now she will go to the workhouse, from there to the hospital, and from there to the dissecting table. Next."

I shuddered, and the door closed on the poor wretch who, asking the city for a home, only, even if that home were among criminals, received a free pass to three of the public institutions sustained to receive such as she — at least so said the Justice to whom such cases were not rare enough to arouse the train of suggestions that came unbidden to me. He impressed me as a kind-hearted man, and one who tried to be a justice in fact as well as in name. He told me that it was not particularly unusual for him to be called from his bed at midnight, go to court, light up, send for his clerk and hold a short session on one case of immediate importance — such as the commitment of a lunatic or the bailing of some important prisoner who declined to spend a night in jail while only a charge and not a conviction hung over him.

"I have never committed anyone without seeing him personally," he explained. "Some judges do; but I never have. Only last night a man's brother and sister and two doctors tried to have me commit him as a lunatic, but I insisted on being taken to where he was. They begged me not to go in as he was dangerous; but I did, and one glance was all I needed. He was a maniac, but I would not take even such strong evidence as his relations and two doctors afforded without seeing him personally."

"And some judges do, you say?" I enquired.

"Oh yes. Next."

"Next" had been waiting before the desk for some time. The officer went through the same form of oath. I did not see a policeman or court officer actually "kiss the book" during the two days. Some witnesses did kiss it in fact and not only in theory. A loud resounding smack frequently prefaced the most patent perjury. Indeed in two cases after swearing to one set of lies and kissing the Bible in token of good faith, the accused changed their pleas from not guilty to guilty and accepted a sentence without trial.

These facts did not appear to shake the confidence in the efficacy of such oaths and the onlookers in the court did not seem either surprised or shocked. Certainly the court officials were not, and yet the swearing went on. That it was a farce to the swearers who were quite willing to say they believed they would "go to hell" if they did not tell the truth and were equally willing to run the risk, looked to me like a very strong argument for a form of oath which should carry its punishment for perjury with it to be applied in a world more immediate and tangible.

The afternoon found me in a more crowded Police Court. The Justice was rushing business. I stood outside the railing in front of which the accused were ranged. The charges were made by the police officer who faced the Judge. The accused stood almost directly behind him something like four feet away. I was by the officer's side and so near as to touch their sleeves, and yet I can truly say that I was wholly unable to hear one-half of the charges made; most of them appeared to relate to intoxication, fighting, quarreling in the street, breaking windows and similar misdeeds.

Some of the "cases" took less than a minute and the accused did not hear one word of the charge made. What he did hear in most cases and *all* he could possibly hear was something like one of these:—

"Ten dollars or ten days." "Three months." "Ever been here before?" "No your Honor." "Ten days." "Officer says you were quarrelling in a hallway with this woman, say for yourself." "Well, your Honor, I was a little full and I got in the wrong hall and she tried to put me out and—"

"Ten dollars."

"Your Honor, I'll lose my place and I've got a wife

and—" The officer led him away. Ten dollars meant ten days in prison to him and the loss of his situation. What it may have meant to his family did not transpire.

To the next "case" which was of a similar nature, the fine meant the going down into a well-filled pocket, a laugh with the clerk and the police officer who took the proffered cigar and touched his hat to the object of his arrest, who, having slept off his "plain drunk," was in a rather merry mood. Many of the accused did not hear the charges made against them by the officer; in but few cases were they told that they had a right to counsel; almost all were fined and at least two-thirds of the fines meant imprisonment. A little more care was taken, a little more time spent if the face or clothing of the accused indicated that he was of the well-to-do or educated class. Indeed I left this court feeling that the inequality of the administration of justice as applied by the system of fines was carried to its farthest limit, and that it would be perfectly possible — easy indeed — to find a man (if he chanced to be poor and somewhat common looking) behind prison walls without his knowing even upon what charge he had been put there and without having made the slightest defence. If he were frightened, or ill, or unused to courts, and through uncertainty or slowness of speech, or not knowing what the various steps meant, had suddenly heard the Judge say "Ten dollars," and had realized that so far as he was concerned it might as well have been $10,000, it was quite possible, I say, for such a man to find himself a convict before he knew or realized what it meant or with what he was charged. I wondered if all this was necessary, or if attention were called to it from the outside if it might not set people to thinking and if the thought might not result in action that would lead to better things.

I wondered if a rapid picture of a boy of sixteen arrested for fighting, shot through this court into association with criminals for ten days, being found in their company afterwards and sent by the criminal court to prison for three months for larceny, and afterward appearing and re-appearing as a long or short term criminal, would suggest to others what the idea suggested to me. I wondered if there were less machinery for the production and punishment of crime and more for its prevention, if life might not be made less of a battlefield and hospital for the poor or unfortunate. I

wondered if the farce of oaths, the flippancy of trials, the passion for conviction of the prosecutor and all the train of evils growing out of these were necessary; and if they were not, I wondered if the vast non-court-attending public might not suggest a remedy if its attention were called to certain of the many suggestive features of our courts that presented themselves to me during my first two days as an observer of the legal machinery that grinds out our criminal population.

AN INSPIRED ADVOCATE.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

WHEN one thinks of inspiration as associated with advocacy, it is generally in connection with a great cause, such as patriotism, or resistance to oppression. Demosthenes rousing his countrymen against Philip of Macedon, Cicero pleading the cause of Sicily against Verres, Burke thundering against Warren Hastings, Patrick Henry arraigning the tyranny of George III., Wendell Phillips invoking justice against the Moloch of slavery, are familiar examples of inspired advocacy. The primary definition of inspiration,—the infusion of influence or ideas into the mind by a superior power, implies that something of an extraordinary character gives the impetus which finds expression in the advocacy it embodies. The efforts of the lawyer in pleading his client's cause in a court of justice do not naturally suggest inspiration, but rather a dependence on a stimulus of baser sort, such as the pecuniary reward or the desire to gain a forensic victory regardless of right and wrong *per se*. The fact that the average lawyer is destitute of the higher imagination prevents him from drawing on what, to a great advocate, is a perennial fountain of inspiration. No matter how insignificant the cause, the existence in himself of a capacity of exalting it into supreme importance, gives to the inspired advocate an advantage which the most profound learning and the greatest mastery of legal fence cannot secure.

It was the distinction of Rufus Choate that, beyond any lawyer whom this country has produced, he was an inspired advocate. His inspiration, morever, did not depend on the greatness of his cause or its connection with those deeper human feelings which vibrate with the impassioned advocacy that interprets and illustrates them. It did not need a trial for murder or a suit for divorce to kindle the imagination of Choate and to impress the minds of a jury with the sense of

his inspiration. In fact, one of the most striking examples of his power to invest commonplace and homely objects with serious interest and importance was his reply to his legal opponent who had ridiculed the harness of his client as second-hand.

"I admit, gentlemen of the jury, that this harness has none of the gloss and the glitter that take the eye of the vulgar crowd, but I appeal to you as intelligent jurymen, acquainted with the ordinary affairs of life, whether it is not a safe, sound, substantial, suitable, second-rate, second-hand harness."

Here the imperfection of the harness was lost sight of in the blaze of adjectives which illumined it, and Choate's fervid characterization of this trumpery bit of property illustrated the remark of an acute critic that he was one of the few men who could drive a substantive and six without danger of an overthrow. Adjectives which in less skilful hands would have been very refractory were with him under complete control; they gave strength and brilliancy to his statements of fact and made dry legal arguments glow with the picturesqueness of romance. The fact is Choate was able, in a remarkable degree, to draw inspiration from the dictionary. By his keen discrimination as to the meaning and influence of words, he could marshal them as effectively as a general does battalions, and whether employing them in the evolutions of a holiday parade or in the exigencies of actual conflict, he was always master of their movements. His objection to a sheriff's return, that the document bristled all over with the word, *having*, marks the nicety of his verbal criticism; and when his objection was overruled by Chief Justice Shaw, on the ground that the repetition, though inelegant, did not impair the legal force of the paper, his reply was in a vein of humorous sentiment which elicited the admiration of bench and bar: "But does not your Honor perceive that the sheriff has greatly overworked the participle?"

The study which Choate made of words, the wonderful richness of his vocabulary, while it had much to do with his power over a jury, had a fantastic side to it, which naturally gave point to sarcasm. Thus, Mr. Justice Wilde of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts comments in his dry way on the passion of the great advocate for adding to his verbal equipment. And when a member of the bar happened to ask

the judge if he had heard that Worcester had just published a new edition of his dictionary, with a great number of additional words, Wilde answered: "No, I had not heard of it; but, for God's sake, don't tell Choate." No doubt Choate himself would have appreciated the point of this sally; for no one was more conscious of the exuberant prodigality of his utterances, which, however, the judge himself would probably have been as unwilling as anybody to restrain. The torrent of his speech bore down on its resistless flow the fact and argument of opposing counsel, but yet this was not due so much, after all, to the flow of his eloquence as to the skill with which he laid bare the weak points of his adversary, and the imaginative ingenuity that put the case in a new and totally unexpected light.

It is a matter of interest to know whence a great man draws his inspiration. Choate got his largely from literature, but it was his power to adapt it to the conditions of life that constituted the secret of his professional success.

Edward G. Parker says Choate told him that in youth he had frequently read inspiring sentences of ambition and splendor, which made him burn all over; or, as he quaintly expressed it: "They made me have goose-flesh all down my back." Doubtless many sensitive youths have been similarly impressed without attaining in after life any eminence beyond that of "gushers." But the inspiration which Choate drew from books was of a higher as well as of a more poetical, practical thought. He found in the great authors who spoke to his inner sense of dignity, grace, and beauty, a power that lifted him into realms of imagination, inspired him with fresh energy, and kindled sentiments which glow in his impassioned appeals to juries and adorn the grave arguments he submitted to the bench. Whatever Choate read with sympathy became blended with his absorbent nature; it was not merely remembered, it was mastered, and while the form of its expression was cast aside, it became invested in a new and oftentimes a more brilliant garb whenever he chose to make it a part of his intellectual wardrobe.

But it was not literature merely from which he drew inspiration for his professional advocacy. He found this in what most persons would deem too dry for such a purpose; namely, in the great authorities of the law. Only a few years before his death, he told a legal friend that he was reading

again Coke upon Littleton to refresh his enthusiam for the old law.

In his early practice, Choate made the same impression on his hearers that he did after he had reached the pinnacle of fame. Inspiration seems to have followed him everywhere. The character of the case, the size of the fee, was of no account compared with the ardor which moved him to his flights of argument and eloquence. One of his first cases, in which he made a three-hour speech that enraptured an audience of all classes, was a common row of some common and some rather uncommon rowdies at a negro dance-house. This single effort established his reputation in his native town of Salem, and in this, and other criminal cases which he defended, not one of his clients was convicted by a verdict of the jury. At one term of the Supreme Court, he procured the acquittal of nearly the whole dock, and as this was the week before Thanksgiving, it was said the criminals were all going home to spend that holiday. At one of these trials the venerable Attorney-General said in the old Salem Court House that he believed the days of the Salem witchcraft had come back. He called Choate, "the conjuror."

For many years the great advocate was known as "The Great Criminal Lawyer," because his efforts in this department of law had attracted more attention than those in civil cases; but about midway in his professional career he became indisposed to continue his criminal practice. A certain odium had been attached to his success in the defence of criminals, which was reflected in the scathing remark of Wendell Phillips that he was a man, "who made it safe to murder; and of whose health thieves asked before they began to steal." The famous Tirrell case, in which Choate secured the acquittal of the prisoner, on a charge of murder and arson, partly by the plea of somnambulism, was urged against him as an abuse of his great powers by persons ignorant of the responsibilities of a lawyer in defending a client. But the legal profession in general was satisfied with the acquittal of Tirrell, the evidence being circumstantial and some of the witnesses for the prosecution having been discredited by Chief Justice Shaw. It was in this case that he addressed a question to the jury, in the cumulative style of intensifying the force of each epithet by the one imme-

diately succeeding, in order to illustrate the impression which he wished to convey in regard to the state of the prisoner's mind.

"What," he exclaimed, "must at such a moment have been the feelings of this fond, foolish, fickle-fated and infatuated Albert when," etc. It has often been wondered why Choate was not employed to defend Prof. Webster against the charge of killing Dr. Parkman, — the most noted criminal trial in the annals of New England, if not of the whole country, — and it has sometimes been said that the great advocate shrank from the odium of securing the acquittal of the culprit. But it is now known that, although urged by Franklin Dexter, one of the leaders of the bar, who believed Webster innocent and wanted him defended on that ground, and by Charles Sumner, who took a similar view and urged the defence in the interest of humanity, Choate would not accept the case, because he would not undertake to declare that Webster did not kill Parkman. The alternative plea of justifiable homicide in self-defence, or of manslaughter by reason of sudden altercation, was the only one which Choate would accept. But Prof. Webster and his advisers would not agree to this line of defence, and the consequence was that he lost the services of the great advocate who would probably have saved his life, had he been allowed the only method of defence which accorded with his convictions of policy and of truth.

Choate's dealings with witnesses and juries showed consummate knowledge of human nature, and skill in inspiring their respect for his presentation of a cause. He did not badger an evidently honest witness, and he encouraged the timid and soothed the nervous one, while only the dishonest were rebuked. Judge Peleg Sprague, of the United States Circuit Court, said: "His skill in the examination of witnesses was consummate. I have never seen it equalled." In dealing with a jury, he did not attempt to carry their feelings by storm until, by his acute analysis of facts and his subtle logic, he had put the case in a way to convince their understandings. His explanations of adverse circumstances were so ingenious that juries were led to credit them, and if a misstatement of fact was brought home to him, he diverted the attention of his auditors to other parts of the case. His studied deference to the jury flattered their self-respect and

he would often appeal to one of them particularly as if sure of securing his adhesion to the point presented. His urbanity to opposing counsel and to the bench was proverbial, though it often masked a keen irony of criticism and argument. The blade was none the less penetrating because it was wreathed with roses, like the sword of Harmodius.

He would guard against the jury being affected at his taking issue with a judge, by seemingly assenting to the judge's views, saying: "Yes, your Honor," "Exactly," "Just so," "Precisely what I was having the honor to remark"; and when the judicial interruption was not wholly antagonistic he would contrive to make the jury think it confirmatory of his argument.

This skill in parrying blows was a marked feature of his forensic power. If hard pushed by the court, his wit often enabled him to break the force of the interruption. In a case before a very able judge of the United States District Court, Choate characterized certain rumors as evidently emanating from a party's enemies: "You mustn't assume that, Mr. Choate; there's no evidence that he has enemies," said the watchful judge. "He's in a large business," replied Choate, "and must have made foes." "There's no evidence," rejoined the Judge, "that he's in business. He's a physician."

"Well, then," instantly replied the advocate, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "he's a physician, and the friends of the people he's killed by his practice are his enemies."

The effect of this sally, which convulsed Judge and jury with laughter, was such that Choate was enabled to resume his argument uncorrected.

The personal appearance of Choate bore out the general impression of him as an inspired advocate. There was a strange, unearthly look in his face, which was ploughed with furrows of thought and care and his dark, piercing eyes were set in deep, cavernous sockets. Nearly six feet in height, with an Apollo head covered with a mass of rich, curly, black hair, and a projecting lower jaw, that gave an effect of great determination to his expression, he had a haunting poetic air, which invested his appearance with indescribable interest.

There was an impression about him, as of a dual nature, one element of which was displayed in the conflicts of the

forum, where he shone triumphant, and another which dwelt upon aspirations and desires of a purely spiritual character.

There was more of the oriental than the occidental in his look, and he seemed physically, if not intellectually, out of place amid the ice and granite of New England life and sentiment. As he moved along the street, apparently absorbed in thought, his large frame swung to his slouching gait in a sort of rhythm that suggested the writhing play of a hungry anaconda in a Ceylon palm-tree. This orientalism of spirit never forsook him. Webster got dull and heavy as years advanced; Choate whirled and sparkled to the end and went out blazing.

The peculiar felicity of phrase which was one of Choate's many gifts was well shown in one of his bouts with his great friend and rival, Webster. Choate had been laying down the law, and Webster, who was proficient in a ponderous theatricality of the Edwin Forrest kind, rolled his great solemn eyes round on Choate and then on the judge, as if in deeply grieved remonstrance at such a monstrous perversion of law as his opponent was enunciating. But Choate was ready for Webster's majestic bluff:

"That is the law, your Honor," he thundered, "that *is* the law, in spite of the admonishing," he paused, "the somewhat *paternal* look in the eye of my illustrious friend." And so it was.

Some men hoard up their wit for great occasions. Every occasion was great for Choate. He could be just as fluent and deliciously humorous in a petty case as in a large one, and the jocosity always came in at the right time. When he said of a witness, who had been prominent in a suit brought by a tailor, that he was evidently testifying with an eye to pantaloons in the distance; when he closed a tremulous and tremendous appeal in behalf of a young girl suing for wages due from a milliner, with the humorous profundity of, "Was it not enough, gentlemen, that she should live in that atmosphere of silks, satins, ribbons, and lavender water—without being cheated out of her wages?" when he remarked of a certain contentious and dull-witted lawyer that he was a bulldog with confused ideas, and referred to another stiff and pompous barrister as coming before the court with his usual, imperturbable perpendicularity of assertion; whenever, indeed, he flashed from his seemingly inexhaustible treasury a funny

suggestion or a glittering sarcasm, it seemed as if his audience had drawn it forth, as if he were acting for their especial benefit and intellectual regalement, rather than to win the petty case in hand.

Yet not upon the jury was the impression of an actor ever left. To them the earnestness of the man was clear and contagious. The secret of his winning so many cases no doubt lay in this, — that he argued everything as if his own life depended on the issue. You forgot at times the client. You felt: "If this wonderful, writhing, suffering man of genius does not win this case, he will go mad, take to drink, or commit suicide. The life of this glorious creature is at stake!" And it was after he had made his appeals to the understanding that he commenced his mesmerism, or what one of his admirers has called his "magical mystery."

The brilliant sayings of Choate, the private citizen, are almost as many as those that came in the heat of advocacy; for, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, "He adorned everything he touched."

Intensity of expression, which is only a passional phase with most New Englanders, was habitual with him. "When I had been two days on the Rhine," he remarked to a friend, "I knew it perfectly; couldn't have known it better if I had been *drowned* in it."

Yet, though loving the law as a profession, Choate was no bigot about it. "The legal mind and subject" he says, "are not the highest. But law is the true training of the statesman, both for its learning and the habit of mind it begets. Both may be kept up, as in Webster's case, though the world usually revenges itself for a double repute by attributing superficiality in one branch."

Both were kept up in Choate's case, too, though he never attained the political consequence of his friend. But his record in the United States Senate would have reflected radiance on a man whose earlier career had not been such a continual coruscation. Choate has been charged with cowardice in his senatorial life,— a charge most absurd, for, if moral cowardice were implied, it is easy to account for some of his positions, notably his silence before Clay, by the influence which Webster had on him personally, and certainly physical cowardice could not be insinuated against a man who attacked Senator Duffie, the duellist politician, and

buried that astonished fire-eater under a mountain of what were well called "polished insults." But though endowed like Disraeli with tremendous powers of invective, as of Disraeli, too, it was felt that Choate really hated no man.

Hate was about the only word in the dictionary which he did not personally and perfectly understand. He either loved or admired men, or they were as shadows to him. And his love, once started, was as uncheckable in its flow as his eloquence. That embarrassment came upon him at certain periods from endorsing the notes of the profligate Webster had no effect upon his friendship; he went on endorsing not only the notes of that most noted of moral and political failures, but also the policy of the man to whom, with the same perverse modesty which characterized Shelley's belief in the intellectual superiority of Byron, Choate appears to have habitually looked up and rendered homage.

It would be easy to multiply anecdotes of Choate; indeed, writing of him is like listening to him, one never feels like coming to an end. It was such a great life, so devoted to lofty public ends, so strewn along its wayside with private generosities, that it seems pitiful that to posterity the man whose eloquence charmed thousands, the man in whose honor, at death, Faneuil Hall was draped in mourning, must be little more than a name, a splendid tradition, not an infinite companion like Homer, or Cicero, or Shakespeare. "There is nothing like the immortality of a book," said Choate, with a sigh. Yet it is something most of us could be easily content with, to know that one had held during life thousands in the hollow of the hand, and to fancy that, after death, in the place of the people, Faneuil Hall, day might be turned into night to emphasize the solemnity of a people's grief, while the most polished orator of the age pronounced a fraternal benediction, amid a tense attention unbroken by the usual applause. Indeed, Edward Everett never surpassed his tribute to his dead friend on that 23d of July, 1857, when he said, in reference to Choate's style: "It is as often marked by a pregnant brevity as by a sonorous amplitude. He is sometimes satisfied, in concise epigrammatical clauses, to skirmish with his light troops and drive in the enemy's outposts. It is only on fitting occasions, when great principles are to be vindicated and solemn truths told, when some moral or political Waterloo or Solferino is to be fought, that he puts on the entire panoply

of his gorgeous rhetoric. It is then that his majestic sentences swell to the dimensions of his thought; that you hear afar off the awful roar of his rifled ordnance; and when he has stormed the heights and broken the centre and trampled the squares, and turned back the staggering wings of the adversary, that he sounds his imperial clarion [here the audience broke into applause, the speaker was so like Choate] along the whole line of battle and moves forward with all his hosts in one overwhelming charge."

THE SHADOW OF THE NOOSE.

A Novelette.

BY FERDINAND C. VALENTINE.

But three weeks to live.

Three weeks; twenty-one days, five hundred and four hours, thirty thousand two hundred and forty minutes, 1,814,400 seconds; numerically expressed they look large, but how these seconds whisk by into the æons of the past! One is gone, and another — I dare not think of it. And yet: what other thought can I have?

Would but madness come to my relief, that I need not think. I used to pity the insane; I had compassion for limited intellects; I sorrowed for the unfortunate — how I envy them now. They can live. The very animals, the reptiles, even those of most repugnant shape can eat, and drink, and bask in the sunlight, heedless of the day of death; but I — I know that I shall die and *when* I shall die; it is too horrible to contemplate.

How escape from these thoughts? They drive me mad with anguish, but unfortunately do not deprive me of reason.

Of yore when in trouble, I fled to the pen for relief. My imagination conjured up factitious existences who rose and walked and did my bidding. In their woes and pleasures I forgot my sufferings and enjoyed the anticipations of popular plaudits. Or again, my writings opened channels for scientific discussions, through which the interests of humankind were advanced; perhaps this record may do some good, at all events this writing, nervous and disjointed as it must be, gives me an occupation. For the nonce, I do not feel the seconds glide by.

Was it Joshua who bade the sun stand still? Would that I could arrest the flight of time; would that I could catch and hold in my hand each precious second as it whisks by, "ere one can say it lightens."

What a horrible spectre is death. In three short weeks I

shall feel it — the gallows wait me; human justice — *in*-human *in*-justice — will be satisfied, though not sated.

"To be hanged by the neck until you are dead,"— "until you are dead." The very walls of my cell repeat the words; my heart's each beat echoes them; my soul throbs with them; my brain reverberates, "until you are dead — dead — dead."

Once, long ago, prompted by idle curiosity, or some other motive beyond my ken, I sought permission to attend an execution. I was then sufficiently influential to have my request immediately granted. The sheriff sent me a heavily black-bordered sheet of stiff paper, announcing that I was appointed a special deputy for the hanging of a poor, ignorant Italian laborer.

Others dressed like me in black, marched behind the wretched creature who was dragged through the jail-yard. He screamed: "*Sono democrata — Sono democrata!*" in the desperate hope that perhaps his announcing himself a Socialist might provoke a rescue. I turned my head as he was carried up the stairs of the horrible engine of death.

"*Sono democrata!*" he screamed again and again. "*Sono demo——!*"

A heavy blow and then I knew all was over.

A young man rushed by me, note-book in hand. To the wall he sped, tying his book to a string that had hung there unperceived; gave the cord a sharp twitch and someone on the outside rapidly pulled the book over the wall.

When I reached City Hall an hour later, that young man's paper had issued an extra, giving the details of the hanging, even the poor wretch's last utterance: "*Sono demo——*"

Someone near me said: "Another democrat gone," and those about us laughed.

Three weeks from to-day I too will see the sunlight. Black-bordered papers will be issued to others who will be deputy sheriffs to witness my death. Reporters will vie with each other to tell how I looked, what I said, what I did. I could be indifferent to all that, were I not to die.

Think of it; in three short weeks my hand will feel no more; my brain will think no more. I will have passed out of existence, while I should live at least twenty years more. Twenty years — and now each second is a treasure, a gem, a priceless gem even in this cell.

Oh, could I but escape the fatal noose, how happy would

I be; how happy would I make others. But I cannot, and as I cannot, would that I could escape at least from the power and torture of thought. Would that I could go to my death as the brute goes to slaughter — stupidly ignorant, blissfully unconscious; the butcher strikes the blow, and all is over.

I would dash out my brains against the cold walls of this cell, but no, that would rob me of many precious, lovely moments of life; that life that thrills and rushes through me, though I am so near its end. Again, if I tried it, those men outside, the "death watch," would prevent me; they are put there to ensure that society be avenged.

Ah, look at them; seated in a circle watching my every motion. They are smoking and conversing in subdued tones. They all belong to the lower walks of life. Were I in their place, I would save the poor sufferer or die in the attempt. Can they not understand that justice errs when it is not tempered with mercy?

This is the acme of cruelty; *he* died without suffering. Five shots, and it was all over. My aim was good. I was even kind in my killing; I gave him none of that soul-wracking torture which society is now giving me.

"'Vengeance is mine,' sayth the Lord." Does society, does the law arrogate to itself divine rights? Like all pusillanimous, little things, arrogating superior rights, it becomes nauseatingly persecuting. If sanguinous society wants my blood, why does it not shoot me suddenly, as I did him? This slow torture is frightful.

Would I kill myself? No; I am afraid to die. You say this is because I have no religion; religious people die calmly. That is a lie — a lie — a lie! Nobody dies calmly. If a moribund person is conscious, he approaches annihilation with fear and quaking. He knows that for him the sun will not rise again.

Why did they not condemn me to expiate my crime by a lifetime of hard labor? It would have been sweet and pleasant and at the same time would serve as a really salutary example. But no, that bestial body called "Society" is brutal enough to want the blood of the guilty to wash out the blood-stains of the innocent. The *innocent* did I say? Was Marcy innocent? He was a cur, and for killing a cur, I must die. He died suddenly, without suffering an instant,

and much through his own fault. True, I shot him, but if I *must* die because of that, why must I suffer these horrors?

Twenty-one days. Would they were years; but they are only days. Will the pen not help me avoid for the nonce that grinning spectre — death — that hangs over me?

It is said that a murderer always reveals himself by returning to the site of his crime. This is one of the absurb popular fallacies. Nothing could impel me to do anything so foolish; anyone with a modicum of sense must understand that there was nothing for me to do but kill him.

I would, if I could, escape even the letters d-e-a-t-h — what a ghastly combination.

Am I so bad that society for its preservation must needs kill me? No, and were I even the worst creature that ever trod the earth, my death (that awful word again) would not ensure safety to society. No one is utterly, irretrievably bad; no one is absolutely good. There is no complete entirety on one side or the other; the very bad have surely at least one redeeming feature, which should not be killed; the good must have at least one defect, or they would not be human.

It is said that "the way of the transgressor is hard." Another cowardly lie, by which that beast, Society, endeavors to protect itself. The way of the transgressor is *not* hard. The slightest fillip to the moral balance in each of us, may hurl us down the road of transgression, and society, *enlightened* society, mind you, revels in torturing the unfortunate victim with inflictions whose equal cannot be conjured up even by those who invented hell. That is what I am suffering. I cannot cry: "*Sono democrata*"; would that I could cherish even this hope.

Perhaps these lines may lead the insatiates to abolish that cruelty, capital punishment. If so, I will not have written them in vain.

Indeed though, I would not write this at all, had my attorney not told me an hour ago that executive clemency had been denied me, and the day of my execution fixed for the 21st of June. I wonder if the governor remembers that but six months ago he took my hand as he cried "Bravo" with the crowd who applauded my speech in favor of our party. Is there no gratitude in the wretch who is on the

road to the White House through my aid? A dash of his pen would enable me to make reparation, as far as possible, for my crime; to wipe out in tears, if need be, the wrong I did. But no, the convention will soon meet; if he pardoned me, he might loose the nomination, and rather than thwart his ambition he would kill a thousand friends. I killed but one enemy.

Perhaps a record of my career may lead society to save and correct its erring brothers instead of butchering them, as I will be butchered in twenty-one short days.

In reciting the main incidents of my life, I do not propose to show a justification for my crime, nor even palliate it. I did it and must bear the consequence, cruel it is in itself, but still worse in the anticipation. But my telling all that befell me, my reasons for killing Marcy will be better understood and also will be seen how disproportionate to my wrong is the punishment inflicted. It is not punishment, it is persecution, whose greater part is unalloyed vindictiveness.

In my recital many trivial and often apparently irrelevant occurrences will be stated. Their importance and pertinency will, however, soon after be shown.

. . . . .

The only pleasant recollections of my childhood, youth, and adolescence are associated with my grandmother. I wish that loveliest of all God's creatures were dead, so that she need not suffer as she must now. I hope she dies before I am executed; that will at least palliate my pangs. Of all ties on earth she is the strongest.

Of my father I knew very little. I was a boy of ten when he left my mother and me. I remember his appearance, though. He was a rather slight man, but a very handsome one. He bore himself with military erectness, and was always preceded by a smell of tobacco. He never punished or even chided me. Whenever I committed any childish peccadillo, he looked at me in a most pained manner that stung my heart deeper than all the scoldings and blows my mother rained upon me.

One day he was in his library reading those heavy tomes with which he seemed to pass his entire time. He did not observe my approach until I passed my head beneath his

arm that rested on the table. He closed it about my neck, caressed my head, oh, so gently, and continued reading. He murmured the word "Perihelion"; hence I infer that he must have been absorbed in some work on astronomy. His abstraction nettled me. I know not why I wanted him to leave his book and speak to me. I withdrew from his embrace and he continued to read, without noticing my departure. Ever since the word "Perihelion" is associated in my mind with blood.

Prompted by something I could never define, I clambered up the back of his chair and fiercely grasping his head, I sunk my teeth into his ear. He uttered a cry of pain, leaped from his chair and exclaimed full of indignation: "Robert!"

A stream of blood flowed down his face, over his silken coat to the floor.

His sudden motion had toppled me over. I was frightened at what I had done and felt sure he would strike me. Whatever may have been his intentions, his hand was arrested by the sudden appearance of my mother in the door-way.

"You Ishmaelite!" she exclaimed. My father gave me a glance of sad reproof, sighed, pressed a handkerchief to his ear and resumed his seat.

"Come Robert, you brat," said my mother.

I slowly rose to obey her, feeling more inclined, however, to go to my father and ask his forgiveness.

My two aunts were in my mother's room which my father never approached.

"What has he done now?" asked Aunt Helen.

"He knocked the brat down," answered my mother.

"Of course, the coward," said Aunt Adelaide, shrugging her shoulders, "what can be expected of that breed but low brutality."

"Mamma," I said, "papa did not knock me down. I just fell when he jumped up after I bit his ear."

"How did you come to bite his ear?" my mother asked in wonder.

"I don't know," was my response. "He sat there reading and did not notice me, so I climbed up the back of his chair and bit his ear till the blood came."

At this my aunts laughed uproariously.

"Nettie," said Aunt Helen, "just keep on and be stead-

fast; he will certainly break down and give you means to rid yourself and us of this disgrace."

They acted towards me as if I had done some meritorious deed and had me recite the details over and over again, each time laughing more.

Then they resumed the usual subject of their conversations, whose brunt was expressions of sympathy for my mother's "misfortunes," and their "disgrace."

"Poor Nettie," and "our unfortunate, unhappy darling," they called her, asking solicitously about "Arthur," meaning a Mr. Siefeld, who to me seemed the real master of our house.

On leaving, they as usual spoke very loudly on passing the library, designated my mother "Mrs. Siefeld," which always provoked my wonder, as I knew her name to be Mrs. Darcourt.

. . . . . .

The last time I saw my father is ineradically graven upon my memory.

Mr. Siefield, my mother and I were seated at dinner, when he entered. He looked unusually careworn, but as was his habit did not forget to caress and kiss me.

"Good evening, Nettie," he said hesitatingly.

"You are not welcome in my house, I am sure," mother answered bitterly.

"*Shsh*," Siefeld said admonitiously.

Father ignored her remark and said in a constrained tone:—

"How are you, Siefeld?" His manner was not cordial.

Siefeld responded: "Fairly well, Professor," and then he turned to my mother, handed her the celery: "Have some, Madam?" he smiled and showed his irregular yellow teeth as he spoke.

"Thanks, *you* know I do not need it," mother said with an expressive glance to him.

Father grew ghastly pale, rose abruptly and left the room.

"What is the matter with that fool now?" asked my mother.

"He heard you," answered Siefeld. "Why will you be so indiscreet, Nettie?" he asked reprovingly.

"Oh pshaw, I can amuse myself a little with him while it

lasts. He dare not say anything, or I will crush him; I will expose him and tumble him from the pinnacle on which his conceit and vanity have placed him."

We ate in silence; I wondering what iniquities my father had committed that warranted my mother's actions.

"Do you know, Nettie," said Siefeld after a while, "that after all he did for me, I often feel like despising myself for the part I am playing?"

"Have some celery, Arthur?" asked mother with a laugh.

Siefeld made an impatient gesture.

"Arthur," said my mother in a vexed tone, "don't grow sentimental; it does not become you. We will see this evening if I cannot get him to strike me in your presence and then, hurrah for liberty."

"Nettie, don't let the child hear you talk so," said Siefeld angrily.

"We—we—we," my mother said, mocking his voice.

Siefeld struck his hand on the table violently. "Shut up, I tell you," he said emphatically.

Our dinner was concluded in silence.

"Now for the fireworks," said mother, as we went upstairs.

The library was open. My father sat in his chair, in his hand a large bundle of paper, the lower half of each leaf being charred. His face was of a ghastly hue.

My mother did not heed Siefeld's attempt to restrain her.

"Enjoying the reading of your *beautiful* manuscript?" she asked tauntingly.

Father did not answer.

"Ha, ha, ha!" she laughed. "Two year's work, figuring, and calculating, and writing every night, and now all ready for the publisher. Think I did not see the contract, eh? A thousand dollars cash and ten per cent. of the retail price as royalty, if delivered to-morrow. It will not be delivered to-morrow, will it, my d-a-r-l-i-n-g?"

She drew out the last word with such a decided sneer, that even I could not but feel its insulting intent.

Father sprang up, dashed the burned manuscript at her feet and exclaimed: "You wretch, you miserable wretch, the true daughter of your father."

"Help! murder!" screamed my mother. "Arthur, you are a witness, you saw how he assaulted me."

Father seemed to grow towering in his rage.

"For years," he thundered, "have I borne your tortures; for our child's sake have I suffered silently; for the sake of propriety have I restrained myself. You have never had even an unkind word from me before — the end has come. I can say nothing but damn you and damn the day I first saw you."

He strode from the room. The front door closed with a loud slam, then silence reigned for a moment.

"Well," said my mother, "I presume I have all the evidence I need. You witnessed his cruel and inhuman treatment, did you not?" she asked Siefield.

"No," answered Siefeld calmly.

"Wha — what?" said my mother in astonishment. "Is this the way you requite my affection? Is this your manner of keeping your troth? May I not count on you to help me get my freedom, so that you can make good your promise?"

Siefield looked upon her calmly for a little while. Then he said, as he threw himself into a chair: —

"See here, Nettie. You must not assume because I acted a cur, that I will be a perjurer too. Don't start; you have brought about a stupid climax and it is time to tell you now, what I propose to do. First, though, send the child upstairs."

"Go upstairs, Robert," said my mother obediently.

I never saw my father again.

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Grandma came yesterday, and of course I could write no more.

It required quite a while to identify her, after she was admitted to my cell. That wan, unkempt, bedraggled old crone — it was difficult to consider her the beautiful, stately old lady of three months ago. Yes, she was beautiful; perhaps not artistically so, but she was stately, stout; her sweet face made the furrows of seventy years, rivers of happiness; her well-dressed, glistening, thick white hair was brushed up from her brow, as few, very few old women would dare to wear it. Her large, liquid eyes always danced with benevolence; they were the same brown, black-by-night color as my mother's, but their expression was so different.

She was a thoroughly modern old lady, keenly interested in all the subjects of the day, even down to the details of

fashionable garments. Her disposition had anything but the reminiscent garrulousness so frequent with old people and so taxing. On the contrary, she was girlishly rapacious for everything new. The papers that contained the best reviews of new books were eagerly devoured by her; her account at the publishers was something prodigious, and I am sure she would have been offended had I ever neglected to secure seats for "first nights" at the theatres.

Other old women spoke of my self-sacrificing devotion to my "poor old grandmother"; had they acted to their grandchildren as grandma did to me, there would have been no means of invidious comparison. She never complained, never considered herself deserted because of her age and indulged in none of that whining which seems the means by which senile decay appeals for sympathy.

Her prettily-written notes to me were always gracefully and affectionately worded; she invariably addressed me "Darling" and signed them "Your devoted Sweetheart." Ever since I was old enough to act as her escort, I called her my sweetheart, and she at first accepted the designation as a joke and eventually adopted it as a matter of course.

When I married she took my wife to her heart, because she was my wife, and contributed all in her power to my happiness by ever espousing my wife's cause against me, in those trifling differences that beset the first few years of matrimony. I think it best not to mention the attitude my mother assumed toward my wife.

So this haggard old crone, with waxen, sunken cheeks, wisps of white hair dangling about her agonized countenance, was "Sweetheart." Her dress hung limp about her emaciated form; her chubby hands had become claw-like in their bony thinness. Her beautiful large eyes were red, suffused, and hideous in desperation.

She had evidently just learned that the wretched governor had refused executive clemency.

"Darling, darling, darling!" she screamed, in an uncanny tone. "Darling, they want to take you from me. No, no, no, no, tell me I am dreaming; tell me I am insane. They shall not kill my lovely boy. Let them take me; I am old and useless."

She clutched me so fiercely that her fingers sank into my flesh. Burying her face upon my breast she sobbed and

moaned so bitterly, that the men outside, those of the death-watch, were obliged to turn away.

Her desperation was fearful; I felt tempted to charitably lie to her and say that I had private information that a reprieve would reach me at the foot of the gallows.

Suddenly she started from me, held me at arm's length and said, quickly, feverishly: —

"Darling, let us cheat them. Tell me, dear, you are so learned, tell me some poison and how I can bring it in; we will both take it, and then they cannot kill us."

Her eyes and mouth were wide open, as if in a joyous anticipation.

I was cogitating upon an answer when an officer entered.

"You must go now, madam," he said, gently.

"Go?" she asked. "Go and leave darling? No, my place is here with my boy, whom you fiends want to kill. No, I stay here, his cell is mine, and when you kill him, you will kill me, too."

She acted with the insanity of grief. Would she were really insane or dead that she might not feel this anguish.

The burly policeman held his jaws firmly together; the buttons on his coat approached and receded from each other rapidly, his face twitched.

"Madam," he said, in an unsteady voice, "unless you go willingly, I shall be obliged to take you."

"Take me," she said eagerly. "Take me, but let him escape. You have children, have you not? Yes. Just think of it, how rich I can make them. I have a hundred thousand dollars; all, all shall be for them, if you save my boy's life. Don't you see that my heart is breaking — "

"Come, come, Madam," said the officer, ever so kindly. "You must go now. I shall beg the warden to let you return to-morrow. Please go."

He tenderly put his arm about her shoulders. At his touch she became unconscious. I was as if petrified.

"No, she is not dead, only fainted," said the officer, upon satisfying himself with a glance at her.

She lay in his strong arm. With his free hand, great, coarse as it was, he swept the straggling bunches of hair from her brow and bending over her, pressed his big, wiry moustache to her forehead.

"Excuse me," he said, "I could not help it, she is so

lovely. Come, quickly. You kiss her too, I *must* take her from here."

I could not move.

Shortly after I heard her voice, cracked and piercing, like those of the drunken beldames in the neighboring cells, where I was first imprisoned. She shrieked: —

"It's a lie, there is no God; I know it now, there is no — "

. . . . . .

Society, that slimy monster, is not satisfied with taking my life, but must glut itself by crushing Sweetheart in its horrid tentacles. Sweetheart, who lived seventy years an angel, who spread the perfume of her goodness over all with whom she came in contact; Sweetheart must have her soul wrenched from her, because I killed a man, a cur; I would have been a worse cur had I not killed him.

Surely this torture cannot be inflicted upon Sweetheart because she brought into the world such a collection of children. What fault had she that her daughters Helen, Adelaide, my mother, Stephen, and Robert, were all the counterparts of their father, whom I remember but dimly, and of whom I know nothing good.

. . . . . .

When I began writing to-day I was interrupted by the visit of a clergyman, a stranger to me, who came to offer his services. Would that I could conscientiously accept them. Unfortunately I cannot, and therefore I cannot go to the slaughter mumbling prayers, nor shouting the Nazarene's name. This doubtless will be a disappointment to the sensational publications who would enjoy heading an account of my execution with letters an inch long: "Jerked to Jesus." A Chicago paper really used this, but it was not far ahead of the New York daily which had standing for weeks a headline "Seven Up," wherewith to announce the execution of the anarchists hanged in Chicago several years ago.

I dare say they will be chagrined if I do not act with fine frenzy and even think I did them a grievous wrong by not furnishing material for a sensational article. Others will rely entirely upon their imagination for an account of my execution and will malign me at the rate of five dollars per column of 1200 words. When I am gone this cannot harm me, but my children and Sweetheart — how they will suffer.

I once happened to be in the office of the local editor of a paper, whose reputation for sensationalism was well established. A reporter brought in the account of a hanging.

"What," exclaimed the editor, "only two stickfuls of so *célebre* a *cause?*"

"Pshaw," answered the reporter in disgust, "the fellow, confound him, didn't do an interesting or noteworthy thing. He just walked up and was swung off. Wonder if he appreciated the value to me and to our paper of a little decent conduct."

"Ah well," said the editor consolingly, "just go and write an account of the hanging and state what he would have said and done had he acted decently."

The paper contained four columns giving full details of the poor devil assaulting the clergyman at his side; of striking the hangman and giving the sheriff a kick, from which the imaginative reporter doubted whether he would recover.

. . . . . .

Of course I treated the clergyman who visited me with the courtesy due from one gentleman to others. He exercised such remarkable tact, that I feel disappointed with myself for his sake, because I could not accept his views.

His manners were charming. He did not treat me as if I were a psychological phenomenon, nor a furious beast; he showed me that in his eyes I am a very unfortunate man, who needs God's mercy, and though I do not show my repentance in religious form, am sure of Divine pardon.

"God is good; God is love, my friend," he said.

"If God is good, why then does He not save me from death, that I may spend my life in repentance, exercising the greatest of virtues — *consoling the sad?*"

"Ah, my dear sir," said the clergyman, "who would dare fathom the depths of God's wisdom and His intents?"

"Yes," I answered, "the human mind is finite. But its very limitations will not let me grasp His good, lovely purpose in allowing me to be strung up—to be butchered even less mercifully than is an ox—and the ox is killed for an object."

The clergyman was perhaps fatigued by his efforts to induce me to accept religious consolation. He dropped the conversation by asking if he might pray for me. I readily assented. He knelt on the floor of my cell.

"Merciful Father: give me strength and wisdom wherewith to bring my brother to Thee. Help me infuse into him thoughts that will console him. Help him to be resigned to his fate. Make him understand that his repentance entitles him to Thy mercy and that Thou wilt give him greater love, than the human, finite mind can conceive. Amen."

The prayer was so unusual that it struck me as at least logical. I shook the clergyman's hand and thanked him fervently for his good wishes.

He left a deep impress upon my mind; he is doing what I should like; to devote long years of life to works of charity. Ah, but in this state of society, with the horrible custom of capital punishment, how impossible is practical charity towards a human being condemned to death.

If society had any conception of the sublimity of charity, if it would practise charity with the rigor with which it exercises what it calls justice, this earth would be far less the Vale of Tears it is. Is it not true that most human misfortunes result from lack of charity?

And yet, that bulwark of society, the Bible, is continually quoted as authority for charity. Can it mean only the charity that gives the beggar a penny or builds immense edifices erected to the perpetuation of one's name?

"Thou shalt not kill," says the commandment. I violated this and I am to be killed. My act made me a criminal, or rather it was done by the jury, selected because of its stupidity or dense adherence to "The Word."

But that very society that wants to kill me, is it not a greater criminal? Is its crime not viler because of its premeditation?

Still, why do I reflect upon this? It will not save me.

I will flee from the horrid future by reciting fragments of the past, as they come to me.

When I was twenty-four years of age, I fell in love. Rosalia — never mind her surname — seemed the incarnation of all that was divine. She received my attentions, but refused to link her fate to that of a man without an occupation. In this, as I now see it, she was right; but why did she, to her and my misfortune, marry that whelp, Marcy, before I had an opportunity to ascertain for what work I was most fitted?

Fool that I was, I married shortly afterwards, to show Rosalia my indifference. Well, I was young, and youth is a good excuse for many follies.

Emmeline was a good wife; a sort of negative character, who agreed with me in most things, and faithfully did her duty. She bore me my two lovely children, Henry and Emmeline, and for Emmeline's life, she paid with her own.

I never loved my wife, but her death made me very lonesome. She was an admirable friend; an earnest coadjutor; an exemplary mother, and moreover most dutiful and affectionate towards Sweetheart. We missed Emmeline dreadfully.

After she died, Sweetheart took charge of my house and my children. I desired a housekeeper, as I did not want Sweetheart to have domestic cares in her old age. But she insisted and I yielded.

At an unfortunate moment I met Rosalia. She was unwise enough to seek consolation from me for her matrimonial unhappiness. I visited her and found that Marcy treated her with habitual sneers, which he made no attempt to conceal in my presence.

One fell evening I received a note from Rosalia, a message that she was ill and wished to see me at once.

I was admitted to her room. She asked me to sit on the edge of the bed.

"What is it, Rosalia?" I asked.

"Misery, wretched misery," she wept. "O Robert, why was I such a fool as to discard you for that brute? He struck me to-day."

"I'll kill him!" I exclaimed in rage.

"For heaven's sake, Robert, control yourself," she plead. Raising herself into a sitting posture, she clasped her arms about me.

I put my arms around her, to encourage, to support, to console her. I was weak enough to kiss her.

A violent blow on both our heads showed that Marcy had entered. The heavy carpet had deadened his foot-falls.

Rosalia screamed. Unfortunately I had my pistol in my pocket. Before I was aware of what I had done, Marcy lay dead at my feet, five bullets in his body.

"Fly, Robert, for heaven's sake — get away quickly," screamed Rosalia.

"And leave here with apparent evidences against you? No," I answered.

She sprang from the bed and endeavored to force me from the room. "Save yourself, Robert; for the love I bear you, save yourself," she pleaded.

"You are my prisoner," said a policeman who had rushed into the house on hearing my shots.

At the trial I learned that in some unaccountable manner, I had dropped Rosalia's note. It was deemed more than strongly circumstantial, in fact corroborative evidence that a wronged husband had surprised his wife with her lover and that the lover had been dastard enough to kill the man he had betrayed.

The prosecution shrewdly objected to all jurors who had not young and pretty wives, and by help of ingenious detectives ascertained that all were jealous of them with cause or without.

I was ably defended. Mr. Russell certainly did all within a learned and industrious lawyer's power for me. He was assisted by ex-judge Bronson and several other notable jurists.

But, through my anxiety to shield Rosalia from the damning appearances, I was the worst witness that could possibly have appeared against me.

The jury found me guilty; the Appelate Court confirmed the sentence, and the Governor, curse him, refused to interfere.

And I must die on the twenty-first of June.

. . . . .

I was imbecile enough to ask for a transcript of the testimony and of the sentence. Read it? Impossible.

The letters twisted and curled through the paper like fiery little serpents.

The pages themselves writhed in my grasp; the words danced like demons to stand occasionally and shriek: —

"You must die on the twenty-first! Die — twenty-first. Die —"

Perhaps I screamed the words, I do not know. At all events, the warden, who was passing my cell just then, entered.

"Mr. Darcourt," he said, "I have brought you a cigar."

"Thanks, warden," I answered, "I do not smoke."

"But I wish you to smoke this one," he said. "It is a particularly good one; it will make you sleep." He whispered the last words.

"Forever?" I asked feverishly.

He shook his head. "No, I cannot defeat the ends of justice —"

"Justice!" I sneered.

He did not heed my interruption, but continued: —

"You need sleep; come, light it."

The cigar nauseated me at first; soon I grew drowsy and had a long rest. I feel better now, but merciful God, *un*merciful God, I mean, precious hours of life have I slept away.

Life! you who may read these lines, do you appreciate what it is? It is sunlight, flowers, a blue sky; air to breathe; human sympathy to cultivate; charity to exercise.

And I, a man not yet fifty; I who did no wrong; I who avenged the woman I loved, must die!

Have you any influence? Of course you have. You have a voice, a pen. Raise your voice, use your pen to wipe from society that blot — capital punishment.

Criminals need salutary examples, do they? Rot and nonsense. To what criminal will my execution be an example? What *man* would not have done as I did?

I must be hanged, must I, to prove that in this State, no preference is shown the exalted? Truth is, my life will be taken, so that rapacious hound in the gubernatorial chair shall not be exposed to the charge that he allowed a murderer to go unpunished. That means that my corpse will serve as a campaign document.

I am growing confused. Is this madness? I hope it is.

. . . . . .

What has happened to me? When I last wrote a species of lethargy came, and now I am told that I have but four days more to live. Four days! Four times the sun will rise, four times morning will come, and fathers will kiss their children, will receive their loving caresses, and — nothing for me. And when the four days are over, I will be taken from here; it — it will happen. Progressive metamorphosis will stop with me, and the world will go on as if

I had never existed. And all this before I have completed or even fairly rounded the full vigor of manhood.

. . . . . .

My children were here. Henry, a great splendid fellow of fifteen; Emeline, my baby, only three. Henry carried his little sister and placed her in my arms.

Baby put her hands to my cheeks, and kissed me rapturously.

"Come, papa, dear," she said, "let's go out into the garden and play horsey. I don't like this black house; it's too dark. Come out quick, papa dear."

Henry's face looked like stone. He stared wildly for a few moments, then took baby from me, and put her on my bed. "Emmy," he said, his voice sounded sepulchral, "here, play with brother's watch."

The noble fellow then turned to me and without a word threw his strong arms about my neck. His grasp grew closer and closer, it was convulsive; his chest heaved!

"Ding dong, the day is long,
The woodcock and the sparrow,"

sang little Emmeline.

"O papa," sobbed Henry.

I could not speak.

"No," ejaculated my boy wildly, "no, I should not add to your distress. Papa, others may say yours was a disgraceful death. I say you died nobly. I know you are pure; you are the soul of chivalry; you might have exposed Mrs. Marcy, you would rather die than compromise a woman's name. Papa, I am your son and I am proud of it. I will be proud to know that you did not fear death."

Then he relaxed his hold on me and sank onto my chair. He pressed his hands to his face and wept bitterly.

I could not articulate a sound. His grief paralyzed me.

"Papa," said my boy, suddenly controlling his anguish, "they searched me before I came in. They took my knife from me." His tone and manner were expressive.

"I shall come again the day after to-morrow," he whispered. "If then all hope is gone—" his drawn features were fearful in their anxiety,—"you shall not be executed and I shall not be hanged for cheating the law of its prey."

I pointed to little Emmeline.

"O God," Henry hissed through his teeth; "true, I must live, but how can I without you? You, the best father, the kindest friend—"

"Time's up, sir," said the officer who had carried Sweetheart from me. "Come, Baby," he said taking Emmy on his arm. "Kiss papa and come again soon." Tears were in his eyes. "For heaven's sake, Mr. Darcourt," he said anxiously, "make it short. It only hurts them and you too."

How they were taken out I do not know. I was dazed, and returned only to thought when the echoes brought my son's voice:—

"God damn the Skeenes!" I know he did not include Sweetheart in his curse.

. . . . .

The Skeenes! They were my mother, Aunt Helen, Aunt Adelaide, Uncle Stephen and Uncle Robert. That horde, my mother included, had gone onto the stand and sworn that I had always been a bad boy; unmanageable and headstrong; that I had inherited the low, cruel proclivities of my father, whom they did not cease to berate even after his death, or disappearance, for I do not know whether he is alive to-day or not.

If what Sweetheart told me is true (and who ever heard her lie?) my father was a very good man. He was too gentle though, too considerate of others — "and" said Sweetheart, "you are his very picture. O darling, if your father had been a determined, strong man, his life would have been so different."

His history was an unsatisfactory one. He was continually immersed in his studies which he loved only second to my mother. But for some reason, which I never understood, he was the object of hatred of all the Skeenes, except Sweetheart. Though Sweetheart never complained, I imagine it must have been a great relief for her when my grandfather died. If reports are true, he tortured her, to gratify the malice that seems the only motive which actuates his progeny. They vented it upon all and particularly upon those who submitted to it from self-interest or inability to resist.

The natural consequence was that despite their wealth, they were isolated practically. None voluntarily submitted

to the venom with which their every action and speech bristled.

To others, but occasionally thrown with the Skeenes, it must have appeared that they idolized each other. They used affectionate nicknames when designating themselves or their immediate relatives, but their family reunions were conducted either in grim silence or in bitter references to what each called the other's "history."

Every individual laid down a species of law and gospel of propriety for the others, and strove to show how it had been violated.

My mother did not hesitate to openly declare that Aunt Helen had been deserted by numerous lovers because (to quote my mother) "why should they buy a cow when milk was so cheap?"

Aunt Helen retorted by affecting solicitude for me. "How can the poor child help its wickedness? He cannot tell who his father was."

My uncles never conversed, except to accuse each member of the family of adulating their father, in quest of testamentary preference.

All enjoyed speaking of their family, as though it were one of renown. If reports of the manner in which their wealth was gained are true, then wisdom would have urged silence upon them.

The entire lot are undersized but have an arrogant bearing, which gives them the appearance of being of average stature. Their features are coarse, their small eyes shrewd, glistening, and rapacious. Charity in any of its senses, even its narrowest, has no existence for them. They have lived, and live in hate of their fellow-beings.

Agreeable to their inherited tendencies and the example set them by their father, they saw in their fellow-beings only objects of spoliation.

But enough of this set, which the irony of fate could not let spoil Sweetheart's divine disposition. Why such an angel should have been cast with such a fiend as my grandfather; why she should have brought into the world such demons, passes comprehension.

They treated her with contempt, and every demonstration of her inborn goodness towards them or others was met with: "Oh pshaw, you're no Skeene."

The first outbreak in which I took part, settled my position in the family.

Aunt Adelaide and my mother concocted an anonymous letter, destined to undermine the happiness of a neighbor from whom they had received many kindnesses.

Sweetheart came into the room as the last words of the epistle were read aloud by Aunt Adelaide.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Sweetheart in agony, "what does this mean? Is it possible that you are so black at heart — "

"Pshaw," said my mother, "you're no Skeene."

I sprang to my feet. "Thank God she is not," I shouted with youthful fervor, as I put my arm about Sweetheart. "I am ashamed of the dirty Skeene blood in me. Come, Sweetheart, let us leave this contemptible, despicable crowd."

"You young Ishmaelite," said my mother and Aunt Adelaide together.

Sweetheart appeared calm in her grief. Not a tear was in her eyes, and her voice revealed only determination and surprising severity:

"If that letter is sent, I shall expose its source."

We left the room together.

About a year later, an unusually serious quarrel separated my mother and Aunt Adelaide. From the exchange of offences, I deduced that my mother had surprised Aunt Adelaide embracing Mr. Siefeld.

Shortly thereafter, Aunt Adelaide affected extreme amiability towards me; its purpose, I soon learned, was to get me to steal from my mother a package of letters, which — I had enough of the bad Skeene traits — I read. They should have been destroyed, as they contained anything but enviable confessions on part of the writers. With them was a photograph of my father, crunched and broken — across it was written in my mother's hand, the word "Ishmaelite."

I returned the letters, but kept the photograph.

Aunt Adelaide came into my room one day as I was looking at the picture.

"Robert, dear," said my aunt, "I thought you were at college."

"No, aunt," I answered, "we have no lectures this morning."

"What is that?" she asked, affecting a curious interest, although she recognized the portrait at once.

I showed it to her.

"Wretch!" Aunt Adelaide exclaimed indignantly.

"Aunt Adelaide!" I protested.

"Now, Robert," said my aunt, "don't get excited. You are old enough to know the truth, and you will understand why I take pleasure in telling it to you. That man, whose picture you have, is your father."

"Yes, I know it," I said. "What of it? He does not look like a bad man."

"He was not; but he was weak, trusting, and honest."

It was curious to hear any of the Skeenes attribute honesty or any good quality to others.

Aunt Adelaide continued: "He was a handsome, courteous, refined, educated gentleman, who threw himself away on your mother."

"Aunt Adelaide, I will not listen to aspersions upon my mother, your sister."

"More's the pity that she is my sister." Aunt Adelaide said with a contemptuous half-laugh, half-cough. "But let me tell you the whole story. If your father lives, you may meet him some day, and then you must repeat what I shall now reveal to you. It will take a weight from his soul, an unmerited weight. Will you hear me, Robert?"

"Go on," I said curtly.

For an instant her eyes gleamed with anger, but she suppressed it.

"An accident brought your father to our house. Nettie, your mother, at once appealed to his soft heart; they became engaged, as he wished to take her from the family with whom she was so unhappy; from her unprincipled father and brothers, from the wretched sisters, as she chose to consider her relations.

"Your father did not or would not understand my affection for him. At the time I was engaged also, but as has been usual with us, the engagement did not last long. I was not sorry for it, because I wanted to marry your father.

"But he was either so obtuse or so full of honor that he would not heed me. I warned him of Nettie, but he angrily bade me be silent.

"As the time for the wedding approached I knew something decisive must be done, as his marrying Nettie meant for me a life of misery. I told him so and he was horrified. He looked glorious in his rage.

"But I could not resist the impulse of my heart. To prove how much I loved him, I wrote him offering myself without even the ties and obligations imposed by the law."

"Aunt Adelaide!" I could not suppress the ejaculation.

"Just like your father," she said in admiration. "When next we met, I asked if he had received my note.

"'Yes,' he answered curtly.

"'And your decision?' I asked.

"'That you never speak to me again.' With that he handed me my letter.

"What a power for his own good he could have wielded over me, had foolish chivalry not obliged him — "

"Never mind that, Aunt Adelaide, you know we cannot agree on matters of principles. I am anxious to know more of my father; please continue."

She seemed to gather her thoughts for a moment and then proceeded:—

"When you grow older you may learn to appreciate the fury that actuates a scorned woman. I felt resentment towards your father, and knowing your mother's disposition, I set about directing all hatred against your father."

She then showed me one of the peculiarities of the family. Her thoughts having turned to the pleasure enjoyed in venting ire upon my father, she drifted from the original line of her remarks, and became bitter against my father's memory.

"Aunt Adelaide," I asked in consternation, "why do you tell me this?"

"So that you may see the correctness of our position. Someone may tell you how good and how talented and how honorable your father was—"

"Yes," I remarked sententiously, "someone *has* told me."

"Oh, I dare say," said Aunt Adelaide superciliously; "but she is no Skeene."

I did not interrupt her, lest we should come to a quarrel about Sweetheart, her mother.

"Well," Aunt Adelaide continued, "your father had the temerity to marry into our family—"

"He did not marry you," I thought.

"And if you will remember what he was and what we are, the children of ex-governor Skeene—"

Shame passed through my mind as his repute came to memory.

"You will understand that we could not treat him as an equal. He, not appreciating our superiority, demanded that social recognition which we quite properly refused, and finally he went so far as to protest against our sister, a Skeene, mind you, attending entertainments from which he quite naturally was excluded. Mr. Siefeld came along and—"

"Yes, you thought proper that my mother allow herself to be called Mrs. Siefeld—I remember," I said angrily.

"Well, I am sure we were entitled to select for our sister a more desirable name, if we wanted to. However, your mother acted so badly to Mr. Siefeld that he now will not marry her and she is disgracing us."

"Aunt Adelaide," I said, "I have had trouble with my mother because of what she called disrespect to you. Now I will have no more of this."

I left her not then understanding her purpose. Later I learned it was nothing less than to use me as a lever whereby I should insist upon Siefeld marrying my mother, or his leaving our house.

The many other little intrigues of which those people were guilty, need not be mentioned.

Like the venomous cobra, which is said when it finds nothing else upon which to vent its spite, sinks its fangs into its own flesh, the Skeenes, no other prey offering, worked ill to each other.

My boy had already become an object of their malice; he had also heard their testimony against me, hence his invoking God's malediction upon them.

. . . . . .

Only two days more. I dare not think, I *must* write.

This world is not wicked. Among all classes we find some good. This morning one of the death-watch came into the cage.

"Mr. Darcourt," he said,—they always call me Mr. Dar-

court, not "Bob" nor by any of the familiar designations other prisoners must bear — "Mr. Darcourt, you've got ter excuse me sir, for leavin' of yer. You be the eighth man I watched, and I thort I was use ter it. But this is too hard. That old lady, sir, and them young ones, they sticks in me craw, they does. I can't stand it. I haint got nothin' agin yer, I haint, an' maybe I'm tough, an' I'd like ter make it as easy for yer as I can, but them they knocks me out, they doos, sure as shootin'. So I want ter sorter say good-by to yer and to tell yer, it's a dam shame that they're goin' to swing yer; see?"

He grasped my hand and was gone. I just received a note from him: —

"respectful Sir im agone to se them kids of yourn and the old lady so if i kin do annithing fur them you bet i will pleas mister darcort try to clim onto the collar buttin of some prair pleas i had 8 expeerences and i give it to you strait it makes it eezy fur em eesiern hel jest try it if you dont no enny prair and don't care to have none of the preechers i dont beleev in em myself jest try one i no. the only one i no now i lay me down to sleep if i shud die befor i waik i pray to the lord my soul to keep i pray to the lord my soul to tak im goin to say the prair fur you anyway your kind frend jake callian

excuse bad ritin an spellin becaus i am so dam sorry pleas try to pray."

Could there be anything more pathetic? But how can I pray? How can I believe that anything but utter annihilation awaits me?

Those who are free, those who need not fear death, because it comes unawares —

Great God, what is that? They are hammering. My heart leaps with each stroke. Is it not the acme of brutal persecution, to let me hear the construction of the gallows?

In less than forty-eight hours the sheriff will come with his deputies and all the pomp and dignity to make the occasion more solemn. Can it be made more dreadful, more merciless?

The hangman will pinion my arms; he will put the noose about my neck, the black cap on my head, and I will be marched forth to the slaughter like a beast.

The thought drives me wild — I cannot write — I think I

am growing faint,— good-by, Sweetheart — good-by, Henry — good-by, Emmy.

. . . . . .

I do not understand it at all. I am in bed. This looks exactly like the room — my room in the old house in which we lived before my mother became Mrs. Siefeld. I was twenty-four or twenty-five then.

I must be dreaming. I feel very weak ; I can hardly hold the pencil. And this pile of paper — all covered with my writing. It seems to me as if I were a young man again. Am I going mad?

Am I dreaming or delirious? I must be either.

I remember someone stroking my cheek gently.

"Now Robert, let go, I tell you; thermometers are not good to eat. Come, now, open your mouth." The voice was firm but kind.

I obeyed and something smooth was taken from between my lips.

Then a voice, a lovely voice, so like that of Sweetheart, asked: —

"How is it, to-day, Doctor?"

"Normal," answered the man in an exultant tone.

"And?" asked Sweetheart's voice again.

"He must be conscious soon," responded the other.

"And?" again asked Sweetheart. I felt sure it was she.

"I confirm my prognosis of yesterday; he will recover."

"Oh, thank God!" exclaimed Sweetheart fervently.

A moment later she asked: —

"But Doctor, how is it possible for a delirious man to have written all this ; imagining himself sixteen years older, conjuring up a wife, children, a crime, converting me" she laughed, "into a shrieking beldame, and yet," she added sadly, "apparently conscious of the truth about others?"

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Skeene, everything is possible in typhoid fever. But we will not talk here. It is the twenty-first day: let him write if he wishes; remnants of the delirium may cling to him yet; he will gradually come out of it — you will see."

They left the room together. As they passed the mirror I opened my eyes ever so slightly; I feared to dispel the enchanting dream.

In the glass was reflected Sweetheart, dressed in her usual black *moire;* her beautiful white hair brushed daringly up from her brow. Her face was somewhat pale as if from long vigils, but otherwise she was as pretty as ever.

She caught my glance and despite the doctor's admonition, rushed to where I lay, and as a young girl might, took me in her arms and kissed me, while tears of happiness coursed down her cheeks.

NOTES ON THE LIVING PROBLEMS OF THE HOUR.

WORKING GIRLS.

Mr. Bryce, in his suggestive chapter upon the Position of Women, in the *American Commonwealth*, declares that the results of her emancipation have been favorable to the character and usefulness of women in our land. Doubtless he is correct. They have been; but the question presses, "Will they be?" It is probable that, in the city of Boston to-day, there are not less than 30,000 girls engaged in occupations other than domestic service. This number is at present rapidly increasing, and comprises all classes of womanhood, intelligent and ignorant, virtuous and abandoned. One can easily point out in our city a widow with five small children, who earns at pant making the munificent sum of $2.50 a week, and to do this is obliged to press her little three-year old girl into service, by teaching her to overcast the seams. The melancholy confession must be made that probably this ignorant and incompetent woman receives all that she earns. On the other hand, there are girls of intelligence and ability who are able relatively to care for themselves as well as their brothers, and for their money a good deal better. Between these two classes, the exceptionally fortunate, and the exceptionally unfortunate, must be ranked the great body of working girls who are able to earn just about enough to meet the necessary expenses, but who can lay aside no margin to meet the expenses of sickness, or of enforced idleness. It is necessary that, with relation to these, the truth be emphasized that, as a class, they are both virtuous and honorable. The slur which attaches to them in the popular thought and speech is an injustice, the bitterness of which is felt most by those to whom it is least applicable. Let it be understood that the ranks of immorality are not recruited largely from the working girls. The regulations of stores and of shops are such that the girl who enters either, determined to preserve her womanhood and her character, is relatively as safe as in her home. The girl who courts insult will receive it anywhere, but the girl who respects herself can always find redress should her womanhood be assailed or her character reproached. That evil exists where large companies of men and women are employed, is

always more or less true, but that known evil is winked at, tolerated, or encouraged in our shops and stores is an ill-founded impression; of the many rumors of improper proposals being made to girls seeking work, only one authenticated case was discovered by a thorough investigator. In fact, an improper word from a clerk to a lady employee would generally, in our stores, be cause for summary discharge.

The working girls of Boston need imperatively the honor and esteem of their own sex. It is true the nobility of work as a principle is confessed among us, but the principle needs to be actualized in conduct. To lift the working girl, we need to confess her nobility. One has only to draw the curtain and discern the causes which have driven these girls out of the retirement of their homes into the publicity of life to admire them. It is not ambition, it is necessity which has been the spur. There are aged parents, invalid brothers and sisters, mortgages to be discharged, and funds to be raised, these are the things which have brought many a delicate girl out to seek in the world and its competitions, a livelihood for herself and those who are dependent upon her. We confess the nobility of labor in connection with the fine arts; we must more and more confess it in connection with the useful arts.

Womanhood must protect her own. It is a fact that girls behind the counter would rather have for customers gentlemen than ladies; and the ground reason they give is that from gentlemen they receive courtesy, from ladies not infrequently contempt. We do not mean to be sweeping in our condemnation of womanhood: but we do mean to emphasize the truth that the woman who works should be honored and respected by the woman who avails herself of her work.

The temptations of the working girl are largely the product of loneliness. It is a mistake to believe that woman's natural vanity is the working girl's rock of stumbling. The last report of the Commissioner of Labor on "Working Women in Large Cities" declares with relation to Boston, "The most striking feature of the home life of the working women of Boston is the great number who live in lodging houses." They come to us from the surrounding country towns and British Provinces. They have, most of them, no parlor in which to receive friends; they live in one room. They are strangers in a strange city. They had friends at home; but here, as one confessed, they are afraid to make friends; they cannot live entirely to themselves, however, and thus the spirit of loneliness impels many a girl towards those temptations which mean attention, gayety, and companionship, when, but for this, she would be proof against the wiles of the adversary. The working girl in her loneliness needs not charity;

she needs that sympathy which makes the whole world kin. While too much cannot be said in favor of those varied homes, and associations, and clubs, whose mission it is to dispel the spirit of loneliness and place the best things within the working girl's reach, still it remains true that what these need to make them most efficient is more accomplished, intelligent, and refined women of standing, who, besides giving their money will give themselves, and consider it a privilege to supply personally that which the working girl craves, which cannot be purchased with yellow coin, namely, sympathetic friendship.

That loneliness leads to temptation may be illustrated in another way. A girl came to our city to support her mother and child, who were dependent upon her. She was friendless, but noble-hearted and heroic. She thought that by making a little home and renting a few rooms, of which her mother should take care, that she might be able to improve her circumstances. She purchased upon the instalment plan a little furniture. She had paid quite a sum upon it when sickness overtook her. The instalment must be paid. There was none of whom she could borrow. A falsehood would secure her money from a broker, and the falsehood was told, a mortgage given, and the money paid over to meet the instalment. After a time sickness came again; another instalment due; another falsehood told, another mortgage secured; another payment made. The holder of the second mortgage demanded his principal. She was unable to meet it. With the penitentiary staring her in the face she went to a stranger, told her story, found a friend, was released from her embarrassing position, and is to-day bravely at work making adequate compensation. She is noble hearted, pure, and true; her sickness and her loneliness made her a prey to temptation. This case is not isolated; loneliness more than vanity is the peril of the Boston working girl. To dispel this loneliness, she must be recognized according to her worth, recognized by society, recognized by the church. A Christianity is worthless which does not lay its hand of strength upon the shoulder of real life; a church is a blot upon the fair escutcheon of the Gospel whose members fail to go into the byways and hedges of life to aid and strengthen those whose lives are cast in dangerous or uncongenial places. The working girl of Boston, better than in any other way, can be helped by receiving from her own sex the honor which her womanhood deserves, and from philanthropy and Christianity that companionship and cordiality which shall exchange the garment of loneliness which shrouds her in her lodging-house home, for one of friendliness and sympathy.

Rev. Nehemiah Boynton.

POVERTY AND PLUTOCRACY. A GLANCE AT OUR PRESENT STRAINED SOCIAL CONDITION.

NUMBER ONE.*

BECAUSE wage-earners, as a class, enjoy to-day more of the good things of life than ever before, by some it is argued that, in their condition, there is nothing of which they may reasonably complain. But the question concerning the wage-earning class that is up for discussion, as fair-minded persons will perceive, is not whether they enjoy more of the wealth they produce than heretofore, but whether they enjoy all they are entitled to. That a wealth producer should possess all he produces we are beginning to understand, and to a somewhat clear general perception that society is so organized that in some manner the wage-earner is always being juggled out of part of his products, the increasing discontent among working men and others in their behalf is to be attributed. How to insure the worker the fruits of his labor is the social problem of to-day. That this question is growing in importance and interest, no one who observes the great number of books and magazine articles pertaining to it can doubt. One can hardly listen to a speech or sermon or direct his eyes to a page of current literature without having the social question thrust upon him. This is an encouraging sign of the times, for though much that is written is crude in thought, and many of the suggested remedies for existing social evils, if put in practice would be worse than the disease, it is all provocative of discussion, and only through thinking, writing, and speaking can this or any other question of human interest be settled.

That we are in a period immediately preceding great social changes that will affect the constitution of society politically and industrially I think is beyond question. In this country, in my opinion, we have nearly reached the limit of continuance for our present form of government and arrangement of society. Partisan methods, involving bribery on a tremendous scale, so dominate our elections and appointments to office that the people are rapidly losing respect for the authority of Government and the decisions of courts. Our public "servants" are more and more becoming our rulers. The evil is flagrant, and is growing unbearable. Within a short time, historically speaking, some

* This paper by the editor of the *Twentieth Century* is the first contribution of a series of short studies on our present social and economic conditions by leading thinkers and agitators that will appear in successive issues of THE ARENA, the whole forming a symposium of great value to those who appreciate the gravity of the situation, and who believe that only through earnest and persistent agitation can we hope for a triumph of right and justice.—ED.]

better method of administering public affairs by force will be devised, or the people will accustom themselves to do without military government altogether. We are being rapidly compelled to decide whether we shall have some form of military government under which the acts of the legislators shall more nearly express the will of the people, or whether the functions of Government shall be reduced to a minimum. Some change must be made or we shall be robbed of what liberty we have or plunged into revolution. Presidents elected by bribed voters, cabinet officers appointed as a reward for raising corruption funds, and judges who arbitrarily condemn innocent persons to prison or the gallows for holding unpopular opinions cannot long obtain without the enslavement of the masses or war.

Economically also the situation is unstable. Our present system of holding land, under which probably three fourths of all the land in this country, for speculative purposes, is held out of use, thus producing rent and a powerful class of non-laboring rent-takers; our present system of issuing money, by which the circulating medium of the country is monopolized for the benefit of the bondholders and the creditor class generally, thus producing interest and another powerful class of non-laboring interest-takers, and the complete subserviency of the law-makers, editors, and clergymen, as a rule, to these two powerful classes, resulting in multitudinous laws intended to favor the cunning operations of those who live by plundering wealth producers by means of the legal manipulation of capital and the fostering of public opinion favorable to such legislation, have brought nearly to culmination a social system that must end in beneficent change, the complete enslavement of wage-earners, or war.

What the outcome will be no man can prophesy. Economic education may be so rapid that needful modifications will be made, or stupid indifference may lull the mass of the people into a carelessness that will be punished by complete industrial servitude,—a mighty plutocracy living in unparalleled splendor, with millions of human drudges providing them with whatever their vitiated tastes may demand; or an increase of the power and impudence of the capitalists may lash an awakened and outraged people into fury that will express itself in bloody and dreadful war.

For the first of these contingencies every right-minded person must wish and labor. The second is not very probable but quite possible. The third is likely to happen.

Already the coal miners in this country are reduced to actual slavery, but among them are many men exceedingly well informed in economic principles. If they become convinced that permanent slavery or revolution are their only alternatives, they will

rebel. Already the farmers of this country, as a class, are mere tenants-at-will of capitalists who hold mortgages on their farms. They are becoming thoroughly aroused and alarmed about their future. To be tamely whipped into serfdom they will not submit, because they are beginning to clearly understand that they are the victims of unjust land and money laws, and to comprehend the character and operation of the legislation that is so fatal to them. Those laws they will have changed, or fight for their homes and the products of their labor against the persons who persist in maintaining and enforcing them. That they will submit to be enslaved much more than they now are is not probable.

Will there be any considerable change in the situation by which the next generation will benefit? I believe there will. I think this industrial system will not last fifty years longer. It will be peacefully improved or violently overthrown to give place to a better. That our civilization, like some civilizations of the past, will be utterly destroyed is not probable. What changes come are likely to be improvements, and some great accomplishment for the social betterment of men will probably occur within the next fifty years. The only question is whether the improvement will come through evolution or revolution. Through evolution I hope; through revolution I fear.

HUGH O. PENTECOST.

AN INTERESTING PSYCHIC PHENOMENON.

SOME recent articles in various magazines concerning some strange events induce me to send you the following account of a marvellous dream.

The gentleman who told it to me is an honored lawyer of Portland, Me., the city of my residence. In reciting it, he said, "If I had read of this in a book, I should have found it very difficult to accept it, but I know that it is true." He has recently conferred with the brother to whom reference is made, and the latter confirms the truthfulness of his narration. Capt. F——, the brother of my informant, was killed in the battle of Gettysburg. The night before his death he dreamed that he led his company into the battle and that, early in the day, he was shot through the pit of the stomach and fell dead. He rose from sleep greatly depressed. The colonel of his regiment perceived his gloom and, after much questioning, discovered the cause. "You are unwell," the colonel said in kindest tones; "you must not go into the fight; I will have you sent to the rear; you are too valuable an officer for us to lose; I will have the doctor order you to report yourself on the sick list." "No," was the reply;

"it shall never be said that Capt. F—— suffered his men to go into battle, without leading them himself." No persuasion could induce him to keep out of the fight. He led his men calmly; early in the battle, he was shot through the pit of the stomach, and fell dead.

The news of his death was telegraphed to his brother in Portland. He started at once for Gettysburg, going by way of Baltimore. Arrived at the field, he saw some soldiers of his brother's company, sitting near a rail fence. Pushing on, he passed a brook, which had risen rapidly a day or two before, and had overflowed its western bank. The ground beyond was, therefore, very oozy, and my friend found it difficult to walk. He saw the board bearing his brother's name, and so marking the temporary grave. But he soon discovered that he could not raise the body without much assistance. Accordingly, he returned to the group of soldiers, and asked them to load themselves with the rails of the fence. This they did, and all advanced to the grave. It was necessary to lay down some of the rails in order that they might walk and get close to the grave. Then my friend requested two soldiers to put two rails, one on each side, down into the earth so as to reach below the knees of the body. Two others placed rails below the waist. My friend himself bared his arms, and placed them under the neck. At word of command all lifted, and the body was brought to the surface. Uncovering the face, it was found to be discolored by mud, and Mr. F—— instinctively reached for his handkerchief, but found that he had removed his vest as well as coat. Remembering that the handkerchief was in one of the pockets of the vest, he laid the body down, went to a hillock near by, returned, wiped the face, and then, reverently covering it, had the body put in the coffin he had purchased at Baltimore. Leaving the field with his precious burden, he reached Portland, and went to a neighboring town where his parents were awaiting him. A brother had come from the northern part of the State. After a brief interview in the house, this brother said that he wished to have further conversation in the barn. Arrived there, he said, "John, when you arrived at the field of Gettysburg, did you meet some soldiers of A——'s company, sitting near a rail fence?" "I did," was the surprised reply. "Did you go on, pass a brook, find the ground oozy, and could not reach A——'s grave?" "I did." "Did you return to the soldiers, ask them to take rails, and go with you?" "I did; but in God's name, why do you ask these questions?" It seemed to him as if his hair was rising up all over his head. "I will tell you by-and-by. Did you have rails put beneath the knees and waist? Did you raise the head yourself? Did you wish to wipe the face, go to a hillock for your

vest, return, wipe away the discoloration caused by mud and place the body in a coffin you had brought with you?" "I did; but how do you know all these things?" In reply, the brother stated that a neighbor, a lady, had come to his house a few days before, crying out, "I have had such a horrible dream! A—— is killed. John has gone on to get the body." *Then she recited all the details given above.*

"How can these things be?" may well be said. I send you the account, Mr. Editor, to be used as you may deem best. Mr. F——, my informant, will confirm all I have written. Surely this is a marvellous dream. Who will explain it?

Visiting Tufts College some time ago, as one of its Board of Visitors, I saw two volumes, which bore the title, "Phantasms of the Living." "Phantasms of the *Living!*" I said, "what are these? I have heard of phantasms of the *dead*, but not of the living." The books proved to be the records of the English Society of Psychical Research. They contain many wonderful accounts. They deserve the serious attention of scholarly men. Unless I am greatly mistaken, among these accounts, this marvellous dream, told me by my friend, deserves a place. — Rev. Henry Blanchard.

DR. HARTT'S THEORY PROVES INEFFECTUAL IN ACTUAL PRACTICE.

Allow me to add a few words in regard to the article in your May number, by Dr. Henry A. Hartt, entitled "Another View of the Rum Problem." If I understand the writer, he fancies he has found a solution of this problem in the simple expedient of making drunkenness a crime. He asks if it has ever occurred to us that it is a crime, and if we ought not to treat it like other crimes; he states it has long seemed strange to him that we do not associate it with other felonies in our penal code and inflict upon it a severe and an ignominious penalty; he is persuaded that by so doing "we should speedily banish it from respectable society to the haunts of debauchery and crime." Dr. Hartt apparently advances this "view" in the honest belief that it is a novel and an almost original one; and he mentions with great satisfaction the fact that last winter the Legislature of Minnesota enacted such a law as he is advocating, making drunkenness a crime and providing that on the third, and all subsequent convictions, it shall be visited with imprisonment. "Here at last," he says, "in a western State, without agitation or flourish of trumpets, a measure of overwhelming importance has been introduced, and if it shall be

faithfully and impartially carried out, it will undoubtedly, ere long, be adopted by every State in this Union," etc.

Now what I wish to call attention to is simply this: that there has been on the statute-book of Vermont, ever since 1855, a law making drunkenness a crime, imposing a fine, the person convicted to stand committed until the judgment be complied with. Gen. Stat. of Vt. (1862), ch. 94, sec. 10; also Rev. Stat. of Vt., sec. 3812. In 1876, was enacted a law for the summary arrest of drunken disturbers of "the public or domestic peace and tranquillity," to be committed to custody until capable of testifying, when they are to be required to make disclosure of the place where and the person of whom the liquor producing intoxication was obtained; in case of failure to do so, they are to be committed to jail. Rev. Laws, secs. 3814–3816, inc.

It is true that none of the statutes above referred to imposed imprisonment as a mode of punishment, either alternative or exclusive, for intoxication; and, in so far, would fall short of Dr. Hartt's ideal of a code that should inflict a severe and an ignominious penalty on this offence; but the principle which he is advocating, namely, that drunkenness is a crime, was thereby established, and a penalty was affixed.

Coming now down to the year 1886, our Legislature enacted the following (Public Acts of that year, No. 39, sec. 1): —

"If a person is found intoxicated, he shall on the first conviction thereof pay a fine of five dollars to the State with costs of prosecution; on a second conviction a fine of ten dollars with costs of prosecution; on the third and each subsequent conviction a fine of twenty dollars with costs of prosecution and imprisonment for the term of one month; provided the prosecution is commenced within thirty days after the offence is committed," etc.

The remainder of the section makes it the duty of the prosecuting officer, under penalty, to allege in the complaint, etc., prior known convictions, and make proof of the same. You will notice that the punishment for third and subsequent offences under this law is cumulative, fine *and* imprisonment; being in that respect, unless I am mistaken, more severe than the Minnesota law.

Here the pertinent query naturally suggests itself, whether our laws on this subject, which have been in force for the length of time indicated above, have actually had the result that Dr. Hartt claims would follow the enactment of such laws; whether they have to any appreciable extent banished drunkenness "from respectable society to the haunts of debauchery and crime." It is here, in his claim that such results would follow, that this is the true and only solution of the "rum problem," that in my estimation, he has earned his title to originality. I think it is safe to say that such an idea has never occurred to anyone else. The practical workings of our law can be stated in a few words.

Arrests are made in two classes of cases: when the subject is dead drunk, lying in the gutter or on the sidewalk; or when, in addition to being drunk, he commits some excess by language or conduct, in the nature of a breach of the peace. For crime of drunkenness, pure and simple, unattended by any of these incidents and provocations, arrests are rarely, if ever, made. It may be laid down as a general rule that a person visibly intoxicated, who yet retains sufficient control over his actions to refrain from conduct positively offensive to others, can walk our streets at midnight or at noon-day unmolested. The consequence is obvious. Roughs and disreputable characters are not unfrequently apprehended for drunkenness, but the respectable citizen (though it is an open secret that many of our "respectable citizens" are sometimes in a "state of liquor") is safe. Indeed, were a public prosecutor to display the hardihood to prosecute an infringement of this law by a citizen of good standing, unless the offence were committed under peculiarly aggravated circumstances, his zeal would serve only to arouse popular indignation and, in all probability, bring about his own speedy political decapitation. Yet it is from "respectable society" that such laws are expected to banish drunkenness!

H. C. Royce.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE SCIENTIFIC SENSATION OF THE HOUR.

MESMERISM *alias* hypnotism, the latest scientific sensation of the hour, was a few years since denounced by the scientific world in unmeasured terms. No expressions of scornful contempt were strong enough to characterize those fearless torch-bearers of advance thought, who after patiently, earnestly, and exhaustively investigating the alleged powers of Mesmer, proved beyond the possibility of a doubt the genuineness of the mesmeric or hypnotic influence.

They were charlatans, impostors, or mentally unsound in the eyes, not only of the medical profession, but the scientific world, with some few notable exceptions. The more charitably disposed among the great conservative societies of scientific thinkers, were content to regard those who believed in such "absurdities," as mesmerism, as "unduly credulous;" liable to be "duped;" and, therefore, not "safe" or "critical" investigators.

Camille Flammarion, the illustrious French astronomer, in his recent remarkable novel Uranie, tells us that fifteen years ago he communicated to several physicians the magnetic phenomena observed by himself in the course of many experiments. One and all denied most positively and absolutely the possibility of the facts related, but on meeting one of these same physicians at the Institute in Paris, recently, he called his attention to his denial of the phenomena. "Oh!" replied the physician, not without shrewdness, "*then* it was magnetism, *now* it is hypnotism, and it is *we* who study it; that is a very different thing." The astronomer wisely adds by way of impressing the moral: "Let us deny nothing positively; let us study; let us examine; the explanation will come later." Which reminds us of the equally wise advice of another great Frenchman, Victor Hugo, who in reproving the narrow spirit of bigotry manifested by certain materialistic scientists said:—

"The table tipping and talking has been much laughed at. To speak plainly this raillery is out of place. To replace inquiry by mockery is convenient but not scientific. For my part I think that the strict duty of science is to test all phenomena. Science is ignorant and has no right to laugh. A savant who laughs at the possible is very near being an idiot. The unexpected should always be expected by science. Her duty is to stop it in its course and search it, rejecting the chimerical and establishing the real. Science should verify and distinguish. The circumstance that the false mingles with the true is no excuse for rejecting the whole. When was the tare an excuse for refusing the corn? Hoe out the error, but reap the fact and place it beside others. Science is the sheaf of facts. The mission of science is to study and sound everything. To evade a phenomenon, to refuse to pay it that attention to which it has a right; to bow it out, to turn our backs on it laughing, is to make truth a bankrupt and to leave the signature of science to be protested. The phenomenon of the table of to-day is entitled, like anything else, to investigation. Psychic science will gain by it, without doubt. Let us add that to abandon phenomena to credulity is to commit treason against human reason."

A true scientist will take cognizance of the smallest fact, and though the light that floats before may appear a mere will-o'-the-wisp, he will follow it until he demonstrates by careful, impartial, and exhaustive investigation whether it rests on the bed rock of truth or not, remem-

bering that the prejudices of hoary thought and early training may blind him to sensible appreciation of the true significance of the problem that confronts him. It is not more than five years since a paper read on Hypnotism in the medical society of a leading American city was excluded from the report of the society's meeting on the ground that the subject was unscientific and absurd.

Less than a decade ago telepathy was as much an outcast in the scientific world as mesmerism was after the celebrated Bailey commission pronounced it a "fraud." Yet to-day telepathy, or thought transference, is as well established a scientific fact as hypnotism.

From present indications we are entering a new field of scientific discovery, or to be more explicit the great body of scientific thinkers are expressing a willingness to recognize phenomena other than material, and to treat with a measure of respect the views and discoveries made by the patient heralds of psychic truths which have long been tabooed as little worthy the attention of the materialistic scientific investigator, whose eyes have been accustomed to rest on the earth, its rocks, plants, and animals, as the myths of bygone days. The age of electrical invention has been so marvellous, that men have ceased to wonder at the inventive ingenuity of man. The age of psychological discovery upon which we are now entering, if it be unrestricted and receive the careful and unbiassed attention of our best brains will, we believe, unfold a world of truth, eclipsing in its startling character as well as in its great utility the greatest discoveries since the man-child science was born; truths which will give to life a deeper significance, a richer meaning, a nobler impulse, a grander ideal.

REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, IN THE AUGEAN STABLES.

The Rev. R. Heber Newton has shocked the Sanhedrim of conservatism. This is nothing new. A man so thoroughly awake to the needs of the present day; so fearless and untrammeled both religiously and intellectually; so conscientious and humane in nature and impulse; and so thoroughly imbued with the Christ spirit as is this leading Metropolitan divine, must necessarily constantly outrage the Phariseeism of to-day, as his master outraged conservatism more than eighteen centuries ago.

Dr. Newton's latest offence is an effort to purify the politics of New York. A herculean task truly, but a work which should enlist the instant, earnest, and undivided co-operation of *every* clergyman in the metropolis; but no one acquainted with fashionable Christianity to-day supposes for a moment that such a miracle could take place. Humanity is much the same in every age; and conservative or "respectable" thought has not changed since Christ thundered his denunciation against the Pharisees, who believed that the gold was greater than the temple that sanctified it; that the letter was more important than the spirit; that while the outside of the cup must be cleansed, the inside, though foul, might remain, provided its filth was not discovered. In commenting on ministers seeking to awaken the moral element of society by discussing "secular subjects," a leading Protestant clergyman of New York writes: "These secular subjects, however ably they may be discussed, never regenerate a soul." To which we may reply, if half the clergy in the metropolis united in a bold, determined, persistent attack on the evils of that city, which are at once a sad commentary on Christianity and a shame to nineteenth-century civilization, instead of descanting on the wickedness of the Jews two thousand years ago, it would not be long before the metropolis of the New World would be a regenerated city. And, seriously, is not this the most effective way for the Church

to prove the beneficence of her mission? Had Christ contented himself with expounding the Rabbinical scriptures after the manner of the Scribes and Pharisees, and carefully avoided denouncing the shortcomings of the wealthy and cultured classes, he would have doubtless become a most popular leader of ancient thought, winning fame and honor among the elite of his day. He chose, however, to strike at the evils of his age; to tear aside the mask; to condemn iniquity in high places; to stampede the moral lepers when they gathered around him, hypocritically asking how he would treat the opposite sex for sinning as they had sinned. Christ was no respecter of persons; neither did he care for the "good taste" of the elite of his age. With him it was a question whether or not the fountain was pure at its source; whether a thing was right or wrong. He turned the eye inward. He exalted the spirit. He cared little for the dogma, the rite, or ritual. The heart, not the phylactery, challenged his thought. It never occurred to him that it was improper to confine himself to the duties and the evils of the hour. Perhaps had he been so constituted that he preferred a fashionable church and a wealthy congregation, he would have confined himself to subjects two thousand years removed from his day. That the Church is so wealthy and powerful to-day while great evils grow unchecked and unrebuked until they assume giant-like proportions on every hand, proves conclusively that there is something radically wrong with the Church. She has either lost her hold on the heart of humanity or she has been overtaken with the ague of fear, —*fear of losing worldly prestige and wealth,—if she lives up to her higher impulses.* In exalting the letter, has not the Church well-nigh lost the spirit? According to a leading New York daily there are forty thousand women and girls in that city whose wages are so low that they must embrace vice, apply for charity, or starve, while one clergyman receives twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and others receive twenty thousand for preaching the gospel of Christ to—*the rich.* What the Church to-day requires is more brave, fearless champions, men who love humanity better than gold, fashion, or luxury, who will engage in the battle along the lines Christ laid down; who will pay less attention to externalism and more to the needs of humanity at the present time. The wealthy citizens who bribe their way into office; the millionnaire stock gamblers whose fortunes rest on the ruins of countless lives; the proprietors of gilded saloons; the despoilers of homes; the fashionable butterfly, whose selfish life knows as little of real soul culture as it knows of the grinding want and misery which is everywhere calling so pathetically for relief and sympathy; these and kindred classes in our fashionable congregations never tire of hearing Pilate berated or Judas condemned. But when a true reformer appears who is brave, conscientious, able, and manly enough to do precisely what their master did, he cannot count on a solid phalanx behind him. It is a lamentable fact that such fearless, honest, reverent, tolerant, and able representatives as Dr. Newton are not the rule in the pulpit of to-day; and this melancholy condition of affairs accounts in a great measure for the notable fact that so many of the leaders in all the great reformative measures of the hour are in the ranks of the agnostics and liberal thinkers. Moral stagnation in the Church; its conservatism and cowardice in assailing the living evils; its contentions over rite, form, and dogma; in a word, its allegiance to externalism, have driven numbers of the noblest and manliest brains of the age into the ranks of its foes.

In the present crusade in which Dr. Newton has so fearlessly engaged, we are gratified to see he has recently been seconded by a number of leading clergymen, coming especially from denominations usually

considered conservative. Among this number we mention with pleasure Bishop Potter, the Rev. Dr. Huntington of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Mgr. Thomas J. Ducey of St. Leo's Roman Catholic Church. The last named clergyman speaks in the following manly language of the duties of ministers in the presence of living evils:—

"If men make a corner on the products of nature, in violation of the rights of the multitude, is not this a basic injustice, and would it not be the duty of the Christian minister to make this truth felt? The wealthy members of a congregation might say it was dragging business matters into the sanctuary. I would deny this assertion and say it was simply the answer of unjust corporate wealth to protect its vicious course. I would support this view with the words and the acts of the founder of Christianity. When we bear in mind the appalling denunciations against wealth and its perversion, which we read in the Scripture, how marked and authoritative an attitude should we not expect from the ministers of the Church which professes to represent the justice and fearlessness of Christ in his dealings with this class? How earnest and impressive, we would say, should be the admonitions to them to place no trust in riches, but to live as poor in spirit. Again to illustrate the point, let us suppose some public question should arise; for example, if the rum interest, the saloons and the houses of assignation, the contributory means to the degradation of the social body, should be attacked from the pulpit. I think in this emergency we could not regard this as purely secular preaching: for the reason that it has a bearing on pure morals and eternal responsibility. The ideal Church and the ideal ministry should feel it its duty to proclaim aloud the general application of Christian principles to political governments. Plain, undeniable sin, such as flagrant and unjust acts or measures, conspicuously oppressive to the poor, are religious questions. Measures of this kind it would be the duty of God's ministers to fearlessly denounce. The office of protecting the poor and the weak against wrong is especially the duty of God's ministers, no matter what classes or corrupt corporations may say to the contrary. All that concerns right and justice in the family, in the relation of corporations to the State, all that concerns the well-being of the masses, are religious questions, and when they are obscured by the corruption of men, the ministers of the Church should have the courage to brave all censure and make men feel that when they think evil in their hearts and put their evil conceptions into practice, they should be denounced as a race of vipers. We are to be men's guides, and not to be guided according to their worldly standards. Ministers of religion, either through the flattery of words or the flattery of contributions, frequently forget their mission to humanity."

If as the present indications lead us to hope, there is a prospect of a considerable portion of the clergy awakening to a sensible realization of the enormity of the evils of the hour, and the duty they owe humanity to speak and spare not, the result of humanity's progress will be incalculable. If, however, the present movement in the metropolis subsides, and the pulpit relaxes into its old condition of moral torpidity, the church will continue to lose her influence over the masses.

ETHICAL TRAINING AT THE FIRESIDE.

It is difficult to form an adequate conception of the amount of misery, disease, and crime which emphasize the short-comings of our present civilization, that is directly traceable to the careless, but unintentional neglect of parents, comparatively few of whom properly comprehend the infinite possibilities for good or evil, which tremble in the balance of those lives that through them have come to bless or curse the world, and which are day by day unfolding into fragrant flowers of moral, intellectual, and physical beauty, or stunted growths, dwarfed largely by their immediate surroundings, and in many instances transformed into objects at once revolting, poisonous, and repulsive.

It is not enough, as many parents imagine, to feed and clothe their offspring, and when they arrive at a proper age to place them in school. There is a duty quite as vital as ministering to their physical sustenance that devolves on the parent, though unrecognized by many, the duty of developing the moral nature. The indifference of parents in this respect is as unexplicable as it is disastrous to the individual and society. A child whose ethical training begins at the cradle, and is systematically impressed during early years by parents, who themselves in life emphasize the truths they enunciate, will rarely dishonor their name or prove other than a blessing to society. So serious is this problem, so intimate is its relation to the progress of humanity; so far-reaching and vital its influence, that no thoughtful student of human life can afford to ignore what our widening vision has demonstrated is not impractical or visionary. Much as the ancient Stoics impressed the loftiest ethics on the minds of the young who sought them, would I have the cardinal virtues impressed on the plastic mind of every child, varying the methods to suit the age, condition, and mentality of the child, beginning with object lessons, pictures and stories which illustrate important moral truths and lessons in virtue. All children love stories and pictures, and these in the hands of parents, who appreciate the solemn responsibilities of parenthood, can be made wonderfully effective. As the child grows older teach him to value above price truth, honor, and integrity. Repress all selfish tendencies. Make him dwell in the radiant and harmonious atmosphere of love. Above all, teach him toleration. Show him that all laws or religions that would persecute another for honest thought, emanate from other than a Divine source, are not beneficial, nor do they point upward. History is rich in striking illustrations which, told as stories, or in after years read to the children, will emphasize each important lesson to be taught. In this manner the moral perceptions will be quickened, and a broad ethical foundation will be laid that will go far toward insuring a noble life. A leading Roman prelate once said: "Give me the first ten years of a child's life and you may have him afterward." This thought is worthy the consideration of parents. Nor is it enough to impress virtue; vice must be painted in its true hideousness, pictured without the mask. Show the child the sting that is hidden from view; the end which is filled with bitterness. The wise parent will instruct his child fully, and make him thoroughly acquainted with the dangers that will beset him. He will clothe him with the armor of knowledge, while warning him of the fatal results of yielding even to evil thoughts. He will impress the great truth on his mind, which Christ insisted on, namely, that in the thought not the deed lay the first sin.

He will show him that he who harbors evil thoughts is fostering in his soul poisonous weeds and choking to death the flowers of spiritual growth. In this manner parents should teach their children almost from the cradle. Soul culture must be the key-note of the education of the future, both in home life and in schools, even as intellectual training has been the great end of the imperfect system which has so far fallen short of accomplishing the ideal of a true civilization. Not that intellectual, industrial, or physical training should be ignored; each has its proper place; but the pressing demand of civilization to-day calls for a radical change in our system,—a change which shall recognize the *moral* elements in man's being as paramount, in order to secure for mankind a reasonable measure of the blessings, which alone can spring from a society in which self is subordinate to unselfish impulses, in which the brotherhood of man is more than a vague dream, and where liberty, justice, and fraternity shall be the watchword of humanity.

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Yours faithfully
W. Gladstone

THE ARENA.

No. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

THE RACE QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN.

After the ratification of the 13th Amendment of the Constitution, it was, in the opinion of the abolitionists, necessary to further amend it, so as to provide against the effect of "race, color, and previous condition of servitude," upon the capacity of the negro race to rise to social and political equality with the white race in this country.

Something was needed, beyond any native virtues or powers of the negro, to lift him up to the full enjoyment of his liberty.

It was conceded by the measures that were adopted for this purpose that our negroes, trained and educated under the southern slave code, were well prepared for citizenship and the ballot in this great Republic.

This movement also ignored that declaration in the Constitution that this government was ordained "to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity;" or else it was determined that the negro race should become the posterity of the white race.

The 14th and 15th amendments furnish a strong support for the contention of the negro race that it was the purpose of these amendments to give them higher and more definite security for their liberties than was provided for the white race.

If that contention was true in theory, as it is in fact, it proves that it was considered necessary to save the negroes from the natural decay of their new-born liberties, which would result, necessarily, from their natural inability to preserve their freedom, and to enjoy its blessings.

If, as is asserted by some, the purpose of these amendments

was to protect the negro race from the active hostility of the white race, it is obvious, in either case, that a race question was recognized in the very language of those amendments. In the first proposition, the race question appeared in the admitted inferiority of the negroes, as a race; and, in the other case, it appeared in the admitted aversion between the races.

The stringent prohibition of the action of the States, in denying them the power to discriminate against the political privileges of the negroes, confessed the existence of race aversion and prejudice, in such degree, that it could only be held in check by the organic law of the land.

It was expected that the citizenship conferred upon the negroes by these amendments and the peculiar protection guaranteed to their political powers, would carry with it, as a necessary incident, an equality of social privileges with the white race.

It was impossible to express this incidental class of privileges in the body of these amendments, because it would have been impossible to define them, or to enjoin their enforcement in the courts, or to compel obedience to their commands in the social relations and conduct of the people. They were, therefore, left as mere incidents of political power, to be worked out through the influence the negro race would exert in the government of the country.

This fruitful cause of strife has invited constant but futile effort on the part of the negro race and their political masters to force them, by political pressure and by acts of Congress, upon the white race as equals and associates in their domestic relations.

At whatever line their leaders may intend to fix the limits of this intrusion, the negroes have intended that the invasion shall not cease until the races become homogeneous through complete admixture. Not that the highest class of white people shall consort with the lowest class of negroes, but, that, where the conditions of wealth, education, culture, and position are equal, discriminations against the negro race shall cease.

The social and political questions connected with the African race, in the United States, all relate to and depend upon the essential differences between the negro and the white man, as they have been arranged by the hand of the Creator.

Amongst these differences, the color of the skin, while it distinguishes the races unmistakably, is the least important. The mental differences and differing traits, including the faculty of governing, forecast, enterprise, and the wide field of achievement in the arts and sciences, are accurately measured by the contrast of the civilization of the United States, with the barbarism of Central Africa.

If the negroes in the United States were not descended from a people who enslaved them and sold them into foreign bondage, and who are still engaged in the same traffic; if they had been invited to this country to become citizens and to contribute what talents and virtues they have to the conduct of our complex system of government,—the race question would still be as much a vital and unvoidable issue, political and social, as it is under the existing and widely different conditions.

It is the presence of seven or eight millions of negroes in this country and the friction caused by their political power and their social aspirations, and not the fact that they were recently in slavery, that agitates and distresses the people of both races. If they were not in the United States, there would be perfect peace and harmony amongst the people.

There is a decided aversion between the white race and the Indian,—a race who has never submitted to enslavement. The difference in color and in social traits sufficiently accounts for this aversion, which exists in spite of our admiration for them as a brave and independent race. Has it been long persistence in a course of injustice and ill usage that has caused this aversion, or is it the race aversion that has caused the ill usage and retaliations that have filled the fairest valleys of our country with massacre and havoc? Whether it was the one or the other, it was not slavery, nor the lack of manly independence or of fortitude, on the part of the Indians, that has engendered the constant collisions between the two races. In the history of the Indians we find the most conclusive proofs that no race, inferior in capacity and intelligence, can co-exist with the white race, in the same government, and preserve its distinctive traits, or social organization. If the two races cannot merge, and sink their individuality, by a commingling of blood, the inferior race will be crushed.

In some respects the North American Indians have a remarkable history which entitles them to great respect.

They are the only race of people known to history, who have never enslaved their own people.

They might, with a show of reason, despise a man who had been a slave, or had descended from a slave parentage; while such a pretension would be filial ingratitude in Britons, English, Irish, French, Germans, Russians, Romans, Greeks or Chinese, and in all Oriental nations, all of whom have enslaved and made merchandise of their own kindred, as well as of all strangers who have come within their power. In the introduction to the work of Mr. Cobb, on Slavery, that great lawyer and statesman says:—

"A detailed and minute inquiry into the history of slavery would force us to trace the history of every nation of the earth; for the most enlightened have, at some period within their existence, adopted it as a system; and no organized government has been so barbarous as not to introduce it amongst its customs. It has been more universal than marriage, and more permanent than liberty."

The perishing of the Indian races in North America and the West India Islands, has been the result of their stubborn resistance to the dominance of races of superior knowledge and power. If they had yielded, as the negro has always done, to the *vis major*, they would have increased in numbers and in useful knowledge; and they would have taken the places that the white people have accorded to the negroes, in citizenship, with greatly superior endowment of intellect, and of every great virtue. But the Indians, while they eagerly acquired the ownership of negro slaves, refused the bondage of slavery for their race, and have perished, rather than submit to such humiliation. Our history is full of records to prove this fact, and, in one of the Spanish American Islands, then known as Hispanolia (Santo Domingo,) it is stated by eminent historians, that a population of 3,000,000 Indians shrunk to 1200 souls in the reign of Charles V. of Spain. This extermination was the result of the efforts of the white race to enslave them.

In Irving's "Columbus," it is stated that whole villages of Indians committed suicide to escape the bondage of slavery and invited other Indians to join them in that dreadful work.

As a slave, the Indian has always perished, while, in all other races, except the negroes, the slave has, at last,

worked out his own deliverance. The African slaves have not yet made such an effort, either here or in Africa. Their emancipation has always resulted from the benevolence of white people. They still assist in the slave trade with Asia, despite the earnest endeavors of great nations to prevent that traffic.

Slavery continues in Africa without modification, or abatement. Slavery has always been the common law of the negro race in Africa, and its abolishment there as a domestic institution is a very remote expectation.

In the experience of all the great nations, slavery has been a rudimentary condition — the first exercise of political government, after the family government, and no nation or race is to be despaired of because its government was first rooted in slavery. The organization of the Congo Free State has secured to the negro race the free and unobstructed opportunity, with the aid of all the great powers, to prove, if they can do so, that they are capable of breaking the chains of slavery riveted on their limbs, by their own kindred, under a slave code ordained by their own free will.

All the other nations have, with good cause, regarded the negroes as an inferior race, aside from all the physical distinctions by which they are separated from all other races of men. It was this estimate of their condition that led the great powers of Europe to enter into the Berlin Conference, which fixed the boundaries of the Congo Free State, — a vast and beautiful country abounding in natural resources, — and secure to the negro race immunity from foreign invasion, that they might become a civilized people. The negro race, in their native land, have never made a voluntary and concerted effort to rise above the plane of slavery; they have not contributed a thought, or a labor, except by compulsion, to aid the progress of civilization. Nothing has emanated from the negroes of Africa, in art, science, or enterprise that has been of the least service to mankind. Their own history, at home, demonstrates their inferiority when compared with that of other peoples.

They have been, for ages, the possessors of a fertile country, where they have bred in myriads, and no foreign power has attempted to subjugate them. The result of their contributions to the wealth of the world is limited to slaves, and the natural productions of the forests. They have no agricul-

tural implement, except a rude, iron hoe; no ships for the seas and no beasts of burden. Their social development has never risen so high as to repress human sacrifices and cannibalism; while their religion is a witchcraft that is attended with every brutal crime.

The inferiority of the negro race, as compared with the white race, is so essentially true, and so obvious, that, to assume it in argument, cannot be justly attributed to prejudice. If it is prejudice, it is rare prejudice, which affects nearly all of the white race, and proves the existence of a deep-seated race aversion. This aversion is not a result of slavery. If it were, we could not take pride in the race of English and Saxon masters and slaves from whom we are descended. Whether the law that created this aversion is natural, or contrary to nature; whether it is of human or divine origin; whether it is wicked, or good,—it equally affects and controls both races in all their relations, and it is immutable, — grounded in convictions and sentiments that neither race can yield.

The negro race has but a slight hold on other races through the marriage relation.

Marriages have seldom occurred between Chinese, or Malays, or Indians, and the negro race; and, by the universal decree of the white race, such marriages are prohibited. No expression of race aversion could be more distinct than this.

This race aversion has been greatly increased in this country by the abolition of slavery. The trust and confidence felt by the slaves towards their former masters has been largely supplanted by a feeling of resentment, which politicians are rapidly converting into hatred and revenge. This condition would not have been so pronounced, if the negro race had not been forced, unprepared and disqualified, into the exercise of the full rights and powers incident to citizenship. That unwise and unnecessary decree has caused the aversion between the races to infuse its virus into the social and political affairs of the country, where it will be, forever, a rankling poison. It has intensified into a race conflict all political questions, in localities where there are large negro populations. It is discussed and voted upon everywhere, from the national capital to the ballot box; exciting the most acrimonious debate and extreme measures of legislation. Politicians deny, in vain, that it is an open question, and

demand the execution, to the letter, of the provisions of the constitutional amendments; while the people, in all parts of the country, continue its discussion and refuse to lend the support of public opinion to the enforcement of the organic law.

The race conflict in the United States is, essentially, a social controversy, aggravated by its union with the government of the country.

Race conflicts have attended the entire history of English-speaking people. Having, as they believe, a mission and leadership in the civilization of barbarous people and in all the progress of mankind, they have not permitted the inferior races to check their movements.

Our North American history is filled with illustrations of this unrelenting progress. By the destruction of the implacable Indian, we have possessed ourselves of his inheritance,— the fairest and richest in the world. He would not be a slave, and we drove him out and filled his place with negroes found in bondage in their native land, and imported as slaves. The patient, thrifty Chinaman was found to be depraved. He was invited to come here under guarantees of full protection. When he became the successful rival of our laboring classes and encumbered our industries with a competition that starved the people who refused to admit him to their family circles as an equal, we summarily decreed his banishment.

It was alleged by great statesmen who were endeavoring to account for the evil of the presence of the negro in our country that there was "an irrepressible conflict between free labor and slave labor." They demanded the abolition of slavery as the only remedy. This illogical conclusion was based on a thorough misconception of the truth, and the remedy was as mistaken as the supposed conflict of slave and free labor.

The alleged competition did not exist in any branch of human industry, except in servile and menial labor which the negro was alone fitted to perform and still monopolizes. The great body of negro slaves grew cotton and sugar in the South, while the producers of grain, provisions, wool, hemp, flax, and hay, occupied other latitudes. The South furnished them their nearest and best market for their supplies of food, draught animals, and machinery, and they were,

in the aggregate, as much benefited by the labor of the negro slaves as their owners were.

Instead of there having been competition between slave and free labor, the two systems, separated by isothermal and commercial lines, but adjoining each other, were mutual contributors to the prosperity of the labors of both, and of the country at large. It was not labor competition, but political and sectional rivalry in the struggle for power, and deep seated race aversion, that caused the alleged "irreconcilable conflict."

In the adjoining fields, in the South, where white men and negro slaves grew cotton, there was no conflict, competition, or rivalry, the reason being that there was never an overproduction of cotton. There was never a moment when cotton was not ready sale, for cash. The production, however great, was always in demand. The slave laws held the negro to his daily work; made him temperate; enforced subordination; repressed crime and misdemeanor; and made him a safe and harmless neighbor. There was no cause for social or political rivalry with the white people, who labored, or with any other class, and, while the slave did not aspire to such an attitude, the white man did not condescend to it. While the slaves were under the strict dominion of their masters, no class of people were better secured against interference, by other persons, with their rights, of any kind. The result was that there was neither rivalry nor friction between the laboring classes in the South.

There was instinctive race aversion between them, which nothing could prevent, or modify, except the inferior position of the negro, which neutralized all personal jealousies. This inferiority and dependence excited, in all classes of white people, that sort of Christian benevolence that compassionates, always, the poorest and least attractive of the human family. The Christian training of the negro race in the South is the undesirable proof of this state of sentiment towards them.

When this race aversion was excited by the apprehensions of the non-slaveholders, of the possibility of the future social equality, or union of the races, under political pressure, it flamed up into angry abhorrence, and has become a settled antagonism, as these apprehensions have been realized. It was this apprehension, and not any coercion, or other fear of

consequences that, above all other considerations, incited, armed, fed with the bread earned by the toil of women in the fields, clothed with their skill, and sent to the Southern armies, the sturdiest and most resolute of that wonderful body of citizen soldiery. Knowing all that this political movement meant and fully comprehending its results, these men felt that any sacrifice they could make, to prevent race equality in the South, could not outweigh their duty to their families, their race, and their country.

This race question has been a foot-ball for politicians, and a stumbling block for statesmen, since we began to organize into a federal union. In the beginning, the repression of the slave trade was obstinately resisted by northern and southern States interested in the profits, and a compromise, written into the constitution, was the necessary result. Another compromise was made in relation to the rendition of fugitive slaves. Another and more important compromise secured the enumeration of three fifths of the slave population in the basis of representation in Congress and in the electoral colleges. Slavery and politics were thus linked in perpetual association and made the cause of perpetual strife.

Our fathers had more faith in our dutiful obedience to the constitution than we deserved, when they planted this temptation in the body of that instrument. There was inequality in that basis of representation; founded on a principle that warred against the theory of our government. It was not too much for the people of the free States to say that the property of the slave States should not, in justice, furnish in part, a basis of representation, while their own property was denied that influence. Still, the South entered the Union upon that agreement, and it was not too much for them to say, that the sworn compact should be observed.

In this condition of the subject, political controversy was bound up with the question of slavery, so closely and inevitably, that it has clung to the negro race since their emancipation, and has become the leading and controlling influence in their destiny.

It was the hope and expectation of the abolitionists who, as humanitarians, were also enthusiasts, that the emancipation of the negro would cure the alleged conflict between free and slave labor; that freedom would qualify the negro race for unobstructed social intercourse with the white race;

and that the ballot would force them into such political influence as to compel the abolition, also, of race aversion and social discrimination. The ballot in the hands of the negro race has had just the contrary effect. It has been relied upon as a substitute for personal worth, industry, and good conduct, to lift the inferior race to the same plane with the superior race; but it has constantly exposed the negro race to organized political opposition, and has chilled the hopes and balked the efforts of those who most desired to help the negroes to profit by their freedom.

The negroes have uniformly used the ballot as a means of inflicting the penalties of resentment and race animosity upon southern people. They seem incapable of conceiving that their political power has any other valuable use than as an expression of hatred and ill will towards their former owners. The history of Hayti and Jamaica, on the other hand, has not been forgotten in the southern States. The people there understand that prudence has restrained the excesses that destroyed, or drove out, the white race, from these and other islands of the West Indies, for the same reasons that now animate the negroes and unite them, in solid political movement, in hostility to the white race. This strenuous and constant antagonism of the negro race towards the white people of the South, has compelled them, also, to unite on race lines for security.

The first movement of the negro party in the South, and of their white leaders there and in Congress, was directed to the vital point of securing race equality, in social as well as political privileges, by the compulsion of law. The negro race, flattered by this effort, with the hope, that is most keenly indulged by every negro of mixed blood, of being foisted into the white families, freely contributed its entire political power to assist in such robbery of States and people, as never before was practised under the authority of law. The warnings of that experience cannot be ignored or forgotten. It is impossible to divide the negro race on any political question, and whatever measures they will support or oppose will first be tested by the race issue.

Natural race instinct and caste is the controlling force in this movement.

The negro race has reason to know that the great body of the white people, in the northern section of the country,

oppose the influence of their political power, elsewhere than in "the States lately in rebellion." Congress has stricken down all suffrage in the District of Columbia, for the sole purpose of disfranchising the negro voter; and in the northern States negroes are practically excluded from holding office, either under State or federal authority. Those who oppose negro influence in politics, in the States where small numbers of that race are found, can have no other reason than race aversion for their course. This feeling is quite as common in the northern States as in the South, where the people are brought into contact with the negroes in social intercourse, or into competition with their labor, or into party conflict with them in the elections.

With these facts, and many others in view, we must admit that there is a deep and immovable cause for the almost inflexible law of exclusion, that shuts out the negro race, through the pressure of public opinion, from all opportunity to rise to the level of the white race, in political and social affairs.

What is the cause of this condition of the negro race in the United States, which their power and political influence has not been able to remove, but has only aggravated? The answer is recorded in the home history of every white family in the United States. The negro race cannot be made homogeneous with the white race. It is the abhorrence that every white woman in our country feels towards the marriage of her son or daughter with a negro, that gives the final and conclusive answer to this question. Wealth, character, abilities, accomplishments and position, have no effect to modify this aversion of the white woman to a negro-marital alliance. Men may yield to such considerations, or to others of a baser sort; but the snows will fall from heaven in sooty blackness, sooner than the white women of the United States will consent to the maternity of negro families. It will become more and more the pride of the men of our race to resist any movement, social or political, that will promote the unwelcome intrusion of the negro race into the white family circle.

This is the central and vital point in the race question. If the negroes, being our equals in political privileges, could be absorbed into our race, as equals, there would be no obstacle to our harmonious and beneficent association, in this free country, but neither laws, nor any form of con-

straint, can force the doors to our homes and seat them at our firesides.

The voting power is the only reliance of the negro for lifting his race to the level of social union or equality with the white race. The race jealousy that the exertion of that power inflames, has united the white race on the color line, in every State where there is a dense negro population, and has moved other communities, that have no fear of negro domination, to feel for those who are threatened with this calamity, the warmest sympathy.

There is a reason for this condition of public sentiment, that is fatal to the movement for negro political domination in the southern States,—a reason existing in the very organism of our government; a feature that cannot be ignored.

Ours is a representative government, with sovereignty residing in the people; and those who exert the powers of sovereignty are chosen for that purpose, not by the people at large, but by qualified voters. One in about every five of our population is qualified by the law to represent himself and the four other persons in the group, in voting at elections. This arbitrary arrangement imposes no restraint upon the voter, as to how he will represent his group, except his sense of justice, his friendship for the race he represents, or his natural affections and love of country. He has no other than a remote, moral responsibility to his non-voting constituency: and he measures his duty to them by his more direct allegiance to his party. Four fifths of the people of the United States are thus arbitrarily represented in the ballot box, by the one fifth who are qualified voters.

This seemingly dangerous power of the voter is based upon the theory of the representation in the ballot box of that sacred relation which inspires the honest and intelligent voter with the most dutiful and quickened sense of trust and natural affection,—the family relation. Controlled by such influences, this voting power becomes the most conservative and the best element in a government for the people. But the danger of injecting into the voting power a feeling of race aversion, or class hostility, is obvious. It could scarcely be over-stated. It cannot be too carefully avoided in the government of the country. The family is the real unit of our power in free government.

While the families of the country are homogeneous, there

is little danger that the voters who represent them will war upon their security, or fail to be loyal to their best interests. But where the voters, who represent one fifth of the political power of the entire country (and, in some of the States, have a majority), are excluded by reason of race, or caste, or their previous slavery, from family relationships with the minority, it is certain that resentment, prejudice, and hostility will animate them; and they will vote to humiliate and destroy that part of their constituency. Without extending the argument on this point over a wider field, it seems to be clear, that there is extreme danger, under existing conditions, in confiding to negro voters the representation of white families in the ballot box.

This is the real race question, in politics, that has vexed our people from the beginning; that has afflicted the country with a terrible civil war; and still calls for the wisest statesmanship and the most patient forbearance, in its settlement.

If the emancipated slaves had been of our own race, as were the English villeins, and as the Russian serfs and Mexican peons were of those races, they would have been clothed with the political powers of citizenship without any injurious consequences; because they would have been incorporated, without social disturbance, into the families of the country. It is this race difficulty that confronts the negro, and it will, while it continues, resist and obstruct his political power.

The practical phase of the question is, whether the white race can be made to include the negro race in a free and honest welcome into their families, as "men and brethren." There are some enthusiasts, claiming to be exalted humanitarians, who advocate the solution of this difficulty by raising the negro race to the social level of the white race through legislative expedients that look to the mingling of the blood of the races; but this is far from being the sentiment of the great body of the people of the United States. They understand the impossibility of such a result. The full-blooded negroes also understand it, and hesitate, if they do not refuse, to make this effort. "The Afro-Americans," as the mulattoes describe themselves, believe that a precedent has been set, by their foremost man, which they can follow, with the aid of the politicians, that will secure their incorporation, by marriage, into the white families of the country. These vain

expectations will be followed with the chagrin of utter disappointment, and will increase their discontent.

Every day the distance increases between these races, and they are becoming more jealous and intolerant of each other. This condition is disclosed in the schools, churches, and in every industrial pursuit. The field for negro labor, except in the heaviest drudgery and in menial occupations, is constantly narrowing, until their presence is not tolerated in the higher commercial pursuits, or in the use of important corporate franchises. This is more distinctly the result of race aversion than is the exclusion of the Chinese from our country. The political power given to the negro race, no matter how they may use it, only increases race antagonism. That power has, so far, greatly aggravated the opposition to them. It can never make their presence in this country, which has always been a cause of dissension, welcome to the white people.

The separation of the races under different governments will alone cure this flagrant evil, by giving to the negro race an opportunity for self government; and to the white race an unobstructed course in the accomplishment of their high destiny. The feeling of unrest among the negroes, which has made them homeless, and sweeps them in revolving eddies from one State to another, is a plain indication that they are preparing for a general exodus.

As soon as they have determined the way they would go, and have, in their own free will, concluded to depart to some other country, justice to them and ourselves, and the behests of peace and prosperity to both races, will call forth freely the financial aid of our people and government, for their deliverance.

For a great deliverance it will be!

UNIFORM MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE LAWS.

BY REV. SAMUEL W. DIKE, LL. D.

THIS interesting subject is likely, for reasons that will appear later on in the present paper, to receive soon more attention than it has in the past. Though it has already had much discussion and constitutional amendment has been earnestly advocated by able and careful writers, I shall venture to direct attention to some of the very elements of the problem and the conditions of its solution, referring finally to a practical plan lately taken up. For it seems to me that far too little thought has been given to fundamental considerations, and that many important things have been overlooked by the ordinary reader. The limits of this article compel a brief sketch of the more important points only.

The interest in uniform laws regarding either marriage or divorce is of recent origin. The subject, for instance, was hardly mentioned by President Woolsey in his book when published in 1869 and only briefly touched in the revised edition of 1882. The reasons for this are easily given. But they are not to be found in any rapid and marked changes in our various State laws, for such have not been made in a pretty long time. Our social conditions have much more to do with this rise of interest than changes in our legal systems. The development of the West, the growth of our manufactures, the wonderful expansion of the means of travel and communication, with the easy interchange of ideas and frequent removals of residence, have produced new results under substantially old systems of law, and attention has thus been turned to them. The laws, in their variety, conflicting terms, and often loose restrictions, are the heritage of a union of independent colonies and States and a lack of system and care in legislation. They were made for a society that has so greatly changed that they are now felt to be a misfit to the social needs of a great nation.

But how shall we meet the difficulty? Three general courses

are possible. The present condition of things can be left to take care of itself. But few wish this or think it necessary, at least not until an effort has been made to escape from acknowledged evils. This leaves uniformity to be earnestly considered. And two ways to get it have been proposed: We may get the several States and territories to agree among themselves upon a common system. This seems to many like a hopeless undertaking. Nothing like it has ever been tried by us. Accordingly, others for the third general way of solution, have urged an amendment of the constitution of the United States in the interests of uniform divorce laws, or generally of late years, uniformity in both marriage and divorce laws. Some would have the power of legislation on these subjects given to Congress. Others would leave it with the States on the uniform basis prescribed by the constitutional amendment.

The final answer to be made to this question concerning the course to be taken, depends upon several things, some of which will be set forth briefly in this paper. I am not prepared, however, to say how much weight should be given to some, if to any of them. But doubtless, most of them can in time be fairly weighed and their value reasonably determined.

1. Due regard for all of the general objects of uniformity should be kept in mind, and each allowed its proper place. For we may attain some one object and yet miss others, or even leave some one farther from us. There are at least three objects in seeking uniformity, — the removal of abuses that arise from conflicting and various laws; the positive gain from the advantages of a single harmonious system for the whole country; and uniformity on such a basis and of such character as to contribute all it can to the highest welfare of the family in the future. It would seem as if so much would be conceded as almost self-evident. But, nevertheless, I think this statement is not only called for, but greatly needed.

An illustration will show this. For it, take the effect of a movement for uniformity that mistakes the probable part of the entire number of the divorces it will directly affect. It used to be widely held that uniformity alone would necessarily prevent the large majority of divorces as they prevail under the present lack of it. Indeed, some said nine tenths of the whole number would disappear, if a constitutional

amendment could be secured, because that large proportion, it was held, were obtained in some State outside that in which the marriage had taken place. But every intelligent person should now know that the recent official report of the Department of Labor at Washington has corrected this opinion. For it shows that 80 per cent. of all the divorces granted in the United States in twenty years to persons born in this country, where the average length of married life before divorce for all divorced couples was 9.17 years, were obtained in the very State where the parties to them had been married. And this, notwithstanding that more than one fifth of the native population of the entire country has moved from the State where born to some other. Now a uniform divorce law made on the assumption just noted, would have widely missed of its aim because of its exaggeration of the size of this specific evil of migration for divorce. Its reduction of the volume of divorces would apparently be very small.

But it is scarcely less important to consider another possible effect of uniformity upon the volume of divorces. This is in case the same number of statutory causes for divorce should be accepted for the whole country. Some definite number would have to be taken. If the five or six statutory grounds of divorce now common to the great majority of the States should be fixed upon as the standard for the country, as is not improbable, the effect might disappoint many. South Carolina, which now refuses to grant any divorce, New York with only one cause, New Jersey and two or three other States which have, strictly speaking, only two or three causes for which absolute divorce is granted, would be put on the same ground as the rest of the United States. Then the South, which has only lately come within the sweep of the social forces that have been swelling the volume of divorces to an enormous size, would as a whole be compelled to allow the rapid increase there to go on for a long time. The net gain, then, in the reduction of the volume of divorce under any uniformity that should fix the five or six more common causes upon the whole country would be very small or it might be worse than nothing. For if an inferior system should be fastened upon the country, there might be a positive increase. Many would think this too dear a price to pay for uniformity.

2. The relation of marriage and divorce laws to each

other and to family law as a whole, both in its present state and future development, needs careful attention. At first the call for uniformity was confined to divorce. It was soon felt, however, that the conflicting character and uncertainties of our marriage laws needed some remedy, and the polygamy of the territories presented a still further difficulty. It has also been urged that both marriage and divorce should be kept within the same jurisdiction. In other words, both should either remain with the States or be put under the control of Congress.

But this last principle has wider applications. Questions constantly arise involving the validity of a marriage or divorce. Succession to property, the relation of husband and wife, the custody and rights of children, legitimacy and perhaps other matters of fact and law would be under State jurisdiction, should Congress have control over marriage and divorce. The question is certainly important; is there such an inter-relation of the parts of family law that a transfer of marriage and divorce to the national jurisdiction should carry everything else of the kind there also? The minds of writers do not seem clear on this point, and I find privately a great variety as well as uncertainty of opinion upon it. But its decision seems indispensable to the plan of uniformity through transference to the general government.

Again, the future possibilities of family law need some study. It will be strange if some constructive work will not be inevitable to the task of securing uniformity. International uniformity on some points of law is also needed and the need grows with the increasing inter-relation of the nations, and especially between ourselves and European peoples. It may be that we ought to move towards a future common system. A system of obligatory civil marriage with a clearly defined line between church and state, or rather division of function in the celebration of marriage, has steadily been extending in Europe. It may yet be needed here in our otherwise distinct separation of church and state. And the need of some common system for the leading nations of certifying to the facts of marriage and divorce is deeply felt by many.

But a still larger constructive work may, perhaps, yet claim our attention. The law of domestic relations, — in other words, the law of the Family, — has a striking and significant

history, closely following and crystallizing the changes in the Family as a social institution. Sir Henry S. Maine showed us how completely, in the Aryan history of the West, the Family has given place to the Individual and correspondingly the law of status to that of contract. This movement has had a great acceleration from modern industrial and other social forces. The United States have shared in the results of it, both the good and the bad, more largely than any other country. Individualism and its legal and social ideas are more fully developed in many respects here than anywhere else. I think a comparison of the Family law, so far as we have it in any strict sense of the term, of our States with that of Europe will show this almost at sight.

There are, however, indications that this tendency has approached its limits, or rather that it is to be brought under other influences that will correct its extreme aberrations. Reintegration of the Individual may be said to have begun already. That is to say, we are beginning to think of the Individual, not so much from himself as the sole point of view and of his rights and contracts alone, as of him in his relations to others. Or to put it another way, the Person is coming to be more than an Individual treated mainly from the egotistic starting point. The Person is rather the human being as we find him within the social relations which have helped make him what he is. This conception brings the Family, among other things, to the front. Under the social reconstruction that is going on, we may get better conceptions of it than either the present or past has given us. If so, law will in time record the changes. Something of this apparently has already begun. For the imperial marriage law of Germany of 1875, which established uniformity on this single branch of the subject, is evidently constructed as the beginning of a scientific system of Family law. We may well keep our own needs of such a system in mind in our study of the question of uniformity. Certainly, uniformity ought not to be gained in a way to hinder the possible growth of domestic law in this direction of an orderly whole.

3. The political aspects of uniformity demand attention. Should either a part or all of Family law go over to the care of the Federal government, grave issues would appear. Thus far in our political history there has been no formal surrender of function by the States. Whatever may have really

gone over to Congress has done so in the exercise of existing constitutional provision and through the interpretation of the courts. The issues of the civil war were followed by no avowed surrender of legal machinery on the part of the States. A division of sentiment is found, but more over the exercise of the existing constitutional adjustment than from any settled opinion that the mutual relations existing should be disturbed by constitutional amendments for that avowed object. Now transfer of the jurisdiction of marriage and divorce even without further consequences in Family law, would be one of the most thorough-going changes of the kind that could be made. The probable effect of it upon our system, and the turmoil of discussion in which it would involve the nation, should be foreseen and its effect understood.

Constitutional amendment may, however, so be made that it will not directly disturb the present adjustment. For the whole matter may be left to the States on a uniform basis constitutionally defined. That is, the Federal Constitution may provide that no State shall pass any laws touching marriage and divorce, except as they conform to a certain carefully defined uniform basis of legislation. This method resorts to the prohibitory form used in the more recent amendments and thus escapes the difficulties of a direct transference of powers. But another obstacle confronts us, as it also would in practical effect if we used the other method. The amendment would need definition and practical application. The difficulty arises from this negative form of action, and is essentially like that which has troubled us in securing the full effect of the recent constitutional amendments. But the conditions differ in some respects. Those amendments aimed to secure a common political status for whites and blacks. Under them the immediate subjects of the amendment are interested parties for the maintenance of a fundamental, personal status, and the status is of a most definable nature, entirely unlike a constitutional amendment aimed at a personal practice like the sale of intoxicants. But with all this in its favor, the partial failure of it to accomplish its object has furnished one of the political puzzles of the last twenty-five years. The trouble is that we cannot easily reach behind the States to the social hostility that nullifies the aims of law.

The plan under discussion also aims to establish a status.

But here, contrary to the case under former amendments, large numbers of those directly affected by it would be interested in breaking it down, and the social opinion of a State might sympathize deeply with those thus inclined, notwithstanding that many interests of person and property would do much to help maintain the law. Uniformity in Europe does not have to contend with that self-assertion and habit of independence of restraint from an authority that in its origin and administration is remote from the people, that are common in this country. South Carolina with its aversion towards strict forms of marriage law on the one hand and its entire prohibition of divorce on the other; New York approaching this state of things in some degree; Louisiana with its code Napoleon and traditions; certain sections of the South and the newest portions of the West, might not readily come into any arrangement likely to be adopted. And if they should, in some cases it might take a long time to bring the lower classes into obedience to the laws.

I do not undertake to say how much weight is to be given to these considerations. The point is that they must be thoroughly studied in making up a course of action.

4. Concurrent State legislation should be considered for whatever it may be able to do for us. Difficulties are by no means wanting here. To get forty-five legislative bodies, supposing Congress to act for its own territorial jurisdiction, to bring about uniformity by concurrent legislation, seems at first thought next to impossible. Other obstacles exist, but they can be considered indirectly as my discussion goes on. Some of the serious obstacles to the plan of constitutional amendment of course disappear here. Each State can come into line with its own public opinion to support the uniformity established. Experiments in different directions may go on while the approach to a common system is being made.

In this way the dangers of theoretical legislation will be reduced and the opportunity given us to profit by a wide experience. Not only American, but foreign wisdom and the lessons of historical and comparative study could be made available. An important further contribution to our statistical resources may also be reasonably expected in a year or two. For it is understood that the official authorities at Washington will cheerfully favor provision by Congress

for the completion of the plans of the recent investigation and the extension of inquiry into some of those elements of the divorce problem which have not yet been accurately examined, but whose study is indispensable to the wisest legislation. It is not wholly improbable that international co-operation, either in investigation or legislation, or in both, may be proposed. Meanwhile the States may continue the effort of the last dozen years at improved legislation which already has a natural tendency towards uniformity. Already similar legislation regarding the re-marriage of divorced persons, the defence of suits in the interests of the State and provision for a fixed period between the filing of a petition for divorce and its trial has been copied, in a few instances, from one State to another. The essentials of the Massachusetts system of marriage law have been reproduced in the last forty years in several States. Only two or three years ago it was adopted in Pennsylvania, and lately one branch of the legislature of New Jersey strongly favored it.

But now an official step has been taken that may determine our course for some time to come. The State of New York has recently established by law a commission of three members with provision for their working expenses. This commission is to seek from other States, and probably from Congress, similar commissions with whom it may act in an attempt at uniform marriage and divorce laws through concurrent legislation of the States and territories. It has already held one or two meetings and proposes to begin work in earnest very soon.

The first work of such a commission or set of commissions will naturally be precisely that which any plan of final solution must sooner or later attempt, and which has been in part sketched in this paper. If constitutional amendment must be our ultimate solution of the problem, the work of the commission is pretty sure to make that clear. It will do more than this. For its own study will show what is needed, and do something to find the extent to which uniformity may be carried. This latter work is important. Not to speak of marriage laws, uniformity in divorce laws by concurrent State action may either cover the whole subject; or, secondly, it may be limited to causes, or incidentals like terms of residence, effects of a divorce; or, thirdly, it may be confined to

administration. Either one of these may be taken up by itself, or all may be included. Or still, we may begin with one and take up others later, or yet again, we may push uniformity in some simpler thing, like the term of residence, faster than in the rest. A division of the work like this seems possible, and, in some respects, very desirable. The work is confessedly in a new field, and has many difficulties. But the fact that the great State of New York has actually taken it up,— a State containing nearly a tenth of the population of the country,— and cordially asks others to join in the experiment, is a great deal in favor of giving it a fair trial. Besides, the door of retreat in case of necessity is left wide open. And when we remember how rapidly the more progressive States take up a really needed legislation, like that of ballot reform for an example, and come into substantial harmony, it would be rash to say that little good can be accomplished in this way.

Still further, all this work would be nearly so much gained in demonstration of the means to, and in direct preparation for the completion of, uniformity by amendment of the Federal Constitution, should that be found to be the final solution of the problem. No real retreat would be necessary. For nothing could do more to give us actual knowledge of the work before us in resort to amendment of the Constitution than just that exploration of the field which these commissions would make in their attempt at concurrent legislation. For, undoubtedly, they will make careful analysis of our marriage laws, and examine them with regard to the needs and practicability of uniformity regarding degrees of relationship, age of parties, celebrants of marriage, license, fees, witnesses, certificates, records, statistics, etc. They will naturally go over with like completeness, the range of topics connected with divorce. Should a few or many States be led to adopt a number of its recommendations, this action, even though it should not be in the exact terms of the constitutional provision to be sought, would engage them in the work of constitutional uniformity. And the very education of the people necessary to bring about these gains in the States would naturally create a strong sentiment in form of constitutional amendment should that be found desirable and yet it be found impracticable to attain the end in other ways.

The present conclusion, then, is that uniform marriage and

divorce laws are apparently so desirable in many particulars, if not in the entire system, that earnest and wise effort should be made to solve the problem. But the problem in its direct contents, and especially in its relations, is complex and intricate. It is contended, therefore, that all serious consideration of it should give careful attention to all the objects and effects of uniformity; that the place this particular problem holds in the present and future problem of family law in this and other countries be understood; that the probable political consequences of any method of solution proposed be investigated; and that the conditions of the two leading methods commonly proposed are such that both their nature and the interests of all concerned require that the effort to examine the field of concurrent State legislation be made first, in order to discover what needs to be done, and what is practicable under the simpler political conditions to be met in this method. And now that the great State of New York has opened the way in this field of operations, and invites the other States to co-operate, it would seem wise for all interested in uniformity, to help this method to accomplish all it may be capable of giving us. If Congress could appoint commissioners to represent its own direct interests in the subject, it might be well to have this done also. At any rate, in this way we are likely to get down to actual work on a problem that hitherto has been too much in the air.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. APPARITIONS AND HAUNTED HOUSES.

BY RICHARD HODGSON, LL. D.

In a previous paper in The Arena, I invited the reader's attention to some "ghost stories" as an introduction to the field of psychical investigation. At the close of the article, I pointed out that the apparitions seen by the witnesses, in the cases which I cited, resembled persons who were either unquestionably living or unquestionably dead. In the former class, the experience of the percipient seemed to be referable to the coincident exceptional state of the agent, the person whose figure was seen. Thus Dr. G — and Miss Crans were both in a distinctly abnormal state when their apparitions were seen, and in each of the three cases which I quoted as belonging to this group, the percipient was apparently the dominant subject of the more or less excited agent's thoughts at the time of the percipient's experience.

But this criterion, — coincidence in time between the special state of the agent and the corresponding experience of the percipient, — cannot of course be applied to the cases of the other class, where the figures seen are those of the dead, since here we have no independent means of ascertaining the mental state of the "dead" person whose figure is seen, even if we suppose that he still possesses some form of individual consciousness. Hence it does not follow of necessity that apparitions of deceased persons, albeit *veridical*, are the result of any direct action of the deceased persons themselves.

I have already explained the word "veridical" as meaning "truth-telling, or corresponding to some action going on elsewhere." It is to be contrasted with morbid, and obviously excludes experiences which may be classed as merely subjective hallucinations. Were, for example, the apparition of a deceased friend of whose death I was aware, simply to appear and disappear before me now, as I write alone in my room,

we should be bound to class the experience as a subjective hallucination. But should the apparition be the figure of my brother, whom I suppose to be living, and should I afterwards ascertain that he died a month ago in Australia, the apparition would be classed as veridical; though it might be well open to doubt whether my experience was due to some telepathic action on the part of my brother, or on the part, say, of one of my sisters in some crisis of emotion, thinking of me in connection with his death. If an apparition of the dead is seen by two or more persons, or if it conveys information previously unknown to the percipient, — such, e. g., as the death of the person whom it resembles, or the presentation of an appearance unknown to the percipient but serving for identification, — it may be classed as veridical.

Two broad considerations suggest themselves in dealing with such veridical apparitions of deceased persons. On the one hand we may reason: The veridical apparitions of *living* persons appear to be correlated with some direct influence from those persons, and, therefore, the veridical apparitions of the dead are correlated with some direct influence from the dead. On the other hand we may reason: Wherever we can clearly trace the origin of veridical apparitions, we find them to be apparently due to the direct action of living human beings, and, therefore, the presumption is that where we cannot trace their origin, they are also due to the action of living human beings. These considerations lead us once more to the conclusion which I expressed in my previous article, that we must seek more light upon the ghosts of the living, before we can hope to explain the ghosts of the dead. And now let us turn to a few "borderland" experiences, those which cluster, so to speak, about the time of dissolution of the organism; the apparition is seen either shortly before death, or at the point of death, or shortly after death.

But before proceeding further, I must become slightly more technical in my exposition. The experiences which we have so far considered have been *visual*. We must now include in our survey other experiences, such as *auditory* and *tactile*, *ideational* and *emotional*. Let us refer to experiences belonging to any of these groups, by the comprehensive term, *phantasm*.

The following case is an example of an *auditory phantasm*. Professor Crosby kindly obtained the account for us from Mr.

Augustine Jones, principal of Friends' School, Providence, R. I.: —

I hereby and herewith give, as nearly as I am able to do so, the circumstances of a strange and singular experience that I had in the autumn of 1878; I do not know the month or day.

I had passed a very agreeable evening at my home, No. 43 Nahant Street, Lynn, Mass., in cheerful company; and the company leaving early, I retired at 9 P. M. (It was Sunday night.) I had not been in bed five minutes when I heard my name with great distinctness and swiftness. I was wide awake. I thought a blind swinging against the house had been mistaken by me for the calling of my name. The name is Augustine, but, for short is *Gustin, which last it sounded like.* I heard only my first name, as above, and while I was endeavoring to satisfy myself, and thinking that possibly some of my departing friends (or neighbors very near on each side of me, by the way, one house being twenty feet east of mine, and the other ten feet west, and the street on the north) were in need of me, and refusing to myself the idea of its being really a person in trouble, though thinking of all things and striving to determine the fact; in five minutes it came again. I sprang to my feet out of bed, convinced utterly that some one needed me. The moon was exceedingly bright; not a particle of wind, not a person in the street. I could see at once out of every side of the house but one by passing into the next room, which I did. But as I crossed the room and was near the middle, it came the third time with a crash, charged with a tremendous force, and I was filled with alarm, almost terror. I threw on all, or rather the least reasonable amount of clothing, and rushed out of the house and examined the whole outside premises to find if possible who needed me. Not a person about, all quiet, all lights extinguished in the houses about, no one far or near on the street, and I returned to my bed still believing that something somewhere had slammed. I was, after the third hearing of it, in a thoroughly frightened state, with exceedingly rapid breathing and perspiration; overwhelmed with mystery which seemed to deepen. I calmed myself with the theory that there was nothing supernatural, although the voice seemed to be in the centre of the room, without any distance whatever, the last time. It was in the room each time, or rather had no appreciable effect of distance or direction; that is, it did not seem to be from the front or rear of the house, nor the distance of the street. It came with greater swiftness each time.

I slept soundly, going to sleep at once, satisfied that whatever it was no one needed me, and determined in the morning to examine the matter. I visited my neighbors the next day, and satisfied myself that it did not proceed from the houses. There was only one servant in my house, and I became certain that she did not share in it. Still I had no theory about it. My servant had a theory at once; she says, "You will hear of a death in your family at once." I gave this no heed; I only pitied her superstitious mind.

Within twenty-four hours I received a despatch from St. Louis, Mo., that my brother-in-law had died suddenly. The remark of the girl came to my mind. I wrote instantly to my sister, the widow of the deceased, giving her all the details of this matter, and giving her the exact difference of time between Boston and St. Louis, and asking her to tell me what was passing there at that exact time. She replied, "*That was the last conscious* moment, so far as we know, of my husband."

He left his family without much property, and with the natural expectation that I should, as far as possible, take his place in caring for them.

In connection with this it should perhaps be added that Mr. Jones describes another experience which he had about the year 1859, in connection with a college classmate, H. A., with whom he was intimate, and who drowned himself leaping from a bridge into a river at midnight.

That night at what hour I never knew, I had what I called a nightmare. I sprang upright suddenly in bed to help H. A. against his enemies. I waked and found myself sitting bolt upright in bed in great agitation. It has been an interesting coincidence to me all my life.

This last experience belongs to the emotional and motor class, in illustration of which I quote another example from Phantasms of the Living, of perhaps a more common type.

December 11, 1884.

"On the third of May in the same spring, my wife, while taking tea with my daughter, was suddenly seized with an epileptic fit, and fell heavily to the floor, striking her forehead on the fender; she was never conscious again, but died the next day. This accident happened between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. For nearly five years my wife had intermittently suffered from epilepsy, but for some three months before her death seemed to have completely recovered, which apparent fact had caused much joy in our little family circle, as the poor dear had been a great sufferer. I set this down to show that her death or serious illness was not at all expected at the time it happened.

"On the morning of the third of May I left for the city, and as my wife kissed her hand to me at the window, I thought how remarkably well and 'like her old self' she appeared. I went to business in 'high spirits,' and left her in the same ; but *somewhere* about the time she fell, —neither my daughter nor I have been able to fix the time within an hour,—I suddenly fell into such a fit of gloom that I was powerless to go on with my work, and could only sit with my face between my hands, scarcely able to speak to my colleagues in the same office, who became alarmed, as they had never seen me in any but a cheerful mood. I was at the time editing *England*, and as friend after friend dropped into my room, and wanted to know what ailed me, I could only explain my sensation in a phrase (which they and I well remember) which I kept repeating, namely, 'I have a horrible sense of some impending calamity.' So far as I am aware, my thoughts never once turned to my home. If they had, I think I should not have accepted, as I did, an invitation to dine with a friend at a restaurant in the Strand, pressed on me for the express purpose of 'cheering me up.'

"I was telegraphed for to our office in the Strand, but by an accident it was not forwarded to me to Whitefriars Street at my editorial room : so that I never saw my wife until after twelve at night, when my eight or nine hours of fearful depression of spirits (as it instantly struck me) were accounted for. I may add that I am naturally of a buoyant temperament,—in fact I may say far above the average of people in that respect, and I was never, to my knowledge, ever so suddenly or similarly depressed before. My wife, in this case, you will observe, was not dead, but simply unconscious when my fit of low spirits set in.

"There are several witnesses who can testify to these facts, for, when it became known at the office that my wife was dead the strong coincidence of my suddenly 'turning so queer' was a topic of conversation

there. I have nothing to add but that we (my wife and I) had been married for twenty-five years, and were extremely fond of each other, and we were both, I should say, of a sympathetic temperament; perhaps more than ordinarily so."

NETHERWORTON HOUSE, STEEPLE ASTON, OXON.
September 16, 1885.

Dear Sir.—My friend Mr.——, of England, has asked me to corroborate the fact that he suffered a singular depression all the day of his wife's fatal seizure. I was in his company most of the day, and can fully corroborate his statement.

Yours truly, C. E. GREEN.

Did space permit, experiences might be recounted, ranging from a vague emotional depression, as in the foregoing incident, up to the most complex visual phantasm, as in the following case, sent to me on Dec. 28, 1887, by Mrs. K. E. Alexander, Birmingham, Mich.

Sometime in February 1876, my father, Philip Dyer, who lived in Livingston Co., fifty miles from this place, was taken sick. My mother wrote to me that she would send me word if he became dangerously ill. She wrote again that he was recovering; so my mind was happily at rest. On Friday morning about the time to arise, being fully awake and in good health, I saw a man digging a grave; I heard the sound of the pick in frozen dirt three times. There stood my father at the foot of my bed, supported on either side by persons I did not know; his head drooped to one side, and he felt very weak he said. This passed away instantly, and I arose and went to my husband's bed and told him my father was dead or about to die. He made immediate preparations for me to go home to my father's house. When I reached there, I found my father had died on Thursday night, preceding my visit from him.

KEZIA E. ALEXANDER.

I hereby certify that the statements herein made by my wife are strictly true.

S. ALEXANDER, BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

Mrs. Alexander's vision, I note in passing, appears to have been of a somewhat symbolical character, and not an exact reproduction of what was occurring elsewhere, and I learn that some of her experiences, of which she has sent me careful records, are entirely symbolical. The question of symbolism in veridical phantasms is one of no little interest and importance. When, for example, the phantasm takes the form of a coffin suspended in air, with the name of the deceased in large letters on the plate, must this symbol of death be regarded as the reproduction of a picture in the mind of the dying agent, or has the telepathic message of the death of the agent become externalized as the hallucination of a coffin, owing to certain peculiarities of strongly associated imagery in the mind of the percipient? There seems to be little doubt but that, frequently at least, the latter is the case.

There are instances where the percipient has had successive experiences relating to the deaths of different friends, where the form of the symbolism was the same throughout, and therefore presumably depended upon the mental structure of the percipient.

The precise active share taken by the agents and percipients in the different classes of experiences remains yet to be ascertained by further observation and experiment. The theory of *telepathy* — the ability of one mind to *impress* or to *be impressed by* another mind, otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense — allows for the originating activity of both agent and percipient. This theory we apply to the cases recorded above, and to all similar cases. It asserts the existence of some causal relation between the crisis of the agent and the experience of the percipient; and it asserts that the connection between them is independent of the recognized sensory channels; but it makes neither affirmation nor denial as to the existence of some physical process of transfer, analogous to the physical changes involved in our ordinary modes of perception. It may be questioned, indeed, whether telepathic perception is not of a totally different order from common-sense apprehension, as seems to be the opinion of Dr. G——, whose experience with Mrs. C—— was related in my previous article. Dr. G—— had another striking experience with a friend, of whose mental agony, at a distance, she was vividly conscious, and whose immediate physical environment she finally also perceived, and she noticed specially that "the natural order of perception was reversed, i. e., the emotion came first, the sense of a personality second, the vision, or perception of the person, third." In the description of her experience, she writes: "I then felt great and painful sense, as of sympathy with someone suffering — who or where I did not know. After a little time I knew with whom, but how I knew I cannot tell; for it seemed some time after this knowledge of personality, that I saw distinctly, in my brain, *not* before my eyes, a large, square room, evidently in a hotel, and saw the person of whom I had been conscious, lying, face downward, on the bed, in the throes of mental and physical anguish."

This careful observation is highly noteworthy, and suggests an indirect confirmation of the theory which groups together under one general explanation the various phan-

tasmal experiences beginning with an emotional discomfort and proceeding through more and more definite instances as a complete visual perception. Just as in the organic world we find, at first sight, different types presenting highly different characteristics but possessed of a fundamental uniformity, a common origin; and here, in a single individual experience, the developments from a single cell, a vague sentiency, to a complex nervous system and a clear-eyed appreciation of a world and its relations.

Whether then, for example, we take (1) such thought-transference experiments as this with Mr. Guthrie's employés concerning objects, diagrams, localization of pains, etc., or the experiments of Mr. S. H. B., Rev. C. Godfrey, and others (*vide* "Phantasms of the Living") in voluntarily causing their phantasms to appear to friends at a distance, or whether we take (2) the spontaneous experiences such as that of Mrs. Arthur Sevens, who was awakened from sleep by feeling a violent blow on her lip, when her husband on the lake was struck on the mouth by the tiller of his boat; or of Mr. William Pac, who on the way to the theatre, was seized with a strange agitation in the chest accompanied by the irresistible impulse to return home where he found his father in an apoplectic fit; or of Mary B— who saw Mrs. D— the sister of her mistress Mrs. E— standing in Mrs. E—'s room in New York when Mrs. D — was actually lying unconscious in another part of the country twelve hours before her death; or of Dr. Howard, of Sturgis, Mich., who saw the form of his wife appear in his room, with a dress, a collar, and a ring unknown to him at the time when she was plunged in profound slumber three hundred miles away, dressed as he perceived her; or of Alfred Bard, who, in a churchyard at Hinneton, England, saw the figure of Mrs. De Fréville, who died in London seven hours before,— we conclude that they apparently belong to the same category, and are one and all illustrations of the telepathic effect of mind upon mind.

While still embodied? The observant reader will probably here interpose an objection founded on such cases as that last referred to, where Alfred Bard saw the figure of Mrs. De Fréville some hours *after* her death. In these cases, it has been supposed that the impression was made upon the percipient just before the death of the agent, but remained

latent for some time: thus in Mr. Bard's case the impression might have been received by the "unconscious" part of his mind, and provoked into the activity of his consciousness by the sight of the churchyard containing the mausoleum of Mrs. De Fiéville We know that certain suggestions can be given to a sensitive subject in hypnotic trance, which may remain latent for many months and eventually appear as sensory hallucinations which are not improbably just as much "ghosts" as the visual phantasms which we have been considering. Dr. Bernheim relates the case of an old sergeant, whom, while in hypnotic trance at the end of August, 1883, he enjoined to call on Dr. Liébault on the first Wednesday in October, telling him that he would then see the President of the Republic, who would give him a medal and a pension. The sergeant called on the day specified, and asked and spoke as if before the President. When asked to whom he was speaking, he replied, "Why, to the President of the Republic." Professor Beaunis narrates a case where he similarly caused a sensory hallucination of himself, after an interval of one hundred and seventy-two days from the date of the suggestion. In a recent article by Miss X —— on "Crystal Vision," in the proceedings of the S. P. R., instances are given which show that impressions may be received by the ordinary sense-organs which do not enter consciousness at the time, but which may afterwards under favorable conditions be externalized as hallucinations. These instances, indeed, are not precise analogues of our "ghostly" narratives, but they do tend somewhat to justify the assumption that telepathic impressions may remain latent for a considerable period.

And again let me point out that I mention this hypothesis of "latency" as a possible, not as the necessary explanation. In a field where so much is new and so much is continually being discovered, we must refrain from dogmatic generalizations. The theory of telepathy itself is eminently serviceable, simply because it asserts so little. Darwin tells us that he opened his note book for "the collection of facts on a wholesale scale" twenty-two years before the publication of *The Origin of Species*, and what we especially need at the present time is not speculation so much as a larger accumulation of well authenticated experiences. In no branch of our research is this truer than for our investigation of "haunted houses," to a few comments on which I now pass. Narratives

of this class require to be scrutinized with special care. Mrs. Sidgwick, writing in April, 1885, after a careful consideration of some three hundred and seventy narratives, — the residue of a much larger number, — and explaining as many as possible on the different grounds of hoaxing, exaggeration or inadequate description, illusion, mistaken identity, and hallucination, said that "having made every effort. . . . to exercise a reasonable scepticism, I yet do not feel equal to the degree of unbelief in human testimony necessary to avoid accepting at least provisionally the conclusion that there are, in a certain sense, haunted houses, i. e., that there are houses in which similar quasi-human apparitions have occurred at different times to different inhabitants, under circumstances which exclude the hypothesis of suggestion or expectation." As to the explanation, she confessed herself "quite unable to form any satisfactory theory, — any theory which makes us feel that if it be true, the phenomena are just what we should expect." This is still my own opinion, though much fresh material has been collected by our society since Mrs. Sidgwick wrote.

My inquiries concerning haunted houses in America have hitherto been rather unfruitful from a positive point of view, though I have several cases in a more or less incomplete form, which seem to have been founded at least on the occurrence of some supernormal phenomena. I quote an extract from the last case which I have received. I do not, of course, give it, as the reader will see from the account itself, as a proven instance of "hauntings," it rests so far upon the testimony of a single witness only. But it is in some respects parallel with a narrative of "hauntings" in a house in England, which were described by several groups of witnesses, but which members of our Society afterwards occupied in succession without experiencing any events of specially unusual character. A full account of these "hauntings" will be quoted in the next number of Proceedings of the S. P. R., by Mr. Podmore, who suggests that the apparitions may have been generated by the alarm caused by the occurrence of inexplicable noises, themselves possibly to be explained as "hallucinatory superstructures built up round a nucleus of real sounds," and also that experiences of later tenants may have been started by thought-transference from the earlier tenants.

Mr. Myers, on the other hand, is inclined to think that the disturbances in this and similar cases are due to some tele-

pathic action on the part of deceased persons, and that they represent *dreams of the dead.* "The behavior of phantasms of the living suggests dreams dreamt by the living persons whose phantoms appear, and similarly the behavior of phantasms of the dead suggests dreams dreamt by the deceased persons whose phantasms appear. The actions of these phantasms may therefore be expected to be vague and meaningless, or at any rate to offer little response or adaptation to the actions of the persons who observe them. For they will presumably be conditioned either by some definite previous self-suggestion, or by some automatic recurrence to a familiar train of associations." The reader may ask himself which hypothesis best fits the following incidents, which, among others, are reported to us concerning a house in Pennsylvania, where the narrator resided for over twenty-three years. After describing in detail various noises which she found inexplicable, she continues:—

About the end of the twenty-third year of this sort of thing, we invited an invalid brother of mine to come and spend a year with us in Pennsylvania, where we had lived all this time. He knew nothing of these strange things, as I had never confided the matter to any of my family.

My brother could only move around the room on a sort of wheeled chair, having lost the use of his knees by inflammatory rheumatism fourteen years before. He was an ardent scientific student, and had got to be an atheist as the result of much learning. After he had been with us two weeks he said to me, "Sister, you need not trouble so much about me at night. I heard you walking around quite well." I thought it better to tell him of our skeleton, which I then did. My brother received the story with sneers and derision, and kindly informed me that there were no spirits; that death ended all. Hoped that my visitors would honor him with calls, and said blasphemous things enough to horrify me, who did not know of the views he held.

That night his crutches, which stood close to his bed, were lifted up and slammed down again, so he could not rest; drawers were pulled out and shut again, and every night the same thing went on.

Before the end of the first month,—it was Sunday evening at seven o'clock,—he was sitting with my husband conversing, the sitting-room door was open on the main hall (43 feet long and 9 feet wide), when my brother remarked,—"B——, there is a lady in the hall." Supposing it to be some neighbor, my husband got up to ask her come in. Finding no caller there, he looked in the parlors—nobody there, although brother said she had gone up and down the hall several times before he spoke. On being asked to describe the lady, he said she was very tall, thin, and pale, without any bonnet; that her hair was flat on the cheek in old fashion, and that she wore a long mantle, and walked with folded hands. I knew at once that this was something uncanny, but held my peace and waited. Scarcely any night passed without disturbances in my brother's rooms. I suggested that he ask what the thing wanted, seeing he was so very brave. Next morning he appeared deathly pale, and on inquiring, he confided to me that about midnight there came a loud knocking at one of the doors of his room, and that finally he got so angry that he

called out,—"What the devil do you want?" and how there ensued the most tremendous knocking at the doors, and that the wardrobe seemed to burst open and all the pieces fell on the floor, and a great cabinet was moved out and pushed back again; and to add to this dismay the dogs, kept in a back hall, set up the most terrified howls. I had not been disturbed that night, but I could see that the amateur electrician and scientist was in a quandary, so I carefully concealed the triumphs I was feeling over the defeat of one of "superior sex," who had so much contempt for spirits. I reminded him of the general invitation he had issued, but every week something disturbed him that he could not account for.

On a Sunday afternoon on that October, a relative had called, and we were all returning from seeing him drive away, when my brother, who was out also, begged us to go quickly and look in his room. I ran, and my husband hurried, but the room was without any visible visitor. Brother explained in a distracted sort of way, that the lady was leaning half out the window, and that she wore a white gown. Next week he begged me to let one of my big dogs stay with him at night. I did so, but the third night he saw the dog crouch and stare and then act as if driven around the room. Brother saw nothing, but heard a sort of rustle as tissue paper makes, and the poor dog howled and tried to hide, and never again would that dog go to that room. At this period the doors would open for the wheeled chair, and the knocking continued as before.

And this narrative now deals with November 1886, when my husband came home from a journey with a chill, seeming only slightly indisposed, and he proposed to keep quiet a few days. Next morning after breakfast he and brother were discoursing on some of nature's scientific secrets, as usual, when both heard a great crash in my private room, on the other side of the hall, and called me from the veranda to ask what it could be. On opening my door I found two large paintings and my mantle clock lying on the rug. One of my pictures was broken across and its frame shattered, but the other was not injured, and the clock was ticking as it lay. There was no living thing in the room. A few days after I was entering the parlor, and a heavily framed copy of Guido's Magdalen fell in front of me: it was not injured.

My husband became alarmingly ill, and all was confusion. People were in the house to condole or assist; and the night watches whispered of strange sounds heard, and all at once the neighborhood knew of it. Doors opened and shut oftener than ever; bells rang, and I have seen a mulatto valet turn a green white as doors opened by invisible hands. The maid servants went to sleep at a gentleman's house near us. And one night as I took a little sleep, as did the patient, and a male nurse,—brother was in the sick room adjoining mine,—lamps were lighted, fires in open grates were flickering brightly, when a tall lady in white walked in from my room, bent over the patient, and turned to go. Then brother saw it was the lady herself. He saw her pass into my room again, saw my clock point to twenty minutes to 2 o'clock A. M., heard a vibrating blow on all the windows that was answered by the furniture in the room. During the next fourteen days I was up every night by my husband's bed, as he became more and more violent, as I was best able to recall the wavering equilibrium of that great brain.

My husband died on the 27th of November, 1886, and I was almost deserted. It is true I had two quaking men to sleep in the house, and a bed was made up for the maid in my children's room and mine. A Newfoundland dog and terrier also slept in it; but the promenade went on in the hall every night; doors opened and shut, and bells rang as before; and the lady appeared in a corner of brother's room one night,

and very slowly, with warning finger pointed at him, entered my room through the closed door. Brother called loudly for help, but I did not hear, and he prepared to leave, as he declared nothing could induce him to stay "in such an infernal house" longer. For the few days he remained, someone must stay in the room with him; and at the last moment, just as he was to be lifted up to be taken to the carriage, a silvery peal rang out; and he went home, leaving me and my little girls to find company as best we could — his stay being just four months.

At the last, he confessed there was a great mystery somewhere.

Just once again I was waked up by a loud knocking on the top of my bed; maid, children, dogs, all heard it, and really I opened my eyes, expecting to see the lady, but I did not. That was the first of January, 1887, and two weeks later I was safely here in Canada, free from disturbance, except the cares of sorrowing widowhood, which is of this life only.

P. S. — In reading this over, I find that I have not mentioned the fact that the lady seen by my brother was a former owner and mistress of the mansion. She had been dead long before my time, but was remembered and described by an old resident as the exact counterpart of the lady. I also learned that she had been seen by members of her own family, and that was the reason why they could not live in it, and sold it. I also inquired what sort of person the poor woman was in this life. I found she was an oppressor of the poor — greedy, mean, cruel.

I have neglected to state that we heard the most heartrending moans sometimes — oh! o-oh! o-o-oh! — and we would forget, because it seemed so real, and run to each others' rooms, expecting to find them in a death agony.

Would that such "hauntings" might occur in the homes of our special investigators, but meteoric stones do not always fall when and where we please, and we cannot yet insure the development of fireballs.

I have referred to the divergent views of Messrs. Myers and Podmore concerning phantasms of the dead. According to either view, the veridical "ghost" is not a material form, however tenuous, but it is a sensory hallucination produced in the percipient by the telepathic action of some other mind.

We have hardly crossed the threshold of our investigation, but even in the present stage it seems evident that "ghostly" sights and "ghostly" sounds and phantasmal experiences generally, form part of a large class of phenomena, for which there is some testimony from all ages, and which are now forcing an acknowledgment of their existence from the scientific world. We cannot hope to explain a part completely until we know the whole. Can we even dimly descry the limits of our own mentation in its entirety? Léonie is hypnotized by Mr. Janet, and another stratum of the woman's consciousness emerges, Léontine. But Léontine on more than one occasion is terrified by a disapproving voice that seems to come from without, and on being hypnotized

into a deeper trance, a profounder stratum of the woman's consciousness emerges,— Léonore, that claims to be the counsellor of Léontine. Of all this, Léonie, the waking woman, knows nothing, yet Léonie, Léontine, and Léonore are one. How little in truth we may know about the planes of our own being. How much less about their interactions with the planes of other beings. In quite another sense than the poet meant, we move about in worlds not realized, and, similarly, we who move do not realize ourselves. In the process of evolution, with the increase of complexity between creature and environment, we are gaining also an increase of knowledge of that complexity. As in the macrocosm, so in the microcosm, the view is widening all the way; the stars that once were interpreted as the gold headed nails driven into the dome of a solid firmament, have now receded into the abysmal depths of a limitless evolving heaven; and no more than the earth is the centre of the universe, may the tiny window of sense-consciousness through which we daily peep and pry, be the true measure of the soul of man.

VACCINATION: A SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY.

BY CHARLES CREIGHTON, M. D.

SCIENTIFIC authority is, in the nature of things, a most powerful instrument, whether it be established in error or in truth. Once established, the authority of science will be apt to secure absolute deference and obedience, most of all from the class who like to express their opinion in all matters non-scientific. The right and duty of everyone to think for himself or herself strictly applies, both in practice and in theory, to those matters in which we hold differing views of the first principles, according to our personal peculiarities, cast of mind, habits of thought, or even physical constitution. But in scientific matters, which are on a positive basis, are measurable and ponderable, capable of being turned over and over, probed, pulled about, and, above all, subjected to the verification of experiment, authority appears to be in its proper place, and the presumption is strong that it could hardly have been established without going through a trying ordeal at the hands of learned societies, University faculties, and the few who are competent to judge. It is precisely to scientific opinion that Locke's seventeenth-century language still applies with as much force as ever. "A great part of mankind are, by the natural and unalterable state of things in this world, and the constitution of human affairs, unavoidably given over to invincible ignorance of those proofs on which others build, and which are necessary to establish those opinions." Sir George Cornwall Lewis, in his essay on "The Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion," nowhere feels himself on surer ground than when he is dealing with the authority of the physical and biological science. Recognizing, as we all must do, that it is natural to the mind to rest on authority, to render a willing obedience to a good leader, this eminent critical philosopher and serious Whig statesman was not less desirous to find an ideal of authority than if he had been a Churchman, extolling revelation and the continuity of doc-

trine. But it is only in the physical and biological science that Sir G. C. Lewis discovers a kind of authority wholly satisfactory. There, at all events, it was safe to conclude that such and such an opinion was "sound"; that the judges who had pronounced upon it were "competent," and that it was a fitting opinion to be "diffused by the influence of authority."

Medical science he admits to be "a partial exception" to the general rule that the authority of science is so safeguarded in its process of establishment as to be trustworthy. Perhaps if he had been familiar with the history of medical doctrines, he would have gone farther than "a partial exception." The history of medical opinions and practices is not much heeded by the English-speaking profession of the present day. Somehow we are half aware that a review of them would be the review of a good many grinning skeletons, and we prefer to let the skeletons remain in their closet with the door shut. We can hardly help being aware of this from the references to medicine by contemporary satirists,—Montaigne, Molière, Le Sage, Swift, and many more both earlier and later. There is a pleasing belief held in some superior circles of the profession that all these vagaries of fashion in medical theory and practice came to an end at a date not fixed within a year or two, but somewhere about the second quarter of the nineteenth century; that medicine then entered upon a career of cumulative progress, advancing steadily onwards, it may be in a spiral line more than in a straight line, but at any rate never along a wrong road and then back again, as in the bad times of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It remains to be seen whether we are really out of the wood, when the history is written in the twentieth century. The historian of that time, however satisfied with the prospect around himself, will probably find occasion to remark that we of the present had begun to halloo too soon. So long as the Jennerian doctrine and practice of vaccination remains with us, we can hardly be said to have got entirely away from the eighteenth century. In nothing else has the profession of to-day shown so much loyalty to the pledges given by its predecessors. The history of vaccination from its beginning to its present position is a refreshing illustration of the truth that medical science is human first and scientific afterwards.

When the French Minister of the Interior, in 1803, rec-

ommended vaccination in a circular to the Prefects of Departments, in accordance with the report of a medical committee which had been sitting at Paris for three years, he assigned the reason then commonly given, that the new method of Jenner promised all the advantages of the old inoculation without any of its drawbacks. The old inoculation was done with the matter of smallpox itself and the theory of it was to give the disease of smallpox deliberately so as to anticipate an accidental attack, smallpox being one of those diseases which are not likely to befall the same person twice. The drawbacks of that kind of inoculation, as the Parisians in the eighteenth century had recognized with exceptional candor, were, firstly, that the artificial disease, having been reduced in course of time to a mere formality or to little more than the pustule or group of pustules at the place of puncture, did not, in matter of fact, anticipate or ward off the accidental attack of smallpox, and, secondly, that the constant resort to smallpox matter for the purposes of inoculation was apt to keep the contagion active and to spread the disease where it need never have come. The new kind of inoculation proposed by Jenner was certainly not open to the second objection; it gave off no contagious particles; it might be dabbled in to any extent without the neighbors catching it. It was in its nature to produce an effect anywhere it was inserted under the skin; in no circumstances, whether in the animal to which it properly belonged or in the human being to whom it was conveyed, did it extend all over the skin in a more or less copious eruption. Its merely local effect was proper to it, and not the reduction of wider effects to a mere formality. It was a heaven-sent substitute for the smallpox of man, a kind of smallpox found upon the cow's paps, and capable of being transferred to the arms of human beings, so that it might become an artificial but still a genuine human malady, easy to deal with, well under control, and free from all danger. Such was the usual view taken of Jenner's proposal all over the world, from the time of its publication in 1798. As the French Minister of the Interior said, it had all the (theoretical) merits of the old inoculation and none of its (practical) demerits.

The objection at once taken to the new disease was that it was not a form of smallpox at all; that it had nothing to

do with smallpox; that it was an entirely different kind of disease, different not so much because it occurred in another species of animal, but because it was a strictly local ailment; whereas smallpox was an eruption of pustules all over the body, attended by a fever and spreading by contagion. That objection was urged from the outset by a small minority of critics and dissentients in England, Germany, and France. It was urged with conspicuous ability in Paris, by a physician of great experience, Dr. Jean Verdier, but at the same time with a scornful brevity, as if he were impatient of the dullness of his colleagues in not seeing at a glance the radical improbability of anticipating the attack of smallpox by the inoculation of a merely local malady of the cow's paps, which had nothing in common with smallpox except a superficial likeness of name. "The country people in England," wrote Dr. Verdier, "as well as the doctor, have represented the vaccine disease to be the smallpox itself. That is a good thing for inspiring confidence; but unfortunately the two diseases have nothing in common, and so the ground of protection falls through, *et voilà le fondement du preservatif écroulé*." The correct and received theory of inoculation, he pointed out, was that the artificial disease should be the same as the natural disease, that it should be really smallpox. But we are now to be made invulnerable by vaccine as Achilles was made invulnerable by being dipped in the waters of the Styx. It was a contradiction, he urged, of the received doctrine of protection, and an improbability on the face of it. He complained that the triumphant majority were too exclusively occupied in experimenting with the new disease, caring little what it was, and summarily waving aside all objections founded on the unlikeness of cowpox to smallpox. But it is in vain, he told them, that you appeal to experience against established principles; for true principles are the result of the experience of all ages, and become the touchstone of each successive empirical innovation.

If anyone supposes that these early critics and opponents of vaccination were "cranks," untrained men, captious, jealous, ill-conditioned, or, as the Jennerians said, "malignant," he makes a great mistake. It is true that they were not professors, they were not among the leaders, they were not in the academical "swim;" but they had qualities which make their writings on vaccination still interesting and emi-

nently readable when the mass of the contemporary books, pamphlets, and papers on the subject has become insufferably dull. The ground taken up by Dr. Verdier in Paris was the same that had been taken up before him by Dr. Moseley, a witty and stylish man of the world in London, and by Dr. Müller in Frankfort. It has to be admitted that the opposition was joined by few or none of the professorial class. In a very close search through the earliest European writings on Jenner's novelty, I have found only two professors, one at Berlin and another at Rostock, who went against the stream. The regius professor of physic at Cambridge, Sir Isaac Pennington, was adverse, but he was not a contentious man. The criticism or opposition was left to outsiders, and the outsiders were speedily shouted down. The substitute for the old smallpox inoculation was accepted by the authoritative personages in every country of Europe, and in the United States, with an alacrity which surprises even Jenner's biographer, the hero-worshipping Dr. Baron; or, as we may rather say, with a haste or heedlessness which was hardly to be expected in the cautious and judicial occupants of professorial chairs and other academical seats. The real conservatives in this business were the outsiders. The position which they took, that cowpox was a disease wholly unlike smallpox, and that vaccine inoculation was a contradiction of the correct and received doctrine of prophylaxis, is the position to which we are coming back after ninety years of empirical trial.

It was a business-like position, taken up after a sensible estimate of the probabilities, with a due regard to hard facts and a resolve not to palter with them. At the outset of an enthusiastic movement, any mere forecast of probabilities arising out of the nature of the case had no chance against the appeal to experiment and future experience. But how came it that these, the trusted means of verification, gave countenance to an improbable novelty, which every reflective person knows now, in his inmost mind, to have been a failure? Let us examine, in a brief review, the antecedent improbability arising out of the nature of cowpox; the early testing experiments, so convincing in their result that all talk of improbability was soon silenced; the experiences of the vaccinated in smallpox epidemics, so satisfactory from first to last to the governing class and their skilled advisers

that vaccination is at the present hour enforced under penalties in many countries, and urged by various official but indirect persuasives in the rest.

When the first opponents of the Jennerian inoculation alleged that cowpox was a disease wholly unlike smallpox, they alleged what no one now ventures to dispute. Three years ago I recalled to notice these long forgotten but most essential facts as to the real character of cowpox in the cow, and in the early removes from the cow, addressing my book to the medical profession and specially inviting the criticism or correction of those who cared to answer for Jenner. No one having attempted in the course of a twelvemonth to dispute my statement of the case (taken from the best original observers of cowpox), I allowed the substance of it to go into the article which I had been occupied with for some time upon "Vaccination," in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, deeming these realities of the pathology of cowpox to be such as the public ought to know and to be worthy of a place in a work of reference. My article has been subjected to a very minute scrutiny by various microscopes, including that of a certain most superior person belonging to the Vaccination Department in London, who was allowed by his Parliamentary chief to publish some twenty pages in a review about my contribution to the Encyclopædia. But none of these critics has thought fit to challenge the correctness of the observations showing the total unlikeness of cowpox to smallpox, nor will that be challenged by anyone who has a scientific reputation to lose. In giving evidence before our Royal Commission on Vaccination on the 4th of December, 1889, and at subsequent sittings, I took occasion to restate as matter of fact, the characters of original cowpox and their radical unlikeness to the familiar characters of smallpox; but not one of the distinguished leaders of our profession who sit on the Commission, and in whose presence the evidence was tendered, took the opportunity to cross-examine on the pathology of cowpox and smallpox respectively, and the want of relation between them, although I was cross-examined all round about and up to the very edge of that central question. Of course I know nothing of what the finding of our Commission is likely to be on the pathological issue; but I think that we have heard the last of cowpox being a form of smallpox.

If cowpox be not a form of smallpox, what is it? And how came it that all the world at one time believed that it *was* a form of smallpox, and, as such, a fitting substitute for smallpox in the way of inoculation? If those who were creating professional and public opinion had taken their information about cowpox from the men who knew most about it, the dairy-farmers, the milkers, and more especially the cow-doctors, the strange illusion that it was a form of smallpox could never have passed current. The not uncommon affection of the cow's paps and the milkers' fingers had been known in some parts of England for at least two generations before Jenner, although it was the sort of malady that no one had thought of writing about. The veterinarians at the end of the eighteenth century not only knew the characters of the affection, but were even ready to explain how it arose and how it spread. The evidence of one of them, who attended at most of the dairy-farms within a radius of ten miles of the city of Gloucester, was taken down and published by a well-known physician, Dr. Beddoes, in the beginning of the year 1799. Cowpox, said this veterinary observer, appears first upon the cow's teats, in the form of white specks, which in process of time ulcerate, and if not stopped, extend over the whole surface of the teats, giving the cow excruciating pain; if it is suffered to continue for some time, it degenerates into ulcers exuding a malignant, highly corrosive matter; it may arise from any cause irritating or excoriating the teats, but the teats are often chapped without cowpox succeeding; teats that are merely chapped generally smell, whereas in cowpox the teats seldom smell, but are gradually destroyed by ulceration. This disease first breaks out upon one cow, and is communicated by the milkers to the whole herd; but if one person be confined to "strip" the cow having the disease, it would go no further. It is a local disease; it never extends even to the rest of the udder unless mortification ensue.

How could any practical man in his sober senses take that for a form of smallpox? To say the truth, no one before Jenner had done so. Verdier, the French critic whom I have quoted, naturally supposed that Jenner was merely re-echoing the belief of the country people when he represented the vaccine disease "to be the smallpox itself" or a form of smallpox, a smallpox of the cow. But the milkers, like the cow-doctors, knew very well that it was not so. The milkers had

the best of all reasons to know that cowpox was utterly unlike smallpox, for they often caught it upon their fingers or hands in the form of painful corroding ulcers, as large perhaps as a sixpenny piece or a shilling, sometimes lasting for weeks, either acutely inflamed and open or sluggish and covered by large black crusts. They knew it as a local affection, not at all like the eruption of smallpox; if the name which they gave it was meant to have any special or other than generic significance, it was a pocky disease in the sense of the other pox — the greatpox.* At the same time there was a vague rumor current among county folk, or among some of them in Dorsetshire, that those who had caught the cowpox or pappox could not take the smallpox. It is difficult to believe that the milkers themselves gave much credence to this rumor. We have the testimony of Jenner's medical neighbors in Gloucestershire (reported by Dr. Baron), of practitioners in the Blandford district of Dorsetshire (reported by Drs. Garthshore and Pulteney), of Dr. Ingenhousz, of Dr. Hooper, and of a quondam milker, who became a prosperous solicitor (Mr. Jacobs, of Bristol), that many instances had occurred of cowpoxed milkers afterwards taking smallpox; so that all these milkers, unless they had forgotten their personal experiences, must have shaken their heads over the country tale and inwardly refused credence to it. It was the kind of tale which would be most glibly repeated by those who knew least of the realities of cowpox, and thought least of the realities of smallpox. Jenner, with his quick fancy and very considerable poetic gifts (as his verses show), was attracted by it, and made it the familiar matter of his thoughts, his fancies, and his dreams, his medical neighbors remaining something more than skeptical whenever he broached the subject among them.

The mischief did not really begin until Jenner, the facile versifier, the credulous naturalist of the cuckoo, took it into his head to become a serious man of science and a practical benefactor of mankind. He believed the story that cowpox warded off smallpox, and he fancied that there must be some reason for the antagonism between the two. Cowpox must

*The curious resemblance between the two is best shown in the cases of so-called vaccinal syphilis in which no contamination by true syphilis has been, or can be, proved. Most, if not all, of the cases of vaccino-syphilis are merely bad cases of cowpox. That was my original contention in my book of 1887, and it is now getting accepted.

really be a form of smallpox; it was probably the earlier or primitive form of smallpox, and the source of its contagious form: the disease must have been "coeval with the brute creation," and from the brute creation (the horse comes in as well as the cow) it had passed to mankind and assumed the character of human smallpox. All this Jenner either said in so many words or darkly hinted when he published his remarkable work on cowpox in 1798, giving it a title "*Variolæ Vaccinnæ*" (smallpox of the cow) which became for all men the brief compendium of his views and the ready means of their diffusion. The story of how he succeeded with the medical profession in England and abroad is a curious and intricate one, which I have treated of in detail in a volume of considerable length, published in March, 1889. I should be glad also to be allowed to mention here the earlier work on the same subject, but less from the point of view of the medical profession and covering, on the whole, different ground, by Mr. William White, who is well known in another connection as the author of a critical biography of Swedenborg; also the quite recent (December, 1889) work of Professor Crookshank, which indorses most of the results arrived at previously by Mr. White in one part of the history and by myself in another, and is specially valuable as reproducing the full text of many original papers, which will have to be appealed to while the controversy lasts, as well as a good many of the most important colored plates from the old writings, With a reference to these works I must pass to other aspects of the subject than those personal to Jenner. But before doing so it may not be out of place to consider what historical excuse can be made for Jenner, in re-naming cowpox "*Variolæ Vaccinnæ*," or, smallpox of the cow, and in offering it to the world under that name, without one word of explanation.

There is, of course, a certain verbal resemblance between cowpox and the smallpox, but no more than between cowpox and the greatpox or French pox, the latter name being still used for syphilis in the London Bills of Mortality in the eighteenth century. There had been a confusion between smallpox and greatpox long before Jenner's confusion between smallpox and cowpox, or at a time when the nature or pathology of diseases was little understood. When the opprobrious disease which got to be known in the sixteenth century

as the French pox came into sudden and general notice in all parts of Europe in the years 1494–1500, the first writers upon it were at a loss what to make of it, and where to class it among diseases. They thought that it came from the liver, that the eruption of "pustules" on the face and elsewhere, which attended it at no late stage, was an outcome of disordered humors, being the most essential thing in the malady or its true pathognomonic sign, and that the proper place for the disease in a classification was within the group in which Avicenna, the great medical authority to whom they turned, had included smallpox and measles. Most of the names by which it was known were generic for blemishes or sores, and were applied as much to the tokens of plague or to the spots of typhus as to the pustules of smallpox—such as poches and *poucques*, or in Latin *poscae* (as in a letter of Erasmus) or *vérole* or *bubas*. In England, it came to be known as pokkes, or pox, a French pox, perhaps by a direct importation of one of the French names of the disease, or possibly by the adaptation of an earlier English use of the word "pokkes," which had itself a French source. As early as the fourteenth century, in the reign of Richard II., the author of "The Vision of Piers the Ploughman" had used the word "pokkes" synonymously with botches, or, as he writes it, "boches," (not far removed from poches,) by which he meant blemishes or plague-spots, or tokens of plague, on the surface of the body. In like manner, as late as the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Spanish word "bubas" was applied both to the "pustules" of the French pox and the spots or *petechiæ* of typhus fever. Thus at a time when the names of diseases were largely generic, it is not surprising to find theoretical writers bringing diseases together which we now place far apart in the classification. Before long a separation was made between *vérole* and *petite vérole*, or between pox and smallpox. But the original notion that there was something akin between the two continued to haunt French medical writers sometime longer. For example, the great reformer of surgery, the famous Ambroise Paré, has a curious passage in which a parallel is drawn and a generic likeness suggested between two cases of *petite vérole* with suppurative periostitis, and cases of *grosse vérole*, which were characterized very commonly in those days by an early affection of the periosteum. That was more than seventy years after it had occurred to Pinctor

and other of the first writers on the *morbus Gallicus* to include it, by reason of its eruption, in the same group with smallpox and measles; and it is not the only piece of evidence that could be adduced from the sixteenth century to show that the smallpox and the greatpox were occasionally confounded, either for purposes of euphemism or under the influence of the first mistaken view of the nature of the latter.

If that precedent of three hundred years earlier date can be of any use for extenuating Jenner's mistake in identifying cowpox with smallpox of the cow, I make his defenders welcome to it. Those who are not specially concerned to defend him will probably conclude that he had sufficient knowledge of the real characters of cowpox to have kept him from falling into a mere philological or verbal trap, if he had cared to think out coherently and diligently what he had seen or had heard of the animal disease. Instead of doing so he turned his ingenuity to a matter which is more cognate to the business of advertising than to the business of scientific research — the invention of a telling name. His invention of the new name of "Variolæ Vaccinæ" for cowpox was a peculiarly happy stroke; the name was a Latin one and looked to be scientific; it was at the same time a pleasing name as conveying a theory, and a reassuring name as conveying the required theory. It caught the fancy of the medical profession in all countries, and was speedily rendered into French, German, and Italian by the words which mean "smallpox of the cow" in each of those languages. The name was one to conjure with; it disarmed suspicion, implanted confidence, awoke prepossessions, and strengthened the probability of substituting the new inoculation for the old. Hardly anyone inquired into the antecedents of cowpox, or the probabilities arising out of its real nature. All these eminent men of science and so-called practical men became for the occasion the merest verbalists, dominated by a name or a notion, captivated by an idea, hoodwinked, and so thoroughly persuaded *a priori*, that they went through their experimental tests with a laxity that made them valueless, and dealt with the experiences of the vaccinated in epidemics of smallpox in a way that cannot be called by a milder word than perverse. I shall use what remains of my space to speak of the verification of Jenner's theory by

means of experimental tests and by the experience gained in epidemics.

The experimental test of the efficacy of vaccine by inoculating the arm with smallpox was boldly appealed to, and its results triumphantly adduced during the two or three years when the new practice was supposed to be on its trial: afterward it was dropped or ignored, Jenner having expressed his preference for Bryce's test, which consisted in a second inoculation with cowpox itself. A few months ago one of our English medical journals remarked that the law now inflicted a month's imprisonment on anyone inoculating with smallpox matter, so that no further experiments could be made with it. If only we could have the old experimental test done over again before the eyes of latter-day skeptics, the belief in vaccination would be re-established. If we cannot repeat the experiments, the next best thing will be to study the records of the original ones. I have elsewhere given an analysis of all the experimental tests that I have been able to find in English and foreign journals, pamphlets, and treatises. As I must be brief here, I beg the reader to believe that the details are within reach.

The first vaccinators being desirous of knowing the value of the practice as soon as possible, usually applied the smallpox test without delay; some of them inoculated with smallpox eight days after vaccination, others waited several weeks, a few chose cases that had been vaccinated a year before. Usually the smallpox matter was inserted on the arm or arms near to where the vaccine had been previously inserted. Some of the tests, such as those at Paris, Frankfort, Vienna, Milan, and Florence were done with much formality, and in the presence of representative medical men. In these formal tests the children of orphanages, foundling hospitals or other charitable institutions were commonly used. Now, what were the results and what was thought of the results by those who obtained them?

In the earliest English tests which were naturally awaited with some curiosity, the influence of Jenner's mystification about cowpox being only a form of smallpox is painfully obvious. Ward, a surgeon of the Manchester Hospital, actually mistook a confluent eruption of smallpox (1800 pustules) which his first case developed (from contagion), a fortnight after being successfully and genuinely vaccinated,

for an effect of cowpox itself. His eleven cases were either adverse or irrelevant, all but one; but, in the confusion of his mind, he persuaded himself that the test had been satisfactory and was disposed to "congratulate mankind." The story of Dr. Woodville's numerous tests at the Inoculation Hospital in London, is too long and intricate to be re-told here; but it may be said that he also was mystified about the similarity of cowpox to smallpox, and that he was thereby prevented from seeing how completely he had evaded the issue, although no evasion was intended. After a time the differences between cowpox and smallpox got to be understood, and the effects of each were no longer confused. Some of these tests as published in detail quite clearly failed, especially two sets of tests done at Stroud at the very outset. The majority of them, however, were thought satisfactory; the inoculation with smallpox either produced only the local pustules or confluent group of pustules at the spot on the arm where the matter had been inserted, or, more rarely, it produced nothing even at the spot. A most instructive correspondence has been preserved, between a Mr. Shorter and Dr. Jenner, which shows how the former thought the local pustule of smallpox inoculation a sufficient proof that vaccine had no antagonistic power, and how the latter persuaded him to a different conclusion. Most of the experimenters got the local pustule, but they held it, as Jenner did, to be of no account so long as it was not followed by an eruption of smallpox all over the skin.

Now, it is the fact, although it was conveniently forgotten, that the method of inoculation with smallpox which Jenner had recommended for the test in his *Inquiry* of 1798, and was the one commonly used, was calculated to produce little or nothing more than the local pustule when it was used in the ordinary way of protection before vaccine was introduced. It was known as the Suttonian method, by which the risk of a general eruption was for the most part avoided. It was the common method of inoculation in the pre-vaccination period; according to an experienced practitioner at Bath, nineteen cases out of every twenty inoculated with smallpox, not for the test but for protection, had no eruption. That is probably too large an estimate, but there is abundant detailed evidence which I have formally tendered, that the mild method of inoculation recommended by Jenner for testing his

cowpox and usually adopted for that test, was calculated to produce in the pre-vaccination days no more than the local pustule or confluent group of pustules and in the majority of cases did produce no more.

There was thus a double standard set up for effective inoculation with smallpox matter. When that inoculation had been an end in itself, in the period just before vaccination came in, a single pustule or confluent group of pustules at the seat of puncture was all that they wanted, and all that they commonly got. When smallpox was inoculated by the very same mild method to test the resistant power of vaccine, the general eruption was always looked for, while the local pustule alone was held to be insufficient. It is not easy to understand how so glaring a fallacy was allowed to pass by men who were unquestionably acting in good faith; but allowed to pass it was, as anyone may see who goes over the evidence.

The only considerable series of cases which have the look of being on the whole satisfactory tests of the efficacy of vaccine are those done at Paris in 1801, by the Comité Central de Vaccine. The objection was taken at Paris, when these tests were recent, that the results were given far too summarily, as we must certainly judge them to be according to our modern standard of fullness and precision. Dr. Chappon, who published a thick volume of vaccination failures in 1803, says that those who applied for more particular details of these hundred tested cases, were unable to obtain what they wanted. Even if we take the Comité Central's cases as they stand, they can hardly be allowed to tell against the average result of the test in all countries, namely, that inoculation with smallpox after cowpox, produced smallpox at the spot where the matter was inserted.

Apart from the mild method of inoculation used in the test, it was not in the nature of the case to be expected that smallpox matter inserted under the skin, soon after vaccination at or near the same place, would be absorbed into the circulation. The preceding vaccine would have passed from the puncture on the arm into the nearest packet of absorbent glands in the armpit or in the neck, and through them, but probably not in all cases, into the circulation. In so passing, the vaccine virus had caused a swelling of the absorbent glands, which sometimes persisted until long after. Anyone

who is familiar — I may be allowed to say that it is an old study of mine — with the mechanism of the absorbent glands and knows the readiness with which the lymph-channels are obstructed by swelling of the fibres within them or by swelling of the follicles and bands of tissue bounding them, will have no difficulty in understanding how little chance a second inoculation of matter, on a spot of skin within the same lymph territory, and at no long time after the first, would have of passing through the gland-filter, whether it was smallpox matter trying to pass through after the irritation of cowpox, or cowpox matter seeking a passage after the irritation of inoculated smallpox. Mechanical obstruction alone is sufficient to account for the matter used in the smallpox test not being absorbed, and such obstruction, or the swelling which is its visible sign, is well known to have followed cowpox, especially in milkers and in the first sets of vaccination with lymph not far removed from its source and its primary energetic characters. Add to this that many of the tests, especially on the Continent, were done upon the children in orphanages or other charitable houses, who used to be very much subject to scrofulous swellings of the absorbent glands, and we have an ample explanation, apart from the mildness of the Suttonian method, of the failure of inoculated smallpox to produce any constitutional effect or no more than the local effect or any effect at all, without assuming a specific antagonism in the preceding cowpox.

These, then, were the circumstances in which the vaunted experimental test was tried, and these were its results. It carried conviction, if scientific conviction can be correctly predicated, of a state of mind which was one of heedless eagerness and of blindness to fallacies and adverse facts. If anything could have brought the too confiding adherents of Jenner to their senses, the failure of vaccination as soon as epidemic smallpox broke out, ought to have done so. I shall mention one instance only, although enough might be adduced even from the first years of vaccination, to fill many pages. In a small town of Brunswick, forty-nine children were vaccinated with lymph "of the clearest and freshest kind," and with a typically correct result, during the months of June and July, 1801. In the course of August, September, and October, following, forty-five of these same children caught smallpox in the epidemic. A professor from Göttingen

went to inquire, and admitted the facts as I have stated them. "Shall we therefore abandon vaccination?" he asks.

His answer was emphatic: *Gewiss nicht!* He made up his mind to "bluff it," with the help of a little metaphysics; and a Göttingen professor "bluffing it" is a spectacle for Gods and men. The professor's "certainly not" was really a *non possumus*, because he and all his class on the Continent as well as in England were already deeply committed. The refusal of the professional leaders to go back upon their mistake, when it was abundantly proved to be a mistake, has become an inherited obligation of hard swearing to successive generations. Things have now come to such a pass that anyone who undertakes to answer for Jenner and his theories, must shatter his own reputation for scientific and historical knowledge. Most of those who have a reputation to lose decline the challenge. The defence mostly falls to officials of the State; and it is significant that one of the latest deliverances of that kind, published at Berlin, in 1888, by the Imperial Board of Health, bears no author's or editor's name, and bears the safe and impartial title of "Contributions towards a Judgment on the Utility of Vaccination." In London, we have a head of the Medical Department who entertains his Parliamentary chiefs and the public with sums in simple proportion showing that the vaccinated are thirty times more secure from the attack of smallpox than the unvaccinated, and three hundred times more secure against being killed by it outright. Truly a great arithmetician! What does it matter to have a thirty-fold and a three hundred-fold protection on paper so long as among 30,742 persons attacked by smallpox in one epidemic no fewer than 29,429 were vaccinated, and among the 4,884 who died of smallpox, 3,994 were vaccinated? These are the official figures of the epidemic of 1874 in Bavaria, a thoroughly well vaccinated country which had almost the same number of smallpox deaths relative to the population that England had in 1871, namely about one death in every thousand inhabitants; or again, how does the thirty-fold and three hundred-fold protection of the vaccinated bear upon the deaths from smallpox of 124,948 Prussians in the two years 1871 and 1872? If a man of business were to base his ventures upon such paper probabilities as the thirty times or three hundred times better protection from being vaccinated, he would soon be bankrupt. The reason why our vaccination arithmeticians are

not broken in credit, is that a certain amount of pedantic excuse-mongering is expected of them and a good deal of it tolerated.

Even from the point of view of official pedantry the thirty times and three hundred times protection wants finish. The three hundred times protection against death from smallpox, is a numerical expression of the great doctrine that vaccination, although it does not ward off smallpox, makes the type of the disease milder when it comes. Smallpox was always either a mild or a severe disease according to a variety of conditions in the individual or in his surroundings. Morton, who ranks next to Sydenham as a seventeenth century medical authority in England, actually goes so far as to say that the "benign" type of smallpox is the *norma* or rule, and that the disease is "deflected" towards the type of *variolæ mediæ* or *variolæ malignæ* by a number of unfavorable circumstances of which he specifies fourteen in his list. All the old writers not only admitted that smallpox could be mild or severe, but also explained, each in his own way, why it was mild or severe in the respective circumstances. There is an eighteenth-century list of determining things almost as long as Morton's, and for the most part different from his; and there might be drawn up a nineteenth-century list which would be different from both the others according as our modern conditions of life are different, as well as our modern theories of constitutional liability. But vaccination does not come into the nineteenth-century list any more than it did into those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The proportion of deaths to cases of smallpox which is the index of variety of type, has not altered for the better in the vaccination era; it remains on an average what it used to be, one death in about six cases; that is the death-rate over a total of 44,578 cases, with 7,788 deaths (17.5 per cent.) which fill two pages of the recent official "Contributions towards a Judgment on the Utility of Vaccination," issued by the Imperial German Gesundheitsamt. The returns were mostly made by practitioners in Berlin to a Sanitary Association of that city during the great smallpox epidemic of 1871-72; they stated (with few exceptions and these always fatal cases) whether the patient had been vaccinated or not, and each practitioner gave the cases that had recovered in his practice as well as those that died.

In reproducing these figures two years ago, the head of the Imperial Board of Health did not question their general trustworthiness. He thinks, however, that the number of mild cases, or of recoveries that were not returned, "must have been enormous." What we know as matter of fact from the ordinary mortality returns of Berlin, is that a large number of fatal cases of smallpox in those two years were not sent in by the Sanitary Association; and there probably were a corresponding number of recoveries not reported to it. But it is obvious that the forty-four thousand and odd cases reported were a fair sample, inasmuch as the death-rate of the whole is 17.5 per cent., almost the same death-rate as in the complete official returns for the whole of Bavaria in the same epidemic of 1871, and the average proportion of deaths to cases in epidemics of European smallpox, whether in the vaccination era, or in the time before it. Thus Dr. Jurin, Secretary of the Royal Society, and President of the College of Physicians of London, collected from correspondents in many parts of England, the totals of cases and of deaths in each of a large number of smallpox epidemics from 1724 to 1729. The grand total of cases was 18,229, and of deaths 3,008, showing a proportion of deaths to recoveries, or a mixture of mild and fatal cases, almost the same as in the sample of 44,000 and odd cases from the Berlin epidemic of 1871-72.

Let us now see how the vaccinated and the unvaccinated fare respectively in that sample. In the tables compiled by the Imperial Board of Health, at pp. 168-169 of the recently published "Contributions," the cases, both vaccinated and unvaccinated, are very properly classified according to age, the risk of dying from smallpox being enormously different at different ages. Above the age of infancy and early childhood, by far the most of the cases are vaccinated, and these are by far the greater part of the whole 44,000; among infants and children under the age of five, there were nearly twice as many cases unvaccinated as vaccinated (4,745 of the former to 2,430 of the latter). Next as regards the fatality of the attack in the vaccinated and in the unvaccinated at each of the periods of life. At all ages the vaccinated have the best of it, not by three hundred times, but by just a small fraction. Thus, at the very risky age of under one year, 52.8 per cent. of all who took smallpox died of it

among the unvaccinated infants, and 44.7 per cent. among the vaccinated; from the second to the fifth year, 34.4 per cent. of cases died among the unvaccinated (total cases 2,716), and 28.5 per cent. among the vaccinated (total cases 2,029); and so on very uniformly with a corresponding small margin of advantage to the vaccinated, in each of the other periods of life.

Dr. Johnson confessed that when he was dressing up the debates in Parliament for the "Gentleman's Magazine," he "took care that the Whig dogs did not have the best of it;" and what so great a moralist thought not unfair, we may also allow to the vaccination officials without further cavil. But is the margin of difference broad enough to rest State interference upon, and to carry penalties or disabilities for the "unprotected," even if we assume the vaccine virus to be a blander fluid than it often is and ought in theory always to be? The answer to that question remains for another writer to give in a subsequent number.

ROBERT OWEN AT NEW LANARK.

BY WALTER LEWIN.

THE publication in book form of a new *Life of Robert Owen*, by the late Mr. Lloyd Jones who was at one time a co-worker with Owen, will give to many persons, both in England and in America, their first clear conception of a truly remarkable man. Robert Owen began his career at a time when important changes were taking place in industrial relations, in consequence of the introduction of machinery, and being himself, from an early age, an employer of labor, he set an example to all employers of the attitude they ought to take under the new conditions. If they had done as he did, much subsequent trouble, of which we have not even yet seen the end, would have been avoided. Those vast possibilities of wealth which the new use of machinery opened up, were too greedily seized by the employers at no matter what cost to the workers. The consequence was that, while machinery made the rich richer, it brought new miseries to the poor. We need not wonder that men of too impetuous sympathies, like Mr. John Ruskin, have assumed an attitude of hostility to machinery in general and called for a return to simpler methods. In fact, however, the fault did not lie in the machinery, but in the character of the men who controlled it. Such men would be the bane of any methods, however simple. That matters between employer and employed worked with comparative smoothness before, was due, not to any inherent perfection in the methods or in the men, but to the long-continued friction that had at length rubbed things into smoothness. With the upset of the old methods friction recommenced, but we are not to assume that it will be perpetual. The outcome seems likely to be that the position of employer and employed will be reversed, the capitalist of the future being paid by the worker for the use of his capital, instead of paying the worker for his work. In other words, the important function of organizer and controller of industry will

be in the nomination of the workers, instead of being, as heretofore, a privilege attached to capital. To this end, however, the workers will have to become possessors of some capital of their own; for capital, let socialists say what they may, is the primary necessity of all industrial organizations. Co-operation points the way to this. In the greed and tyranny of the employers, as elsewhere, it remains true that seeming evil still produces good. Had employers been more humane, the worker to-day would not be the thinking, self-reliant man that he is. Active tyranny is a sure stimulus to liberty.

Of Robert Owen's various undertakings, some of which succeeded while many failed, by far the most important was that at New Lanark, the full and complete history of which has not yet been written. Even Mr. Lloyd Jones does not treat of it as fully as it deserves. His own association with Robert Owen began later, and he is more at home in describing the movements in which he himself shared, such as the Socialist propaganda and the Queenwood experiment. Yet in these days of feud between capital and labor, the story of Robert Owen's government of New Lanark ought to be told again and again. For it has a lesson for each party: for the agitator who fancies, or at least asserts, that capital and grinding tyranny are necessarily identical, and for the capitalist himself who not only does not care for the welfare of his workers, but is so short-sighted that he fails to see that narrow selfishness diminishes his own gains. It was on the first day of the year 1800 that Robert Owen initiated his great experiment in social reform. New Lanark was a manufacturing establishment, covering about 240 acres of land, and consisted of cotton-spinning mills and a village where the work-people and their families resided, to the number of 2,500 persons. It was founded by David Dale and Sir Richard Arkwright in the year 1784, but during most of the time until Owen took it over, David Dale was the sole proprietor. No doubt the situation had been chosen for the advantage to be derived from the water of the Lanark Falls, and Glasgow being sixteen miles distant, the intervening country thinly populated and the roads bad, it was necessary to form a colony of the people employed at the mills. Mr. George Jacob Holyoake in his book on *Self-help a Hundred Years Ago* characterizes David Dale as the Samuel Morley of his day. He was a man active alike in business and in philanthropic and

religious enterprises, a banker as well as a manufacturer, a preacher and a leading member of forty dissenting churches. It is not clear that he regarded his establishment at New Lanark from any but a purely commercial standpoint; but at any rate he was enlightened enough to see that healthy workers were preferable to unhealthy ones and, as an employer, he was probably better than most of the manufacturers of that period. He had, however, much to contend with. Obtaining as he did, child labor supplied from workhouses under arduous conditions, and being largely at the mercy of the adult-workers by reason of the unpopularity of cotton-spinning as an employment and the inconvenient situation of the place, it is no matter for surprise if Mr. Dale was not wholly successful. Moreover, he was too much occupied with other things to give a great amount of personal supervision to his mills and to the government of his village. The practical management was, indeed, in the hands of his brother and another, and much was necessarily left to subordinates. The consequence was that Robert Owen, when he came upon the scene, found the human material with which he had to deal by no means of the best, and a difficult task lay ready to his hand.

Robert Owen was a man of humble origin, and with no advantages of school education for he was sent to help in a grocery store when he was only nine years old. By his business ability and his integrity he rose quickly to positions of trust in the various situations which he held in Stamford, London and Manchester successively. In Manchester an opportunity offered for him to join another as a maker of cotton-mules, but the partnership was of short duration. At its dissolution he found himself the possessor of some machinery, with which he set up as a cotton spinner on a very small scale. Then Mr. Drinkwater, a manufacturer of position, wanted a manager and Owen applied for and obtained the post. Six months later Mr. Drinkwater voluntarily offered him an advancing salary for four years and at the end of the time a partnership, and this arrangement would have been carried out if some family alliances had not come in the way. As soon as Owen heard that a difficulty had arisen he thrust the agreement which gave him legal rights into the fire, and declining to remain in Mr. Drinkwater's service on any terms, made new connections elsewhere.

His remarkable talent for organizing was exhibited early, for he was only twenty years of age when he undertook the successful control of Mr. Drinkwater's 500 work-people. Through life this and his absolute self-reliance served him well. If not a profound, he was an original and independent thinker, and with him action always quickly followed thought. He sought no precedents to justify him; hence the new paths which he opened where others did not dare to explore. In 1795 he established the Chorlton Twist Company's factories at Chorlton, which, after four years of successful working, were sold to the Messrs. Birley. He was twenty-nine years old when, at his instigation, his partners agreed to buy New Lanark for £60,000, and to leave the management to him. His share was one-ninth and he received as manager £1,000 a year.

He had always been interested in the amelioration of the condition of the people, upon which subject he held well-defined opinions of his own. He saw even more clearly than Mr. David Dale had seen that, as a matter of business policy, the workers should be made not only healthy, but contented. His success at Mr. Drinkwater's factory had been due in a great measure to the humane way in which he had treated the workers. His own main object in purchasing and settling at New Lanark was not pecuniary profit but, as he himself said, "to try, on a more extended scale, an experiment for the benefit of society which I had previously commenced, but in a more limited extent, with 500 work-people in a factory in Manchester." On the other hand, the object of his partners was simply to make profit by cotton spinning. Accordingly, it became Robert Owen's duty "to combine these two objects in the best manner in which they could be united." His conviction was that "the principles on which society has been based and the character of man formed, are erroneous" and that "these erroneous principles necessarily force a system of continued deception on the human race, a system which compels all men by their education to become irrational in their thoughts and conduct, and thus always to mistake each other's nature and character; that in consequence of these errors, sin and misery abound; love and charity are restricted within the smallest circle; the happiness of high and low, rich and poor, is extremely limited, uncertain and inferior; that man is, therefore, made throughout all the regions of the earth

an inferior, inconsistent animal." A favorite maxim of Robert Owen's was that "the character of man is formed for and not by him." Man he described as "a compound being whose character is formed by his organization and the external circumstances in which he is placed from his birth." These views may not be altogether philosophically sound but, holding them, Robert Owen naturally considered it to be a duty incumbent on him to make the "external circumstances" as excellent as possible; and his own benevolent effort was to so arrange those circumstances that human character would be moulded into a desirable shape. He went to New Lanark believing that, without imperilling his own or his partners' commercial interests, he could greatly enhance the physical and moral welfare of his work-people. In this industrial village, remote from the world, with its 2,500 inhabitants, he had good scope for his undertaking.

During the first partnership, which lasted about ten years, Robert Owen was left pretty much to his own devices and his fellow-proprietors had no reason to complain, for the net earnings were about £90,000. But with Owen the philanthropic passion was far stronger than the greed for gain; and success, as he understood it, was not proved by the handsome dividends that were paid out of the profits, but by the improvement effected in the condition of the workers.

His methods had prospered and he desired to extend them. In 1809 he had a project on foot for building an educational establishment, the cost of which was expected to be £4,000. His partners became alarmed at such an outlay for such an object, and declined to sanction it, whereupon Robert Owen proposed that, as they and he could no longer work together, they should either buy the place or allow him to buy it for £84,000. To this they assented, electing to let him take it. Not having sufficient capital of his own, he formed a new partnership which included one of the old proprietors and two merchants of Glasgow. This arrangement worked badly and was soon dissolved. The new partners were less confiding than the old, or their desire for gain was stronger, or perhaps those who lived near the spot were tempted to interfere. Be this as it may, they certainly raised objections to the high rate of wages, and generally to the philanthropic element in the business, and four years had not elapsed when a split occurred. Refusing Owen's offer to adjust the

matter as it had been adjusted on the previous occasion, they insisted that the place should be put up at auction. It seems undoubted that they hoped in this way to buy the establishment for a sum much below its value; but they forgot, or did not know, that the philanthropist they had to deal with was a keen and far-seeing man of business. "Completely tired," as he himself declared, "of partners who cared for nothing but to buy cheap and sell dear," Owen now sought assistance from men of known benevolence, and was successful in securing their co-operation. His new partners, six in number, were Jeremy Bentham, William Allen, Joseph Foster, John Walker, Joseph Fox and Michael Gibb, several of them members of the Society of Friends. He explained his intentions to them, embodying the principles upon which he meant to work in four propositions: —

1. Man does not form his own character; it will be formed for him by the circumstances that surround him.

2. Man is not a subject of praise or blame.

3. Any general character, good or bad, may be given to the world by applying means which are, to a great extent, under the control of human government.

In proposing to his new partners that the village should be governed in accordance with these ideas, Robert Owen showed them that, during the four years then just past, the profit realized under his management had been £150,000 ($750,000), but he did not attempt to conceal from them that the schemes he had in view would diminish it in the future. However, all that his partners stipulated for was a promise of five per cent. on their capital and they were willing that the surplus profits should, as far as Owen thought necessary, be expended "for the permanent benefit of the population."

At the auction New Lanark was bought for £114,100, much to the chagrin of Owen's opponents. Meantime, at the mills, the work-people had discussed the situation, and had some thoughts of leaving in a body if the concern passed from Owen's hands. Naturally great anxiety prevailed there as to the result of the sale, and when the news came that their friend was to remain with them, they suspended work, illuminated the village, and a party of them met Owen and his two partners on the way from Glasgow and brought them in triumph home.

Free at length to give full effect to his principles, Robert Owen proceeded to establish what he called an "institution for the formation of character from early infancy." He erected a spacious building designed to accommodate six hundred children, the cost of which was £7,000, instead of £4,000, as originally estimated. It was opened on the first of January, 1816. Here the children, not only of his work-people but of all families living within a mile of the village, were admitted for what was, practically, free education. There was, indeed, a fee of threepence per month charged for each child, infants and evening scholars excepted, "to prevent them from regarding the institution with the feelings connected with a charity school;" but of course this sum did not cover a tithe of the expense. The school hours in summer were from 7.30 to 9.0, 10.0 to 12.0, and 3.0 to 5.0; in winter, from 7.30 to 9.0, and 10.0 to 2.0, with an interval of half an hour. Besides the customary subjects of school education, such as reading, writing, arithmetic and geography, all the children were taught singing, either by ear or by notes, and dancing, and were subjected to a moderate amount of military drill.

On Robert Owen's theory of the power of circumstances, a child who acted improperly was "not considered an object of blame, but of pity." It was assumed that if he possessed the knowledge and power to "form his character" he would "certainly secure the happiness that belongs to a well-formed character." All rewards and punishments whatever, "except such as nature herself provided," were "sedulously excluded" from the system "as being equally unjust in themselves, and prejudicial in their effects." It is claimed with some justice for Robert Owen that he was the "inventor" of infant schools conducted on a rational system. At least he was a pioneer in infant education. Boys and girls aged from eighteen months to five years were received in classes. Their school-hours were about one-half those of the older children, and they spent the rest of the time in a play-ground in charge of a teacher. The instruction in these classes was chiefly by means of "sensible signs and familiar conversation," a description which would serve very well for the method which has now become customary in all the best institutions.

In the adult population Robert Owen took nearly or quite

as much interest as in the children. At his first settlement at New Lanark he was regarded with suspicion. The past experience of the workers had not taught them to place much faith in the philanthropic professions of employers, and Owen's plans for their welfare were regarded as nothing better than disguised schemes for enhancing profits. Not until 1806 did they become convinced that he really was their friend. In that year difficulties with the United States led to such an advance in the price of raw cotton that the New Lanark Mills, in common with many others, had to be stopped. Great numbers of men and women in all parts of the country were thrown out of employment, and this is what the workers at New Lanark might have expected would be their fate. But Owen retained them all, paying them their full wages, and requiring only that the machinery should be kept in good condition. This lasted for four months and cost £7,000 ($35,000), but it sufficed to convince even the most sceptical of the workers that their employer really did desire their welfare.

Thenceforward, Robert Owen's dealings with them were comparatively easy. He exercised a mild dictatorship, supervising to a certain extent the domestic habits of the people and imposing fines for offences. Watchmen were appointed to patrol the streets at night and note the names of disorderly persons. In cases of drunkenness the first and second offences were punished with fines and the third involved dismissal. For the most part, however, with the adults as well as with the children, Owen trusted to influence and guidance to effect the improvements he desired. He preferred to reward good rather than to punish evil. Thus, he secured cleanliness and order in the dwelling-houses, not by denouncing offenders, but by appointing a committee of inspection to visit each family weekly and see how their places were kept; and when some offered strenuous opposition to the intrusion of these "bug-hunters" as they called them, Owen secured his end without resorting to compulsion by giving quiet encouragement to the better disposed families. He and Mrs. Owen would visit them on friendly terms, and send them plants from the greenhouses, and offer other little tokens of esteem; and thus the dissenters from his method were vanquished.

How far such practices were in harmony with his doctrine

that "man is not a subject of praise or blame" is fairly open to question. Be this as it may, the result was sufficiently remarkable. The people became steady, orderly and industrious. Drunkenness was so nearly unknown that Robert Owen's son, Robert Dale Owen (afterwards a writer of repute), when at twelve years of age, he saw a man reeling across the path, could not understand what was the matter with him, and said to his father, "Look at that man; he must have been taken suddenly ill." Employer and employed were on a footing of entire good-will toward one another, and the work of the mills was all the better done and the more remunerative because it was done willingly. Although the hours of labor were comparatively short and immense sums of money had been expended, directly and indirectly, for the benefit of the workers, during the thirty years that Robert Owen was at New Lanark (1800-1829), £300,000 ($1,500,000) were divided among the partners in addition to five per cent. interest on their capital.

The reasons why Robert Owen finally left New Lanark are not clear. There had been differences of opinion between him and William Allen, chiefly about the propriety of instructing the children in dancing and drilling,— exercises which did not accord with the ideas of a somewhat narrow Quaker type which William Allen held. This may have weighed with Robert Owen who was always impatient of interference. Yet it seems more likely that the success which had attended his efforts in the past made him eager to extend his field of operations. "In a few years," he afterwards wrote in his work on *Revolution in Mind and Practice*, "I had accomplished for this population as much as such a manufacturing system would admit of; and, although the poor work-people were content, and, by contrast with other manufacturing establishments and all other work-people under this old system, deemed themselves so much better treated and cared for, and were highly satisfied, yet I knew it was a miserable existence compared with that which, with the immense means at the control of all governments, might now be created for every population over the world. I could do no more for a mere manufacturing population; for manufactures are not the true foundations of society. And, after all, what had I done for these people? What was their real condition even with all the expenditure that had been

incurred and the measures which had been adopted to improve it? The people were slaves at my mercy, liable at any time to be dismissed; and knowing that, in that case, they must go into misery compared with such limited happiness as they now enjoyed."

The profits being, as he considered, "so much more than any parties should receive from the labor of others," Owen proposed to two of his partners who were visiting him that after five per cent. had been paid for the capital the workpeople should be absolutely entitled to the remainder. Had this been agreed to, he would have continued to conduct the business until it could be organized on a representative basis. It was not agreed to, so he sold his share to his partners and went forth to pursue his labors elsewhere.

Robert Owen was by nature an autocrat, albeit an exceedingly benevolent one. He could not tolerate contradiction, nor understand that an opinion other than his own could possibly be correct. He might be said to be a bigot with none of the usual cruelty of bigots; for, however mistaken he thought others were, he had no feeling for them but one of pity. "Thou need'st to be very right, for thou art very positive," said Mr. Dale to him after a discussion on religion. That self-confidence of his, combined as it was with great patience, marvellous skill in organizing, and unbounded love for his fellow-men, undoubtedly made him successful where any other man would have failed. What he achieved others would have refused to attempt, saying it was impossible. During his government of New Lanark "the character of the whole population was changed; and from being an idle, dirty, intemperate, imbecile, and immoral people, they were caused to become more industrious, sober, efficient, cleanly, and moral." The children who were born within the establishment, and trained and educated from infancy in the "new institution for the formation of the character," were, so Robert Owen affirmed, "far superior to the children of their class in any part of the world, — in some respects, to the children of any class of society." This being so, the pity is that Robert Owen did not remain at New Lanark and complete the lesson he was there teaching to the world.

Naturally the enterprise attracted attention. Many persons visited New Lanark, drawn by curiosity and sometimes by a better motive. The Grand Duke of Russia (afterwards

Czar Nicholas) was among them, and tried to induce Owen to migrate with two millions of Englishmen to Russia and form a community there. The late Duke of Kent, father of her present Majesty, who, if he had lived, would have been William IV.'s successor, was greatly interested, and after sending Doctor McNab, his honorary physician, to investigate and report, requested Owen to receive him with his wife and infant daughter as visitors, that he might study and judge for himself. "My object," he said, "is to make myself perfect master of the actual working of these principles under your application of them to practice." He intended to pursue the subject "with a view to extensive practical results, and to do what my station will permit me to introduce it into general notice and adoption." Unhappily, on the eve of this projected visit this "invaluable friend to the cause of humanity," as Robert Owen called him, died.

Robert Owen regarded his successful government of a village as the forerunner of the government of the world by similar methods. He affirmed that in what he termed "the new moral world," which he confidently believed was about to become an accomplished reality, "the inhabitants will attain to a state of existence in which a spirit of charity and affection will pervade the whole human race. Man will have become spiritualized and happy, amidst a race of superior beings." The knowledge which he will acquire of himself and of nature, "will induce and enable him, through his self-interest, or desire for happiness, to form such superior external arrangements as will place him within a terrestrial paradise." In the new moral world, no child would be permitted to grow up in ignorance, in superstition, with "inferior dispositions or habits," or without a knowledge of "his own organization, of its laws, of nature generally, of the useful sciences, and of the practical arts of life." Moreover, "scientific arrangements will be formed to make wealth everywhere and at all times superabound beyond the wants and wishes of the human race, and all desire for individual accumulation or any irregularity of condition will consequently cease." By these and other similar arrangements "all will become superior, physically, intellectually, and morally; each will know all the duties of life, and will have the greatest desire to execute them in the best manner."

The triumph of his principles seemed to Owen to be at

hand. "No human power," he declared triumphantly, "can now impede its progress. Silence will not retard its course, and opposition will give increased celerity to its movements. The commencement of the work will itself insure its accomplishment." He made an appeal to the "crowned heads" of Europe to forward his plan. He was sure such influential co-operation was all that was needed in order to realize it, and he never doubted that, when his principles and the success he had achieved at New Lanark were understood, those who had the power would also manifest the will to give the necessary aid. But the "crowned heads" of Europe did not hearken. Probably no one but Robert Owen ever thought they would. Emperors and kings seldom burn with the "enthusiam of humanity"—perhaps they have not been trained under circumstances sufficiently favorable. Robert Owen's success ended at New Lanark.

Possibly, human nature was not as impressionable as Owen supposed, or it may be that a succession of Robert Owens was needed for the redemption of society; but it is certain that when this one died his system died also. Other men there are, to this day, who advocate the same or similar theories, but no one has arisen, possessing the same combination of fine qualities, who has attempted to realize those theories. Nevertheless, Owen's work was not at an end when he left New Lanark. He was yet to be concerned, either directly or indirectly, in various experiments, and the seed he had sown was destined to produce fruit, not precisely of the kind he expected, but still valuable to the world. There was the settlement of New Harmony in Indiana, undertaken by Robert Owen himself, although in the multitude of his other engagements he was not able to give it sufficient personal attention. There was the community at Tytherley in Hampshire (England) projected by disciples of his. There was Mr. E. T. Craig's experiment in co-operative farming at Ralahine, County Clare, Ireland. Between 1825 and 1832, arose the early co-operative stores, which—although the greater number did not long survive—opened the way for the vast co-operative trading movement of these later times.

Although to Robert Owen Socialism was not only a creed but a life, the experiment at New Lanark does not help to a solution of the problem how to perfect society. Robert Owen

managed a village admirably and believed that on similar principles he could manage a world. But in reality his success there was made possible by conditions which could not be extended much beyond the management of a village, which assuredly could not be made world-wide. The "beneficent autocrat" was never, perhaps, so nearly realized as in him. He made the population of New Lanark orderly; vice diminished, happiness increased; possibilities in the men and women were developed which otherwise might have remained forever dormant. Yet there is no reason to believe that the same methods applied to society at large would produce the like result. Robert Owen himself has pointed out, as quoted above, the important fact that the people were under his absolute dictatorship; if they did not please him, it was in his power to drive them into comparative misery. He did not care to be the possessor of such power, for he loved liberty, not only for himself but for all. Had he been as Carlyle was, an advocate of beneficent despotism, such power would have been valued by him, and no man could have used it better. But it is a power which ceases when the despotism becomes universal, for there is then no outside world to which incorrigible offenders can be banished, and a penal system becomes requisite in its stead.

New Lanark, in common with the Shakers and other socialistic settlements in the Old and New World, was composed of chosen individuals. In all successful communities there is a continuous process of selection: fit members coming and remaining, unfit members going away. Robert Owen formed, by degrees, an excellent society. Persons of good character would naturally gravitate to a company so orderly and an employer so virtuous, while the ill-disposed would feel out of their element. How far this process of selection contributed to his success, and how far it was due to the reformation of individuals does not appear, but this is evident, that while the autocrat of a village is powerfully aided by the former process, the autocrat over society at large can succeed only by perfecting the human race. New Lanark under Robert Owen was a pure autocracy within its own limits, but it was not even an experiment in communism.

When Owen, misapprehending the character of his success, tried to found a free society at New Harmony he failed signally. New Lanark does not indicate how society may be

re-organized on a more satisfactory basis than the present, yet its lesson is not to be despised. It shows what great results may follow an appeal to the best in human nature instead of an appeal to the worst. It points the way to a nobler relation between labor and capital. Robert Owen proved how much one man, a lover of mankind holding the responsible position of an employer and organizer of labor, was able to do within his own sphere, to enrich the lives of his fellowmen and women.

THE DOMINION'S ORIGINAL SIN.

BY THOMAS P. GORMAN.

JUST now the future of Canada is clouded by a number of serious political problems. In fact the very foundation-stones of the Dominion seem to be crumbling. The federal compact formed in 1867 between the various provinces of British North America was based upon a number of compromises, and parties are now forming for the avowed purpose of attacking, and if possible destroying, those very compromises. One of the primary conditions upon which Lower Canada, now the Province of Quebec, agreed to the federation was that the French language should be recognized as an official language for all time to come, not only in Quebec but in the courts and Parliament of the Dominion. Another article of the treaty required that the existing system of education, under which the Catholics of Ontario are freed from taxation for public schools in districts where they choose to establish schools of their own, should be continued in perpetuity. Now, both these conditions of the compact are being assailed, not only in the Canadian press and on the platform, but in Parliament. A few weeks ago a bill was introduced in the Canadian House of Commons, by Mr. Dalton McCarthy, a very prominent and able member of the conservative party, proposing the abolition of French as an official language in the northwest territories. As a preamble to his bill, Mr. McCarthy laid down the principle that a community of language was essential to true nationhood, and in his speech he boldly avowed that his ultimate aim was the extinction of the French language as an official tongue in Canada.

The question was shelved temporarily by the adoption of a compromise amendment which satisfied nobody, after the Premier had made a vehement appeal to the Parliament to refrain from raising the race and language issue lest the credit of the country should be ruined at home and abroad.

Then as to the separate school question, the legislature of Manitoba has passed an Act abolishing the existing school system in that province, — which is similar to that of Ontario, — and substituting therefor a public school system such as prevails in the American States; although the British North American Act, the constitution of the country, expressly declares that provincial legislatures have not the right to deprive the Protestant minority in Quebec or the Roman Catholic minorities in other Provinces of any rights or privileges, with respect to education, which they enjoyed at the time of the union. The Manitoba Legislature, backed no doubt by popular opinion in the province, has undertaken to do something which the constitution declares it shall not do. Not only does the British North American Act prohibit the local legislature from interfering with the separate school system, but it expressly declares that, in the event of that legislature failing to provide the money and machinery necessary for the carrying out of such a system, then the federal Parliament shall intervene and supply whatever is wanting. Then a new party has been formed in Ontario for the purpose of securing for that province full control of educational matters in that province, including the right of abolishing the separate school system.

Hence there are some serious problems to be solved by Canada's statesmen. The agitation over the ratification of the Quebec Jesuits Estate Act by the federal executive has brought into existence a number of forces which seem to be working for the disruption of the Confederation. What will be done in the matter of the Manitoba School Bill just passed? The federal executive may veto it. In that event the Dominion may have to deal with a popular uprising in Manitoba. If the Act is not vetoed, we may have to reckon with a secession movement in the Province of Quebec. It is idle to suppose that the French Canadians will consent to remain in the Confederation if the conditions upon which they entered it, and which are embodied in the constitution, are ruthlessly violated by the other parties to the bargain. During the recent debate in the House of Commons on the dual-language question, more than one Quebec member declared frankly that if the rights guaranteed to the French Canadians by the Constitution granted to Canada by Great Britain were not respected, they would seek the protection

of the United States. It was doubtless such expressions as the foregoing that caused the leaders of the Government to tremble for the stability of the Canadian Confederation, and for the value of Dominion securities in the markets of the world.

It is difficult to believe that the men who are now agitating the abolition of the French language and separate schools are ignorant of the consequences of a successful movement on the lines they are pursuing. Do they suppose that the French Canadians and Roman Catholics of the Dominion, who form about two-fifths of the entire population, will consent to have what they value as rights and privileges taken away from them? If so, they are certainly mistaken. The abolition of the dual-language system and separate schools can only have one result,—the disruption of the confederation and possibly the annexation of the several provinces to the American Republic as individual States. Is it not easy to believe that the anti-French and anti-separate school agitation is really engineered by men desirous of "smashing the confederation into its original fragments," and bringing about annexation? Possibly the great majority of those who are engaged in the agitation have no such idea, but it is not difficult for a few clever and skilful men to start and conduct a movement with such a purpose in view, by playing upon the religious bigotry of some, and the race prejudices, the personal ambitions and the disappointments of others. At all events the Dominion is face to face with difficulties which her statesmen at present see no means of solving. The Premier boasts that he is the father of confederation. He may yet follow his offspring to the grave.

In looking around for the source of the evils which afflict Canadian politics, the historical student cannot fail to reach the conclusion that the difficulties are directly traceable to the immoral and indefensible methods by which the political union of the British North American Provinces was brought about. The promoters of the Confederation scheme seem to have acted upon the alleged Jesuitical doctrine that "the end justifies the means," and they were not scrupulous as to the methods they adopted in forcing their project upon the several provinces. As a marriage procured by force, fraud, or deceit on the part of one of the contracting parties cannot be expected to result happily, neither can a union between

two or more countries or provinces, effected through such agencies, bring prosperity or contentment to the peoples concerned.

It is now nearly twenty-three years since the confederation of the British North American Provinces took place, and a number of conflicts have arisen between the provincial and federal authorities. A bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit, and it is vain to hope that a sound and permanent system of government can be established by a conspiracy, in this age of intelligence.

Let us recall, for a moment, the methods by which confederation was brought about. The scheme was never submitted to the people of Canada proper, and it was forced upon some of the smaller provinces in defiance of the popular will. The men who undertook to carry the project through Parliament were not elected for any such purpose. What would be said if the representatives controlling the legislatures of New York, Vermont, and New Hampshire, should, without consulting the electors of their respective States, undertake to form the three commonwealths into a confederacy, destroying completely the constitutions under which they were elected, and which they swore to defend? Or suppose the present Congress of the United States, influenced by the Administration of the day, undertook, without the consent or approval of the American people, to change the form of government from a republic to a monarchy. Any such step would be revolutionary and unconstitutional, and the men who attempted it might, if unsuccessful, pay for their treason on the scaffold.

Yet quite as unconstitutional a step was taken in 1867, when the constitution granted to Canada by the British Parliament in 1841 was destroyed by men who had no authority from the people to do anything of the kind; and a new constitution forced upon the country in its stead. Louis Napoleon has been execrated by history because, after being elected President of France and solemnly swearing to uphold and defend the constitution of the Republic, he embraced the first favorable opportunity to proclaim himself Emperor. In what respect did his conduct differ from that of the Canadian politicians who were elected in 1864 to carry out the provisions of the then existing constitution, but who, for the sake of retaining power, destroyed the constitution under

which they were elected, and substituted therefor something which the people had never asked for ?

It is first necessary to consider the confederation scheme as it affected the old Province of Canada, the principal party concerned. The two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada obtained responsible government in 1841, after an armed uprising against the system of autocratic government, which had prevailed previous to that time. In uniting the two Canadas, the British Parliament granted to the new province a constitution which gave to the legislature very extensive powers. The Imperial Act of 1841 committed to the people of Canada the entire control of their own destinies quite as fully as that power is enjoyed by any nation, save that the Canadian Parliament had not the power to dissolve the connection with Great Britain. But in every other respect Canada was made independent and it was undoubtedly the policy of the British Statesmen of that period that it should be so. Self-government, in the broadest sense of the term, was granted to the Canadians, with the view of removing completely the grievances which had caused an insurrection only three years before. Under that constitution Canada prospered. For twenty-four years there was no agitation against it. The Canadians were their own masters. Their Parliament could and did pass tariff bills for the avowed purpose of protecting Canadian manufacturers against British competition, and the Imperial Parliament made no protest. The only restriction in the constitution, — that requiring a two thirds vote of both houses to effect a change in the constitution of the legislative bodies, was removed at the request of the House of Assembly in 1848, and the legislative council, which had, up to that time, been composed of men nominated by the Crown, was made elective.

That was an important step in advance. Under the powers conferred by the Act of 1841, the Canadian legislature had the right to deal with all constitutional questions by a simple majority vote. The Dominion Parliament possesses no such power to-day. That right and many others of almost equal importance, for which the people fought in 1837, were surrendered when the new Dominion constitution was framed in 1867 ; and a serious retrograde step was taken by changing the elective Senate of Legislative Council back to the old system of a nominative Chamber.

The right of the British Parliament to step in, in 1867, and destroy the constitution granted to Canada in 1841, has been seriously questioned; although, with respect to matters of Imperial policy the Parliament of Great Britain is, of course, the supreme power. But the equities of the case certainly support the contention that, having once granted to Canada a complete system of self-government, Great Britain had no right to again interfere in Canadian affairs; going so far as to take away the constitution of 1841, and to substitute therefor something which the people had never demanded. If the constitution of the country required change the Canadian legislature and not the Parliament of the United Kingdom was the proper body to legislate on the subject. We have now to examine the means by which the constitution of Old Canada was destroyed and the confederation scheme consummated.

As before stated the project was never submitted for the approval of the people, but was forced through the legislature by means of a numerical majority elected on other issues, and brought together by a coalition between the party leaders. The subject of a union of the British North American colonies had been discussed in a desultory way for some years prior to 1864, as a possible solution of a difficulty, which had arisen with respect to the question of representation. At the time of the union of 1841, Lower Canada had a much larger population than the sister province, though each was given an equal representation in Parliament. But Upper Canada's population increased rapidly and long before 1860 the western province began clamoring for a re-apportionment. Upper Canada had now the largest population and wanted more members. Lower Canada objected, and the question became a political issue between the provinces. The result was much bitter feeling and frequent changes of government. As a solution of the trouble a separation of the provinces and the formation of a federal system of government for the two Canadas had been suggested, but the scheme of taking in other provinces had never met with much favor. At the general elections held in 1863, the confederation scheme was not an issue before the people, and popular opinion regarding it was not expressed. The Macdonald-Cartier Ministry was in power in 1864. Sir John Macdonald, then as now leader of the Conservative party,

had always opposed the confederation project. The subject had been considered by a select committee of the assembly, and very shortly before the coalition of parties, with the object of carrying confederation, took place, that committee met, and Sir John Macdonald, one of its members, voted against even considering confederation as a possible remedy for the then existing difficulties.

The leader of the Reform or Liberal party, then forming the opposition, was the late Hon. George Brown, an able and honest man, but an enthusiast who appears to have been willing to sacrifice a great deal to secure the increased parliamentary representation claimed by his own province. Up to the time of the coalition, Mr. Brown appears to have been strongly opposed to the general confederation scheme, and his newspaper, the Toronto *Globe*, published editorials declaring that "the effect of the union with the Maritime Provinces (Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island) would be that instead of one sucker being fastened to the rich udder of Upper Canada, there would be three or perhaps four; a compact of less advanced sections of the country for the expenditure of money upon local objects, not at all useful in the west, would soon be struck up and carried into operation, and the French Canadians, standing in the centre in a compact body, would rule more firmly than ever." Here we find that both the leader of the opposition and the leader of the government were opposed to the general confederation scheme, though Mr. Brown appears to have favored a federation of the two Canadas.

Such was the position of affairs when a ministerial crisis occurred. On the 14th of June, 1864, a strongly worded resolution declaring the ministry of the day guilty of malfeasance in office was carried in the Canadian Assembly. The subject of the resolution was only one of a series of charges involving misconduct and corruption, preferred by the opposition against the ministry. It recited that an advance of $100,000 had been made by the government without the authority of Parliament, for the redemption of bonds which were properly redeemable by the Grand Trunk Railway Company.

A vote of censure having been passed upon them, it was the duty of the ministers, in accordance with constitutional practice and precedent, to have resigned their portfolios and

allow a new government to be formed. But instead of taking such a course, the members of the administration proposed a coalition with the leaders of the opposition for the purpose of carrying confederation, and, strange to say, a large number of the men who had just voted for the resolution of non-confidence agreed to join the coalition, and to keep the censured ministers in office. The constitution of the country was virtually suspended. The vote of censure passed by Parliament dealt not with any matter of policy but attacked the personal integrity of the ministers, and yet several of those who voted for that resolution became, under the new arrangement, supporters of a government which included the men who had been declared guilty of malfeasance in office.

The object of the ministry of the day was to keep in office at any cost. The premier repeatedly declared that what he desired was a legislative, not a federal union, and he only took up the latter plan because his Quebec followers would not assent to the former. Three members of the Reform party took office in the coalition government, but the Lower Canadian division of that party, led by Messrs. Dorion, Joly, Holton, and Huntington, condemned the coalition as an immoral arrangement and determined to oppose it to the end. Those Liberals who took office were compelled to abandon many important principles for which they had been for years contending. They obtained the shadow of representation by population in Parliament, but the substance was denied them, because it was agreed that while Upper Canada should have a preponderance of representatives in the House of Commons, the Senate was to be made up of an equal number of members from Ontario and Quebec, and the Senate has the power to throw out any legislation which the elective chamber may pass. At a public banquet in Montreal on the 29th of May, 1889, Sir John Macdonald boasted that, in arranging the constitution of the Canadian confederation, he had thwarted the aims of the advocates of representation by population.

The equal division of the Senate membership was a concession to the Quebec men to secure their assent to the confederation scheme.

Having formed a coalition ministry and thus secured the support of the Reform leaders from Upper Canada, the next step was to invite the smaller provinces to join the union.

It must be remembered that the declared policy of the new ministry was not a federation of all the British North American colonies, but a federation of the two Canadas, with provisions enabling the other provinces to come in at a future time. However, the self-appointed delegates, all of them members of the Canadian ministry, proceeded to Charlottetown, where a conference of representatives of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island was then being held to consider the propriety of forming a legislative union of the three provinces named. The delegates from Canada appeared upon the scene uninvited, and induced the representatives of the three small provinces to abandon their scheme of legislative union for the larger one of a federation of all the provinces under the name of Canada.

Visions of future greatness were held up to the men of the Maritime Provinces. Their loyalty was appealed to, and they were assured that the New Dominion was to be a great nation, a rival of the United States; that the abolition of all restraints upon trade between the provinces would give a great impetus to commerce, and that wealth would flow in upon the colonies by the sea.

Sir John Macdonald was willing to promise anything to carry his project through. It is related that, at one of the many conferences held to consider the details of the federation scheme, an objection was made that there would be a multiplicity of legislators, governors, judges, and highly-paid officials under the new régime, whereupon Sir John replied that such would doubtless be the case; "but," he added, "who will fill those governorships, judgeships, senatorships, and other offices of emolument? Will it not be, for a great many years, at all events, the gentlemen whom I see around me, or others to be named by them?" As was expected the bait took, and there were no more objections to the scheme on the ground of multiplying offices.

But the proposal for a surrender of their independence and a union with Canada was repugnant to the people of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. These provinces then enjoyed reciprocity of trade with the United States, and were fairly prosperous. They knew little of the Canadians, with whom their trade was very small. They were being governed cheaply, and had no desire for a new system of rulership. But if the glamour

and promises of the Canadian politicians did not deceive the masses, they did attract the public men of the several provinces. The members of the local assemblies and governments were approached with promises of grand and lucrative positions under the new régime. They were to be lieutenant-governors, cabinet ministers, judges, with high salaries, senators, members of the House of Commons, etc.; and so the delegates who had assembled at Charlottetown, were induced to proceed to Quebec, where, in 1864, a general secret conference was held, and the famous Quebec Resolutions, upon which the present Canadian constitution is based, were adopted. Now look at the composition of that conference. It was made up entirely of self-appointed delegates, not one of whom had instructions or authority from his constituents or his province to overturn the constitution of the country. It was little more than an immoral and revolutionary combination for the promotion of the political and personal aims of particular individuals. To discuss the merit of the union scheme is foreign to the issue. Even if it be admitted that the confederation of the Provinces was one of the wisest and most statesmanlike schemes ever proposed, the manner in which it was forced upon the people without their consent, by self-appointed constitution makers, was sufficient to condemn it and insure its failure. However, the resolutions asking the British Parliament to take away the existing Canadian Constitution and to substitute therefor a federal plan of government were adopted.

The constitution agreed upon by the Quebec conference was a contradictory compromise — a mixture of federal and legislative union, and a piece of political patchwork. While professing to grant legislative autonomy of the provinces, it vested in the Governor-General in Council — i. e., the dominion government for the time being, — the right of vetoing any Act passed by a provincial legislature. The power thus improperly vested in the federal executive has been the cause of repeated conflicts between the Dominion and the Provinces, just as the opponents of confederation predicted it would be. For a time the agreement made at confederation that no provincial Acts would be disallowed by the federal power except for unconstitutionality, was observed; and in the case of the New Brunswick Bill secularizing the system of educa-

tion in that Province, Sir John Macdonald declared that any legislation which was *intra vires* of the legislature passing it, was not a subject for the exercise of the prerogative of disallowance. Gradually, however, this rule has been departed from, until now the federal authorities have assumed the duty of reviewing provincial legislation generally. Railway charters granted by provincial legislatures have been vetoed on grounds of Dominion policy; although the right of the local legislatures to pass such charters is admitted. Other provincial acts have been disallowed, not because of unconstitutionality, but because, in the opinion of the advisers of the Governor-General for the time being, they ought not to become law; and the opponents of a measure which has been passed by a local Parliament are often found appealing to the federal executive to "disallow that Bill."

The agitation which has prevailed for some time throughout the Dominion over the Bill passed by the Quebec Legislature dealing with the Jesuits Estates would never have arisen but for the abuse of the veto power by the federal government. If the rule laid down in the case of the New Brunswick School Law had been strictly adhered to, the statement that the Jesuits Estates Bill was *intra vires* of the legislature that passed it, would have been a complete answer to the demand for its disallowance. But the opponents of the Jesuits Bill are able to say to the federal executive: "You have disallowed provincial Acts quite as constitutional as this one, and we insist that the veto power be exercised with respect to this Bill, on grounds of public policy." Hence the Dominion Ministers find themselves in a difficulty of their own creation. The frequency and danger of these conflicts of authority between the provincial and dominion governments will be better appreciated when it is remembered that for many years the party in power in federal politics has been hostile to the party controlling nearly all the provincial governments. The Dominion Ministry is Conservative. The provincial governments are nearly all Liberal. Imagine the condition of affairs that would be brought about in the United States if a Democratic administration at Washington was empowered to disallow and did disallow measures passed by the Republican legislatures of New York, Pennsylvania or Massachusetts. How long would the American system of government continue if such conflicts between federal and

State authorities were of frequent occurrence? Moreover, the Quebec conference of 1864, instead of granting complete Home Rule to the Provinces with respect to such matters as were delegated to the legislatures, decreed that, as regards certain subjects, the provincial and federal legislatures should have concurrent jurisdiction. And that the federal enactments dealing with such subjects should override those of the local Parliaments. Here is another source of conflict and difficulty.

But the objection to the details of the constitution are small compared with the general objection to the methods by which the confederation was brought about. Having adopted a draft constitution, the next step was to secure the assent of the several provincial legislatures to the scheme. And the measures adopted to accomplish that end have often been compared to those by which the Irish Parliament was induced to consent to union with England in 1800. The Ministry of Canada refused to submit the scheme to a plebiscite, or to obtain the opinions of the people on it in any way. It was brought before Parliament, and orders were given that it must be swallowed whole, the leader of the government declaring that he would use his majority to prevent the adoption of any amendments to the resolutions as passed by the Quebec conference. The "previous question" was moved, so as to force the house to adopt the principle of union; but the government, judging, no doubt, that once that was accomplished, it would be easy to force the details through. The coalition had paralyzed the opponents of the scheme in Upper Canada. The leaders of the opposition had gone over to the government, the people were without means of voicing their opinions, the press for the most part "wore the livery of the administration," and under such circumstances it was easy to obtain for the project the assent of Upper Canada's representation in Parliament.

But, as the late Senator Penny, one of the ablest opponents of confederation has said, the consent given was as that of a woman whose advisers had been bribed to sign away her property, or as a man who has been drugged consents to be robbed. While the great mass of Upper Canada's representatives were silenced, the Liberals of Lower Canada battled strongly against the scheme in the Canadian Parliament. They attacked the proposal in principle and in detail, protested against the proposed destruction of the

country's constitution by revolutionary methods, and without consulting the people, and pointed out the evils and conflicts that would arise under the crude and contradictory instrument which was to be styled the federal constitution. The speeches of Messrs. Holton, Joly, Dorion, Currie, Huntington and the other Reformers who fought for the preservation of the old constitution, read now, in the light of nearly twenty-three years' experience under confederation, like the utterances of inspired prophets. But their protests were in vain—the coalition carried the day.

The means by which the consent of the other provincial legislatures was obtained were even more reprehensible than those used in forcing the scheme through the Canadian Parliament. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island rejected the confederation scheme altogether. The people abhorred the idea of surrendering the control of their affairs to outsiders. In Nova Scotia, however, a bold and successful attempt was made to purchase the support of the legislature. Senatorships, judgeships, and other lucrative public positions were offered as rewards for voting away the autonomy of the Province, and the scheme was forced through the legislature. Sir Charles Tupper, the leader of the Provincial Government, who engineered the wholesale bribery, has been styled "the Castlereagh of Nova Scotia." The people were furious but they had no redress. Their rights had been bartered away "in a perfectly constitutional manner." At the general elections for the House of Commons and provincial Assembly which followed the passage of the Confederation Act, only one member of the party that carried the scheme succeeded in getting elected and at every election since held in the Province, at which the confederation or repeal issue has been raised, the people have voted almost unanimously in favor of secession.

The arts by which New Brunswick was brought into the Union were even more nefarious than those used in the case of Nova Scotia. In New Brunswick a general election was held soon after the delegates returned from Quebec, and the confederation scheme was the issue before the electors. The people declared overwhelmingly against it, and the Ministers who had taken part in the Quebec conference were driven from office. A new anti-confederate ministry was formed. Meanwhile the Fenian raids on the frontier helped

the Unionist cause and the British Colonial Secretary caused it to be made known that the Imperial Government favored the confederation scheme. This gave the promoters of the union project an opportunity of posing as the ultra-loyal party, and denouncing all who opposed them as disloyal men, sympathizers with Fenianism, &c. The governors of the various colonies had instructions from the Imperial Government to use every means in their power to forward the confederation scheme and in New Brunswick the influence of the governor was exerted in a most unconstitutional manner. Soon after the new provincial Parliament assembled, the confederate party, who numbered only four or five in the Assembly, proposed a resolution of non-confidence in the Ministry, and, while the debate thereon was proceeding, the legislative council, composed chiefly of men who had been appointed for life by the preceding government, passed an address in favor of confederation.

The Council's address was received by Governor Gordon, who replied to it favorably and forwarded it to Her Majesty, contrary to the advice and policy of his Ministers. The Government finding their advice disregarded, could only resign, and a general election followed; when, aided by the Fenian scare, the influence of the Governor, and the promise of an Intercolonial Railway through the Province, the Confederate party managed to secure a majority in the Assembly. This is how the consent of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, the three original parties to the confederation scheme, was obtained. Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, although represented at the Quebec conference, repudiated the confederation scheme. Newfoundland is still out in the cold, but Prince Edward Island was dragged into the Union in 1873, after being plunged into debt by those who were anxious to barter away the independence of the colony for positions for themselves. Manitoba was carved out of the territory bought from the Hudson Bay Company, and British Columbia was seduced by a promise to build a railway 3,000 miles long connecting that Province with Ontario and Quebec. Thus were the Provinces forming the Dominion of Canada induced to enter a political union; and can any reasoning Christian who believes that good cannot come out of evil, expect a union brought about by such means to prosper? There is no

necessity for discussing the question of whether confederation was a proper policy or not. Admitting that it was in the interests of the various Provinces that they should be united under a federal system of government, that does not justify the outrageous means by which the wishes of the people were overridden and the confederation forced upon them. How can the Nova Scotian who studies the history of confederation and learns of the manner in which his Province was betrayed into a union against its will, ever become reconciled to confederation?

The most anti-Irish Englishman will not to-day attempt a defence of the purchase of the Irish Parliament, and neither can the purchase of Nova Scotia in 1867 be defended.

In addition to the general right of vetoing all provincial legislation, the Dominion executive is vested with the power of appointing lieutenant-governors and judges in all the Provinces, and the lieutenant-governors have the power of withholding assent from any measure passed by the respective provincial legislatures. Again the Provinces are made dependent upon the central government to a large extent for their revenues, and whenever any of the Provinces become unruly, it is pacified by an increase of subsidy from the federal treasury in the form of "Better Terms." Thus the relations between the Provinces and the central power partake more of the character of an illicit and immoral *liaison*, which must be maintained by continual donations of "hush money" from one of the parties of the arrangement, rather than of a union for the promotion of mutual advantages. And, bad as the existing arrangement is, it has been charged and never denied, that when the provincial delegates were in London in 1867, looking after the framing of the confederation Act, an attempt was made by Sir John Macdonald to throw aside the resolutions agreed upon at the Quebec conference, and to force a system of legislative union upon all the Provinces. So far as the province of Canada is concerned at all events, confederation was not a progressive step. The change from an elective Senate to one composed of members appointed for life, was a piece of retrogressive legislation that cannot be justified. At present the Senate is made up for the most part of men, who would not be able to get elected to the popular chamber for any constituency. One of the anomalies in connection with its composition is that men who unsuccessfully

contest constituencies in the interests of the party in power, are able after their defeat, to get themselves appointed to the Senate, where they have more power than their successful opponents. In other words, the men whom the people reject are placed where they can review and, if they wish, veto the Acts of those chosen by the people to legislate them. All the predictions made by the opponents of the confederation scheme, with respect to a nominative Senate, have been fully realized. An irresponsible body having co-equal legislative powers with the elective chamber can only be an obstruction to useful legislation. Where the Senate is not mischievous, it is absolutely useless. There are many other anomalies and absurdities in the Canadian system of government which might be dwelt upon, but the object of this paper is to draw attention to the means by which the confederation of the Provinces was brought about. Any Province proposing to separate from the Dominion will always be able to point to the events of 1867, in justification of such a course. Had the Southern States been in a position to justify their secession movement in 1860, on the ground that they were merely seeking separation from an alliance into which they had been tricked against their will or without their consent, they would have had the sympathy of the world.

If the Canadian confederation is to continue, it must, in the language of the revivalist, be born again. Some atonement must be made for the wrongs committed twenty years ago. The power of vetoing provincial legislation now possessed by the federal executive must be swept away, and the provinces must be left free to manage their own affairs independent of Dominion control. If a veto power over provincial legislation must be vested somewhere, for the purpose of protecting Imperial or general interest, let it be intrusted to the Privy Council of England. Then the Provinces would be placed on a level with the Dominion so far as their legislative independence is concerned, and there would be no danger that the veto power would be abused from partisan motives. The right of changing the constitution which the old province of Canada possessed, and which was destroyed by the Act of Confederation, should be restored to the Dominion Parliament. Canada must be granted a larger measure of independence, and steps should be taken to make the Senate a representative Chamber.

DIVINE PROGRESS.*

NO-NAME PAPER. NUMBER SEVEN.

Look up! thou mourning one! half blind!
Behold the splendid whole!
And realize that Love Divine
Embraces every soul!
Upon the canvas, vast and wide,
Where destiny is seen,
Would'st thou have naught but flashing lights,
Of gold and purple sheen?

Should man but float in dreamy bliss,
As sea-weed on the tide—
In jelly life—all purposeless,
All power of will denied?
Or should his soul its Godlike strength
Attain by Godlike deeds,
And realize its master power
In daring that succeeds?

Not in the sunshine days of ease
Is noble courage born,
But in the strife where death confronts
And perils of the storm.
To bone and muscle power is given
To hew the path for man!
To crash through every obstacle,
To conquer sea and land.

Without such power man helpless lies
As dust upon the road:
Creation seems an idiot dream—
A libel on its God.
Life must be strife in power put forth,
Where Nature frowns on Man;
The hindrances and hostile spheres
Are parts of the great plan.

*A Reply to "Progress and Pain," the No-Name Paper in the July Arena.

The wanderer in the frozen zone
Bids farewell to the sun:
The miner in the deep-sunk shaft
Of all the stars sees none.
But glowing sunshine ceases not
To flash o'er land and sea,
Though mine and gorge and frozen zone
Be dark as gloom can be!

The eternal course by God ordained,
Is upward, onward still,—
From dark to light, from wrong to right.—
Evolving good from ill.
Look up, thou man of cynic mind!
Where myriad suns ablaze
Spread love Divine beyond the bounds
Of telescopic gaze—

And spirit worlds far grander still
Express a lovelier power—
And know this universe is thine!
Thine from the very hour,
When from the void thy soul appeared,
Dowered with every right!
Born to the struggle that prepared
Thy soul to wing its flight.

Thine advent was a gracious gift,
A deed of life eternal—
A gift of all the boundless realms
Throughout the life supernal!
Then cavil not, poor child on earth!
Thou art not born as yet!
Nor struggle, in the womb of time,
With meaningless regret.

A wisdom vast beyond thine own,
That organized all life,
Hath bade thee enter on thy bliss
Through darkness and through strife,
Hath planned a boundless life for thee!
Foundations deep in earth!
Far more than thou hast ever dreamed—
In which thy real birth

Shall open wide thy wondering eyes,
To see there's naught in vain,
Neither the martial strife on earth,
Nor ministry of pain.
The germ, the embryo, the child,
The foolish boy, the man,
Are onward steps from nothingness
In God's progressive plan.

Forever onward is the march —
From beastly hoof to hand —
From savage to the seer and sage —
From Saurian types to man;
From man to angel — limitless
As are the starry spheres,
Progression hath not halt nor bound
In God's eternal years!

From darkest cloud the lightning flash,
From nothing — life Divine,
From gloom to glory is the law
The unvarying design.
A world of good invites our eyes,
And charms the willing mind —
But he who only misery finds
Blasphemes the life Divine.

To every eye that's backward cast
A scene of gloom appears —
The eyes that ever rest on earth,
Are often filled with tears.
Not on the soil but on the flower
We look with sweet delight,
Nor do we seek the pestilent fen,
When landscapes wide invite!

The mountain side — the billowy sea
Of waving prairie flowers,
The gardens, glades, and spicy groves
Around this world of ours
Proclaim the endless festival
Of beauty — and the truth —
The deathless power of Love Divine
Eternal in its youth.

Thou hast no claim, God giveth all!
If there are rocks and sands,
Shalt thou require life and flowers
In arrogant demands?
Or grateful thank the Lord of all,
Content with good that's given —
Nor wonder that this green-robed earth
Is not yet Heaven.

No treacherous gift was life to man,
With deadly hate concealed,
For Love Divine the method planned
And all will be revealed
When o'er the clouds that hover here
The risen soul surveys
The mansions of the eternal spheres,
The land of endless days,

Where bloom and beauty ever dwell
And where the wildest dreams
That come to human fancy here,
Are but the faintest gleams
Of far off glory from the land
Of amaranthine bloom,
Whose farthest straying, wandering air
Brings ineffable perfume!

THE GREATEST LIVING ENGLISHMAN.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

NEAR the Parliament Houses, a short time since, a cabman, driving faster than the law allows, knocked down an old gentleman crossing the street and almost ran over him. Slackening up instinctively to see if the old man was hurt, Cabby was soon convinced to the contrary by the astonishing agility with which the ancient picked himself up. He started to drive on, but a voice of mellifluous thunder bade him stop and, glancing back, he noticed that his victim was pursuing him. Owing to several vehicles in front which prevented full speed, the old gentleman soon overtook the careless driver, rated him roundly, yet majestically, and demanded his number. Jehu drove off profoundly impressed with the voice and manner and strength of the ancient gentleman; and well he might be, for the man whom his culpable carelessness might have killed was no other than the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, who, at the age of eighty, retains the light step and bright eyes of his youth, with a mind even brighter and swifter than when first his abilities dazzled the Tories and bedazed the Whigs.

Now, this anecdote may be apocryphal; yet if not true, it ought to be, for it fits the man and is worthy of analysis as illustrative of his character. Any one who has the honor of knowing Gladstone personally, even though opposed politically, would not hesitate to say that his pursuit of the cabman was not caused by any personal resentment at the danger or indignity of being knocked into the mud, but resulted entirely from his feeling it a duty to rebuke and report the man for the sake of protecting the public against such carelessness.

Thus this little anecdote, interpreted by one opposed to Gladstone politically, supplies the key-note of his personal character and reveals the secret of the profound impression he has made, is making, and must continue to make long after death, upon the English people and the world at large.

In calling him the greatest living Englishman, I speak

from the point of politics purely, though at times one might be tempted to make no exception; and, to seek a justification of the larger statement, let us review briefly his curious, kaleidoscopic career.

He came on the world-stage December 29, 1809, — a dark hour apparently in the history of England, though a bright one for mankind. The smoke of the French Revolution was still in the air, and through it loomed Napoleon. With commerce paralyzed at its centres, war impending, and agitation among the people, many men of property in England, merchants and others heretofore untinged with Toryism, suddenly got a strong Conservative bias. No wonder, then, that the son of a great Liverpool merchant, himself somewhat of a politician (in fact, Sir John Gladstone sat in the House of Commons beside his son later on) should have imbibed Toryism at the start, though his family were middle-class people. To be sure Mr. Burke, the author of the Peerage, has managed to connect the marriage of Sir John Gladstone and Miss Robertson with a royal descent from Henry III. of England and Robert Bruce, King of Scotland; but the fact remains that the Gladstones were essentially of the middle class which one writer has styled "a check upon the power of kings and nobles and a breakwater against the threatening tide of democracy."

Liverpool, then, with its commercial atmosphere, laid the foundation, not only of Gladstone's financial abilities, but also of his prejudices. During the discussion of one of his Budgets, an old Whig, who had to vote for it against his will, muttered of its brilliant author: "H'm! Oxford on the surface, and Liverpool below!" and there was an immense deal of truth in the sarcasm, for Gladstone's career has shown many of the habits of mind generally found in the place of his education, and many that smack of his birthplace. Indeed, the present position of this man illustrates the triumph of a naturally honest and just man over the early and close-clinging limitations of heredity and environment.

Leaving Eton in 1827, with a reputation for erudition already established, and spending two years at Oxford, he got a finishing touch of clericalism on his Etonian classicality, and he appears to have acquired at Oxford that most dangerous of abilities,— the art of reconciling two radically hostile propositions, and constructing therefrom a mediate

coigne of vantage. For instance: one of Father Newman's singular Oxford sermons explains the teaching of Science as to the earth going round the sun, and then the teaching of Scripture as to the sun perambulating the earth, and closes by advising the discreet to accept *both*, on the ground that both may be temporary accommodations of fact by some higher power to our limited intellect, or aspects of some sublimer and subtler unity in the law of the universe. The first twenty years of Mr. Gladstone's political life are strewn with intellectual reconcilements as absolutely absurd as this.

So much for the mould of mind, inflicted by the Oxford of those days. The traces of it are still visible in his latest utterances; but the Toryism of Oxford, though he had the disease so long that it seemed almost his nature, he is conscious of having recovered from. He said at the Palmerston Club in 1878: "I trace in the education of Oxford of my own time one great defect. Perhaps it was my own fault; but I must admit that I did not learn when at Oxford that which I have learned since, namely, to set a due value on the imperishable and the inestimable principles of human liberty." But the manner of looking at things, and especially the curious clericalism of that place and period seems to have clung to him longer — a shirt of Nessus, which he still wears, though it now hangs in tatters.

Graduating in 1831, he went abroad the next year and spent about six months in Italy. During his absence, England was in a political fever of expectancy and dread. The people had just won a great constitutional battle; a long struggle in Parliament, riots in various places, and the Reform Bill had become a law, receiving a sullen assent from the King, who, Canute-like, saw no use in contending with the rising tide. The land-owners were filled with forebodings. The crows and jackdaws of a corrupt priesthood, thinking their pleasant perches in danger, filled the air with their caws. The friends of Reform were eager for the fruits of victory. But the composition of the first Reformed House of Commons was a surprise to the extremists of both sides. The Tories were not the enormous losers they counted on being, and the Ministry preserved its power, being victorious in England and still more so in Scotland; and Newcastle, the most selfish of English nobles, regained his ducal influence, which had been jeopardized in 1831.

It was to this nobleman that Gladstone owed his introduction into politics, for, being intimate with Newcastle's son, the Earl of Lincoln, he received an invitation from the Duke to stand for Newark in the election of 1832. Gladstone leapt at the chance, and, deserting the delights of Italy, he began his canvass with a brilliancy and boldness rarely equalled and never excelled by an embryo politician. He was only twenty-two, and his looks and manners were rare letters of credit. A good figure of moderate height; a countenance suave and intellectual; eyes dark, clear, and expressive; eyebrows dark and prominent; a crown of jet-black hair, carefully parted and shaded over his brow; a nose massive and regular; a bright complexion; a voice musical and resonant; a profusion of gesture, bold but not violent; a wonderful flow of ideas and a still more wonderful flow of words made him at once a taking personality. Unlike his great rival, Disraeli, he started a favorite. He did not have to compel popularity. One of his early critics says of him: "Plausible even when most in error, if it suits himself or party, he can apply with the strictest closeness to the real point of issue. When to evade the point is deemed most politic, no man can wander from it more widely."

Though Newark was naturally liberal, partly by the power of Newcastle and partly by the great ability the young, handsome Gladstone displayed before the people, he was elected. The disgust of the Opposition was not disguised by any politeness. The editor of the *Reflector* referred to him as "fresh from college with a mind like a sheet of white foolscap. Recommended by no claim except the will of the Duke! The Duke nodded unto Newark, and Newark sent back the man — or rather the boy—of his choice. Are 1600 men still to bow down to a wooden-headed lord, as the people of Egypt to their reptiles, to their beasts and their ropes of onions?" The irate editor also referred to Gladstone as "the son of a slave-driver;" for the question of abolition was then agitating the public mind — the spirit of Wilberforce was abroad in the land. In this connection it is worth noting how in his first address to his electors, Gladstone fenced, in the Oxford way, on this great subject. "I proceed to the momentous question of slavery which I have found entertained among you in that candid and temperate spirit which alone befits its nature or promises to remove its

difficulties." Then, denying the right of the anti-slavery society, which he stigmatizes as irresponsible, to interpose between him and the electors, he continues: "As regards the abstract lawfulness of slavery, I acknowledge it simply as importing the right of one man to the labor of another, and I rest it on the fact that Scripture, the paramount authority on such a point, gives directions to persons standing in the relation of master to slave for their conduct in that relation; whereas were the *matter* absolutely and necessarily sinful, it would not regulate the *manner*." Yet he agrees that both the physical and moral bondage must be abolished, but with him it is a question as to the *order;* and he thinks the moral bondage ought to be abolished first. "As regards immediate emancipation," he continues, "whether with or without compensation, there are several minor reasons against it." He fears a relapse of the negro into deeper debasement and adds: "Let *fitness* be made a condition for emancipation. Let him enjoy the means of earning his freedom through honest and industrious habits; thus the same instruments which attain his liberty shall likewise render him competent to use it; and thus, I earnestly trust, without risk of blood, *without violation of property*, with unimpaired benefit to the negro, and with the utmost speed that prudence will admit, we shall arrive at that exceedingly desirable consummation — the utter extinction of slavery."

Thus, at the beginning, we see how heredity and environment colored the mind and distorted the vision of Gladstone. His father's ownership of slaves seems long to have dominated his view; even, as late as the sixties, unquestionably causing some part of his sympathy with the South. But Wilberforce triumphed: the Parliament of 1833 wiped off slavery — that is, black slavery — from the scutcheon of England.

In this and succeeding Parliaments, we find the young Gladstone opposing every measure of reform. Serving the devil of Toryism with a devotion sincere and boundless, he spoke in behalf of the West India planters; he spoke against the Bill to Inquire into Bribery at the Liverpool elections; against the Bill to Abolish Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles of Belief as a necessary preliminary for admission to Oxford; and on all these occasions he spoke with an earnestness that bordered on enthusiasm, and an ability that

touched on genius. He was only twenty-two. The eyes of England, and, more important to him, the eyes of the politicians were upon him. The recognition of his ability came early. The Liberal Ministry fell, — a fall possibly hastened by the rise of Lord Althorp to the Upper House, and December 24, 1834, Gladstone, at the call of Sir Robert Peel, became Junior Lord of the Treasury. In his address to his constituents (reviewing the position of parties which had essentially changed since the election two years before), the Tory temper of his mind is well illustrated by this sentence: "The question has then become whether we are to hurry onwards at intervals, but not long ones, through the medium of the ballot, short parliaments, and other questions called popular, *into Republicanism or Anarchy*, or whether, independent of all party distinctions, the people will support the Crown in the discharge of its duty to maintain in efficiency and transmit in safety *those old and valuable institutions* under which our country has greatly flourished."

Promoted in 1835 to the position of Under Secretary of the Colonies, he distinguished himself at once by a Bill for the Better Regulation of the Carriage of Passengers in Merchant Vessels.

Seemingly the Peel Ministry had a long life before it, but disaster trod on disaster, and Sir Robert resigned and Lord Melbourne became Prime Minister. On the death of William IV., in 1837, and the accession of Victoria, a general election ensued, and Gladstone was again returned for Newark. The next year saw another strong revival of the anti-slavery agitation. The emancipation act that had been passed in 1834 provided for an apprenticeship of the negroes to extend to 1840, but so many reports concerning the evils of this apprenticeship reached England that Lord Brougham and other anti-slavery advocates moved for the immediate abolition of this apprenticeship, his Lordship asserting that a movement was afoot to perpetuate slavery in a new form; but Brougham did not impress the House of Lords with his facts, though he always did with his eloquence. Then Sir George Strickland in the Commons brought forward a similar motion. It was young Gladstone's first great chance and he seized it, turning the tables effectively by a *tu quoque* argument: "Have you," he thundered, "who are so exasperated with the West Indian apprenticeship that you will not wait two

years for its natural expiration—have you inquired what responsibility lies upon every one of you, at the moment when I speak, with reference to the cultivation of cotton in America? In that country there are near three million of slaves. You hear not from that land of the abolition — not even of the mitigation—of slavery. It is a domestic institution and is to pass without limit, we are told, from age to age; and *we*, much more than they, are responsible for this enormous growth of what purports to be an eternal slavery. . . . You consumed forty-five millions of pounds of cotton in 1837, which proceeded from free labor; and, proceeding from slave labor, three hundred and eighteen millions of pounds! And this, while the vast regions of India afford the means of obtaining at a cheaper rate, and by a slight original outlay to facilitate transport, all that you can require."

This was Gladstone's first great success, for though the sympathies of his hearers started with the motion, it was lost by a majority of 54, in a House of 484. His ability had been recognized before, but this brought him to the very front of Parliamentary debaters. In 1839, he further distinguished himself by opposing the National Education Bill, and turning on O'Connell, who had expressed a great fondness for statistics, Gladstone remarked that the use O'Connell made of them reminded him of an observation of Mr. Canning's,— that he had a great aversion to a fact in debate, but what he most distrusted was a figure. He then proceeded to prove the inaccuracy of the great Irishman's statistics, and he almost triumphed, for the Government carried their motion by a very small majority.

Two years later we find him again speaking on the unjust and unpopular side; opposing the Jews Civil Disabilities Removal Bill. On this occasion it was classicist *vs.* classicist,— Greek against Greek; — for the great Macaulay answered him and beat him back point by point.* Gladstone had many encounters with Macaulay, and though he generally came off second best, his defeats were due to the weakness of his cause and his ability was not eclipsed by that of his famous foe. The Whig government having fallen and the Tories returning to power with a great majority, Gladstone received from Peel the appointments of Vice-President

* This bill was carried in the Commons, but lost in the Lords.

of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint. It was during this period that he put forth his first book, "The State in its Relations with the Church." In criticising this book at great length, Lord Macaulay, after showing its inherent weaknesses, has some very interesting remarks about its author. "Gladstone's mind," says Macaulay, "is of large grasp; nor is he deficient in dialectical skill; but he does not give his intellect fair play. Whatever he sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passions and prejudices. . . . His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking, and, indeed, exercises great influence on his mode of thinking. . . . He has one gift most dangerous to a speculator — a vast command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import — a kind of language which affects us much in the same way as the lofty diction of the Chorus of Clouds affected the simple-hearted Athenian." Disraeli said the same thing more forcibly when he called Mr. Gladstone, "a sophistical rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

In 1840 Gladstone followed up his defense of the Union of Church and State with another work "Church Principles Considered in Their Results," and Macaulay's remark that his style exercised a great influence on his mode of thinking is well illustrated by this. It might be said even more appositely that Mr. Gladstone's work in those days "possessed him" in the occult sense; and certainly, if ever a book, or the spirit of a book, followed and haunted a luckless author for years, these literary Frankensteins of Gladstone's youth might be cited as examples of the venom of the psalmist's prayer, "Oh that mine enemy had written a book!" But the charge of inconsistency against Gladstone because in maturity he not only abandoned the cause that had enlisted his early enthusiasm, but assailed it with extreme severity, is an utterly absurd one. That a man should change his opinions is no disgrace; only minds of low order are shut to conviction.

It was during the next decade, made memorable by the Anti-Corn Law agitation, that Gladstone became converted to Free Trade, of which he has ever since been a candid, though sometimes incautious, champion. But when Parliament met in 1845, he resigned his post in the Ministry for the reason that the contemplated increase in the endowment

of Maynooth College and the establishment of non-sectarian colleges were at variance with his written and spoken views on Church and State. His motives in thus retiring from the Ministry and taking an independent position were appreciated by men of all parties; yet when the Bill came to the second reading, in opposition to public feeling and even to his own prepossessions, he announced that he would give it his deliberate support. Betokening how his views were changing was his remark in this speech, that "exclusive support to the Established Church was a doctrine that was being abandoned more and more every day;" and he quoted Burke as saying that it would be "unwise to give exclusive privileges to a negative creed like that of Protestantism, and to deny all privileges to those who had a positive creed like that of Roman Catholicism."

Gladstone's acceptance of Free Trade, during this period, marked an era in his political life practically; for it led to his retirement from Newark, as his patron, Newcastle, was an ardent protectionist. So when Gladstone returned to Parliament, it was as a representative of his college — the University of Oxford. In this session Gladstone did not distinguish himself greatly, and the accidental death of Peel in 1850 caused the disintegration of the party distinguished by his name. Several of its members joined the conservative ranks, but others, like Mr. Gladstone, held themselves independent; not feeling free to join the Whigs, — for conservative traditions still influenced them, — and unable to rest with the Tories, on account of strong liberal tendencies which had crept into their minds. It was a hibernating period with Gladstone, — a winter of inertia and discontent.

No summary of Gladstone's life would be complete without a reference to the Naples episode. While spending several months, in the winter of 1850 and 1851, in that beautiful city, he learned that many citizens who had formed the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies had become objects of King Ferdinand's wrath, and that some 20,000 had been thrown into prison on political charges. After testing the accuracy of these reports, and finding them substantially true, Gladstone published a denunciation of the Neapolitan Government, in the form of two open letters to the Earl of Aberdeen. One of the reasons, however, which he gave for his chivalrous course in endeavoring to mitigate

the horrors of the Neapolitan prisons by challenging the attention of Europe, is curious evidence how hard it is for a man who has once been a Tory to outgrow the Tory point of view. "Secondly," he says, "*these practices are certainly and even rapidly doing the work of Republicanism in that country.*" Dreadful possibility!!

The exposure of the political infamies of the Neapolitan Government rang all over Europe, and Lord Palmerston, in Parliament, paid Gladstone this tribute: "I think when we see an English gentleman, who goes to pass a winter at Naples, instead of confining himself to those amusements that abound in that city, instead of diving into volcanoes and exploring excavated cities; when we see him going to courts of justice, visiting prisons, descending into dungeons and examining great numbers of the cases of unfortunate victims of illegality and injustice, with a view afterwards to enlist public opinion in the endeavor to remedy those abuses,—I think that is a course that does honor to the person who pursues it."

Many virulent replies were made to Gladstone's pamphlets by the admirers of King Ferdinand, but the arrow had shot deep into the mark and, as Gladstone said, he had the satisfaction of knowing that "upon the challenge of a mere individual, the government of Naples had been compelled to plead before the tribunal of general opinion, and to admit that jurisdiction." But though his pamphlets struck a ringing blow against that despotism, they were not instantly effective. Yet unquestionably they contributed towards the great movement for a regenerated and reunited Italy that soon followed,—that movement of which Cavour was the brain and Garibaldi the hand.

The arenic antagonism between Lord Beaconsfield and Gladstone may be said to have dated from the session of 1852, when first these men felt themselves pitted, though a casual observer might have seen this rivalry foreshadowed in previous debates. Disraeli as a finance minister did not shine, and his first Budget, brought forward in an exhaustive speech of over five hours, was so completely picked to pieces by Gladstone that the Ministry were defeated by a majority of nineteen, and Lord Derby resigned. Aberdeen formed the new Ministry with, of course, Gladstone as the only possible Chancellor of the Exchequer, for had he not beat down with his own Budget the retiring Chancellor? On this occasion

the security of Gladstone's seat at Oxford was somewhat shaken by the obvious tendency towards liberalism, which his later actions had displayed. The first Budget brought in by Gladstone convinced the House that his oratorical ability was complemented by an equal facility in handling the most abstruse financial details. The fact that, like his rival, he spoke five hours, not only without boring his audience, but even enchained the attention of the ladies in the gallery, proves not only his marvellous mastery of the subject, but the extraordinary fluency and force of diction which he must have displayed. His scheme was regarded by the country generally as the most far-sighted and practicable of financial measures since the famous Budget of 1844, but it is still a question in some minds whether it was withheld from fruition by the war which arose soon after, or by its own inherent defects.

We now come to that part of Gladstone's career which his friends have found the greatest difficulty in explaining or extenuating. As to England's grounds for undertaking the Crimean War, there must always be a great diversity of opinions. That it was a war for British interests founded upon the traditional policy of maintaining the Porte, with all its crimes, in its integrity and independence as the proper bulwark of Anglo-Indian Empire; or that it was a chivalrous war,—a generous interference by a strong country in behalf of a weak one, are conundrums that need not concern us now. But the charges against Mr. Gladstone as a practical statesman appear to be that for a long time he refused to believe that war was impending and that when, in the phrase of his premier, Lord Aberdeen, he finally "drifted into war," he was disposed to let things "drift" in a seemingly shiftless manner. That neither Aberdeen nor Gladstone were in favor of the war is clear, but the ministry was swept onward by a wave of popular opinion that could not be gainsaid; and that wave of popular opinion appears to be the true expression of what the Crimean really was,—a defensive war, undertaken by popular instinct in the interest of a semi-popular government as against the aggressive and domineering Imperialism, or rather Absolutism, of St. Petersburg.

The difficulties which the Aberdeen ministry encountered at home as well as abroad were enormous. There is no doubt that the foolish speeches of Cobden, Bright, and others

of the Peace Party encouraged the Emperor Nicholas to pursue his warlike policy and planted doubts everywhere as to whether England was serious in her resolve to follow up the war. Then Austria slunk away from giving a promised support if not an actual alliance, and Prussia simply bolted. It was left to France and England to carry on the fight, which began in earnest September 21, 1854; but though the war was very popular in England, it soon became certain that Lord Aberdeen's ministry — the government which had declared it — was losing ground. Smothered dissensions in the Cabinet — some of the steam escaping — caused a sense of insecurity among the people. Lords Russell and Palmerston did not like to play second fiddle to a premier who looked with repugnance on a war he had been forced to declare, and in the House of Commons the followers of the government showed a growing lack of coherence. Mr. Gladstone himself, in his rotund way, confessed that "without doubt there were rifts in the imposing structure of the Cabinet," in which he had the misfortune to be fixed between two millstones. The sufferings of the British troops in their winter quarters, and the small number of men with which the government had invaded Russia offered the Opposition more than the chance they needed. In the Upper House, Earl Derby pronounced in advance the epitaph of the Aberdeen Ministry when he said that the two words "too late" epitomized the whole course of the government in the conduct of the war; and in the Commons, Disraeli declared that everything which wasn't a mishap was a blunder from the start.

Still the Government carried its Bill for the Enlistment of Foreigners, though Disraeli opposed it at every stage, and Bright added his eloquence thereto, maintaining that in supporting Turkey, England was fighting for "a hopeless cause and a worthless ally." But though the House would help the government to continue the war, it was bent on sifting the causes of its careless conduct, and Roebuck announced that he should offer a motion for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the condition of the army before Sebastopol, and into the management of those departments whose duty it was to minister to the army's wants. Instead of the minister being able to meet these attacks boldly, Lord Russell showed the white feather and caused universal aston-

ishment and well-nigh universal contempt by tendering his resignation as President of the Council. Then, a speech delivered by Mr. Stafford, who had personally inspected affairs in the Crimea, created a great sensation. His picture of the miseries endured by the sick soldiers was tremendous in its result. "The general effect of what I saw," said Mr. Stafford, "was summed up by a French officer, who observed to me: 'You seem, sir, to carry on war according to the system of the Middle Ages, and our regret for our own backwardness is increased because we see the noble lives you are losing.'" Gladstone rose in reply to Roebuck's motion and made a counter speech, which was chiefly remarkable for its withering rebuke of the recreant Russell. Disraeli, in opposing Gladstone, was equally severe upon Russell. Russell defended himself for his secession from the Cabinet with great ability, and Palmerston following made a magnificent defence,— but like everything else in the Aberdeen Ministry, it came too late. A division on Roebuck's motion being called, the result was one of the greatest surprises ever experienced in Parliament. The voters were for Roebuck's motion 305 against 148 — majority against the Government, 157. The cheers usually heard from one side or another when a division is announced, on this occasion were not forthcoming. Astonishment, amazement, had swallowed up partisanship and personal feeling. A low murmur ran through the hive; then amazement changed into amusement, and there came a burst of general laughter. It was actually true, as said afterwards, that the famous Coalition Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen, which had been laughable throughout, was laughed out of existence; and yet it was a cabinet distinguished for its oratorical strength and the towering abilities of its chief members; but it had too many chiefs.

Derby was invited by the Queen to form a new ministry, but he found too many difficulties in his way, and the ministry eventually formed by Lord Palmerston was rather a reconstruction of that Cabinet than a new creation. Gladstone at first declined to serve in the new ministry, and then consented; but he and his friends, Graham and Herbert, very soon retired when Roebuck gave notice of the appointment of the investigating committee. Before this investigating committee began its sittings, however, the Emperor Nicholas died suddenly, and his death brought a prospect of peace; but the

failure of the Vienna Conference led the way to fresh attacks on the government. Disraeli brought forward a resolution in the House expressing dissatisfaction with the ambiguous language and uncertain conduct of the ministers in reference to the great question. It was one of Disraeli's most earnest speeches, and Gladstone, in reply, was at his weakest. Quoting from his speech, Prince Albert wrote to Lord Aberdeen: "Any such declaration as Mr. Gladstone has made upon Mr. Disraeli's motion must not only weaken us abroad and give a wrong opinion as to the nation, but render all chance of obtaining an honorable peace without fresh sacrifices impossible, by giving no hope and spirit to the enemy." It was during the same debate Sir Bulwer Lytton, the great novelist, asked amid vehement cheering: "When Mr. Gladstone is dwelling, in a Christian spirit that moves us all, on the gallant blood that had been shed by England, by her allies, and by her foemen in this quarrel, does it never occur to him that all the while he is speaking, this one question is forcing itself upon the minds of his English audience,—'And shall all this blood have been shed in vain?'"

The Opposition gave the government no peace. Again Russell resigned, this time forced to. Roebuck now brought forward another sweeping motion founded on the report of the committee, in effect, a vote of censure on every member, holding them responsible for the sufferings of the army during the winter's campaign. He called on the House to pass sentence. "It is said we have got rid of all the elements of the administration that were mischievous. It is also said 'Are not Aberdeen, Newcastle, and Herbert, and Gladstone out? And what more can you expect? Do you want to see everybody punished?' I say Yes, everyone who has been proved guilty!" But though the House agreed with him generally, they thought this an extreme proposition, and the previous question was carried by a good majority.

Now, whatever may be the ultimate verdict of history on the motives of England in the Crimean War, it can hardly be denied, even by the warmest admirers of Gladstone, that in dealing with it as a public problem he displayed the disinclination of conscious incapacity, and in all his foreign experiments the same curious infelicity has attended his most strenuous efforts. England's internal development, her commerce, her finance, have found in him a successful

champion; but whenever he has attempted to deal with anything really outside of England, it would seem as if the proverbial insularity of the Briton had become intensified in his case; had become a narrowing ring of granite round the tortured head of Britain's loftiest son. It is as a financier, a commercial statesman, a conserver of the middle-class whence he sprung, not as an extender of empire, or a helper of democracy, that his rank, as a practical statesman, it seems to me, will be finally fixed; for, if the brilliant Budgets of 1853 and 1860 had not already ranked Gladstone with the great financial ministers of the past, his statement of 1861 would certainly have put him there. As a writer in the *Daily News* remarked: "The audacious shrewdness of Lancashire married to the polished grace of Oxford is a felicitous union of the strength and culture of liberal and conservative England, and no party of the House, whatever its likings or antipathies, can sit under the spell of Mr. Gladstone's rounded and shining eloquence without a conviction that the man who can talk "shop like a tenth muse, is after all a true representative man of the market of the world."

Toward the close of 1862, Gladstone committed the greatest of the many political indiscretions of his career, viz., the Newcastle speech, in which he congratulated Jeff. Davis on his creation of a nation, and expressed his conviction of Southern success. Such an opinion, coming from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, made a great sensation and grieved many of Gladstone's warmest followers. It was in direct collision with Earl Russell's communication only a few weeks before, refusing to recognize the Confederate States, and, considering Gladstone's position in the ministry, as well as the policy of the government, which was strict neutrality, his performance was certainly the last superfluity of supererogation. Five years later, he frankly confessed in a letter to a New York correspondent, that he took too much upon himself in expressing such an opinion, and that, like many Europeans, he had not understood the nature and working of the American Union.

In 1864 his marked advance in liberalism began to alarm the conservative party and shake the security of his seat in Oxford. About this time he introduced a bill of rather socialistic flavor for amending the law relating to the purchase

of government annuities through the medium of savings banks, and to enable the granting of life insurances by the government. This at first provoked no hostility till the Friendly Societies raised a loud howl and their helpers in the House began to inveigh against Paternalism. But the Bill finally passed both Houses and has since been generally acknowledged a most beneficent thing.

About this time Bernal Osborne made a very clever speech, likening the Cabinet to "a museum of curiosities, in which there were some birds of rare and noble plumage, both alive and stuffed. There has been a difficulty," said he, "in keeping up the breed and it was found necessary to cross it with the famous Peelites; but I will do them the justice to say that they have a very able minister among them in the Chancellor of the Exchequer and it is to his measures alone that they owe the little popularity and the little support they get from the Liberal party."

1865 saw Gladstone's rejection by Oxford, a great mistake of Tory policy; for as long as he sat for the University he must have been fettered to some extent, must have felt unable to shake off the silent but deep influence of such a connection. Freed from the fetters of his college, Gladstone now began a new career. Hitherto he had been, not a statesman, but a church-and-statesman.

Probably no action in modern history has caused more debate as to who is entitled to the real credit than the Household Suffrage Reform Bill. A recent writer of much apparent fairness, who regards Gladstone as a wise conservative throughout his career, always ready to yield a little to the people so as to save the remainder, says that in bringing forward this measure, because he saw the people would insist on an extension of the suffrage, Gladstone "used the language of democracy, but introduced a trumpery little bill that conceded just enough to prevent an explosion and just as little as was consistent with the integrity of the semi-aristocratic fabric of government. It was Disraeli who, by declaring definitely for household suffrage and flinging aside the petty Whig compromises, proclaimed himself a very much more revolutionary politician than was his great rival." But this, while just to Disraeli, seems unjust to Gladstone; the Gladstone Reform Bill of 1866 certainly satisfied the majority of the liberal party, met with considerable country

favor, and was regarded by the conservatives as a dangerous leap towards democracy. It evoked from both sides probably the most brilliant oratory to which Parliament had ever listened. Bulwer Lytton flashed all over in his radiant raillery in a speech that almost frenzied the Opposition with delight. Bright, on the other side, replying to Horsman, who had been abusing Gladstone, drew a humorous picture of Mr. Horsman in his political cave of Adullam that excited great laughter. Such men as John Stuart Mill spoke in favor of the Bill. Gladstone closed with a speech in which, as Disraeli said of one of his other speeches, "there was hardly a redundant word," and these last sentences were delivered with a moving majesty like a procession of thunder clouds. "The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb — those great social forces are against you; they are marshalled on our side; and the banner which we now carry in this fight, though perhaps at some moment it may droop over our sinking heads, yet it soon again will float in the eye of Heaven, and it will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain, and to a not far distant victory."

Yet in the division which followed, the majority of the government was only five. It was worse than a heavy defeat, and the friends of the Bill departed, musing and marvelling. In the language of one of the spectators: "It was twilight, brightening into day, when we got out into the welcome, fresh air of New Palace Yard. About three hundred persons were assembled to see the members come out, and to cheer the friends of the Bill. It was a night long to be remembered. The House of Commons had listened to the grandest oration ever yet delivered by the greatest orator of his age; and had then to ask itself how it happened that the liberal party had been disunited, and a liberal majority of sixty muddled away."

How many at this time anticipated that in one year a conservative government would find itself forced to take up this very question of reform, and carry it to a successful issue! This was what the Earl of Derby described as "a leap in the dark," and two months later, Disraeli used the famous phrase: "I had to prepare the mind of the country, and to

educate — if it be not arrogant to use such a phrase — to educate our party up to it." With Disraeli personally, it was a leap into the light, for in February, 1868, by the retirement of Derby, he became Prime Minister. A witty article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* put the case as follows: "That the writer of frivolous stories about 'Vivian Grey' and 'Coningsby' should grasp the sceptre (i. e. the Premiership), before the writer of beautiful and serious things about 'Ecce Homo' — the man who is epigrammatic, flashy, arrogant, before the man who never perpetrated an epigram in his life, is always fervid, and would as soon die as admit that he had a shade more brain than his footman — the Radical corrupted into a Tory before the Tory purified and elevated into a Radical — is not this enough to make an honest man rend his mantle, and shave his head, and sit down among the ashes inconsolable? Let us play the too-underrated part of Bildad the Shuhite for a space, while our chiefs thus have unwelcome leisure to scrape themselves with potsherds, and to meditate upon the evil way of the world."

But on the 16th of March of this year, undeterred by his defeat in English Reform, Gladstone struck the first blow in the great struggle for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. His conclusion is worth studying as indicative of his character. "If we are prudent men, I hope we shall endeavor, as far as in us lies, to make some provision for a contingent, a doubtful, and probably a dangerous future. If we be chivalrous men, I trust we shall endeavor to wipe away all those stains which the civilized world has for ages seen or seemed to see, on the shield of England in her treatment of Ireland. If we be compassionate men, I hope we shall now, once for all, listen to the tale of woe which comes from her, and the reality of which, if not its justice, is testified by the continual migration of her people, — that we shall endeavor to

> "Raze out the written troubles from her brain,
> Pluck from her memory the rooted sorrow."

But above all, if we be just men, we shall go forward in the name of truth and right, bearing this in mind, — that, when the case is proved and the hour is come, justice delayed is justice denied."

This deliverance troubled the Ministry. Disraeli bewailed with considerable show of justice his hard luck at the commencement of his Premiership, in being put face to face with the pressing necessity of settling at once an account seven centuries old. He complained with considerable convincingness that the elements of the Irish crisis had existed while Gladstone was in office, and that no attempt had been made to deal with them. Indeed, Disraeli's first premiership was by no means an easy-chair, and, in spite of his extraordinary brilliancy and readiness of resource his first ministry came to a sudden end. As Gladstone said, "It melted away before the Parliament which it had called into existence without looking that Parliament in the face, and without asking from it the judgment it had undertaken to challenge."

But though Gladstone was thus powerfully upheld by the country in his resolve to disestablish the Irish Church, the magnitude of the task was appalling. How to do it with the least injustice to clerical interests was a martyrizing problem for a man of Gladstone's piety; and with the exception of the Bishop of St. Davids the clergy howled against it with the unanimous vociferousness of a pack of wolves in sheepskin baying the moon. But at last the Bill went through.

Such piecemeal justice, however, did not calm Ireland, and before long the spread of an agrarian conspiracy in Westmeath forced the government to move for a committee to inquire into it. This gave the ever-ready Disraeli his chance to say of Gladstone's Irish policy: "Under his influence and at his instance, we have legalized confiscation, consecrated sacrilege, and condoned high treason; we have destroyed churches, we have shaken property to its foundation and have emptied gaols; and now he cannot govern Ireland without coming to a Parliamentary committee."

The chief event of the recess of 1871 was Gladstone's open-air address to 20,000 people on Blackheath. It was in this that Gladstone, defending the House of Lords, which some sensible Englishmen wanted abolished instanter, summed up English character: "I have a shrewd suspicion in my mind that a very large proportion of the people of England have a sneaking kindness for the hereditary principle. My observation has not been of a very brief period, and what I have observed is this,— that wherever there is anything to be done, or to be given, and there are two candidates for it who are

exactly alike — alike in opinions — alike in character — alike in possessions, the one being a Commoner and the other a Lord,— the Englishman is very apt, indeed, to prefer the Lord."

Never, perhaps, in all his career had Gladstone's oratorical and argumentative powers been put forth so grandly as in this campaign. But Disraeli's remark on the new system the ministry had adopted of vindicating their characters during this recess was only too true: "We really have had no time to forget anything. Her Majesty's ministers may be said, during the last six months, to have lived in a blaze of apology." The Gladstone ministry was palpably on the defensive and there were signs during the year 1871 that its popularity was waning. A reaction had set in early. In that year a section of Gladstone's constituents petitioned him to resign his seat for Greenwich. It was indeed an eventful year: war still raging between France and Prussia, though a treaty of peace was signed in May; difficulties with the United States over the Alabama claims being adjusted; the disestablishment of the Irish Church completed on the first of January; agitation for the abolition of the House of Lords, or for their reform, Gladstone defending the Lords; and Sir Charles Dilke announcing himself a Republican and in favor of that form of government, made up a whirligig that was soon to bring its revenges.

1872 saw the government of Gladstone still more unpopular. The Irish University Education Bill dragged along, and in 1872 when a division was taken on the main question, a scene of great excitement ensued. The majority against the government was three. Gladstone had not counted on this, and some years after the defeat of his scheme when questioned as to whether he was really surprised at the rejection of the Irish University Bill, or whether he dealt with the subject as a matter of duty, knowing that he risked almost all that followed, he replied, that considering the reception the Bill met with at the outset, he had been greatly astonished at its ultimate fate. After this defeat, of course, Gladstone resigned office, whereupon a curious difficulty arose. He was really anxious to be relieved of his duties, but Disraeli declined to accept office with a majority of the House against him, and some days later Gladstone stated that he and his colleagues had consented to resume their positions. Con-

siderable correspondence with the Queen as to Disraeli's position was brought out in this statement, Gladstone reading an extract from one of his letters to Victoria in which he contended that Disraeli's summary refusal to accept office was contrary to precedent and parliamentary usage. Disraeli then gave his version, and repeated the advice he had tendered to the Queen. He pointed out that the majority against the government had been created by a section of Gladstone's own party with whom he, Disraeli, had no affiliation, and from his experience of office under such circumstances he was convinced that the experiment of trying to run a ministry without a parliamentary majority weakened authority and destroyed public confidence. The function of the Opposition, he added, was essentially critical and it was totally impossible for them to create a policy of government all at once. Disraeli declared also that Gladstone had resigned on very inadequate grounds, and that, his honor having been satisfied by a resignation, his return to office was the best solution of the difficulty. He concluded by predicting for the Tory party a triumphant career, when other topics should press to the front. By other topics, he appears to have meant questions of foreign policy.

The cleverness of Disraeli in thus waiting was shown by the continual increase of dissatisfaction with the government. Writing in October of 1873 an open letter to his friend Grey, Disraeli remarks: "For nearly five years the present ministers have harassed every trade, worried every profession, and assailed or menaced every class, institution, and species of property in the country. Occasionally they have varied this state of civil warfare by perpetrating some job which outraged public opinion, or by stumbling into mistakes which have always been discreditable and sometimes ruinous. All this they call a policy and seem quite proud of it; but the country has, I think, made up its mind to close this career of plundering and blundering."

An appeal to the country soon followed, and the election addresses, issued by Disraeli and Gladstone, are very spicy reading. Disraeli, among other things, accused the ministry of relinquishing the treaty which secured the Straits of Malacca for the trade with China and Japan; and Gladstone, in replying, very neatly parodied Disraeli's just quoted catchphrase "plundering and blundering." He showed that the

treaty was the work of Disraeli's own party, and then closed by saying: "Such is his poverty and destitution of points to make against the government that although he travels all the way to the Straits of Malacca for the purpose, he manufactures his charge out of an act, not done by us, but by the government to which he belonged. The draft of the treaty concluded by us was forwarded by Lord Derby. He deserves the main credit for it, and credit not discredit is what is due, and so, gentlemen, I will leave the leader of the opposition for the present *floundering and foundering* in the Straits of Malacca."

But the patient waiter won: the conservatives came back with a majority of forty-six votes. The farmers, the licensed victuallers, the dockyard's men, the civil service and the Church all pronounced in favor of the Opposition, expecting immediate legislation for their benefit, and, wafted into office by the strong current of public opinion, Disraeli, for the first time in his life, commanded a majority. Some one remarked that it was as if some brilliant but erratic comet, arrested in its course, had been endowed with the elements of stability.

We have now arrived at a period of English politics so fresh in the minds of cultivated readers as to render details impertinent; for the last fifteen years of alternate conservative and liberal triumph have been prolific with events of world-wide importance. And through them all we see the same characteristics displayed by Gladstone as in early years, the same vague and vacillating policy in the conduct of the small Soudanese campaign as in the large Crimean, the same denunciation of a Tory foreign policy when out of office and the same staggering, almost inebriate, application of Tory foreign policy when in office. On the other hand, as regards the internal government of the empire, there has been, not the same as before, but an increased manifestation of that rare and peculiar power evinced by Gladstone since the happy time when the foolish Tories shifted from his neck the yoke of Oxford. That rare and peculiar power is at base a moral force, subtending and supporting the intellect. It may be defined as a growing sense of justice and a vehement desire to attain it, or as an increasing inclination to consider freedom the true basis, as well as the ultimate, of all political action.

I intimated in a late article about Gladstone's lifelong rival and admirer, Lord Beaconsfield, that Beaconsfield's

Radicalism disguised in Toryism was what had forced Gladstone from time to time, as by a sarcasm of destiny, into the extreme liberalism of certain positions. No doubt this is true, but not after the fashion of the mere politician who, to adopt the slang of clubs, "sees" his rival's proposed reform (or bid for popularity) and straightway "goes him one better." I meant that the spectacle of the Tory leader forestalling popular demands and keeping ever an eye on the rising tide of democracy, has unquestionably influenced Gladstone to look deeper into this age on whose surface most men, even great men like Bismarck, have only been disporting like bubbles. As a result of this deep-sea sounding Gladstone has been compelled to realize that Byron's prognostication about the Kingtimes being pretty nearly over contained more truth than error, and that, therefore, it is the business of a liberal statesman (even though he did spring from that class which has been considered a natural "breakwater against the rising tide of democracy") to cease any foolish attempts at turning that fresh and freshening tide, and simply seek to guide it into fields where its irrigation is most aridly needed. This is to my mind, the solution of the Gladstonian riddle. He was forced to see the tendency of the time, the impending necessity of that republicanism which the early Gladstone classed with anarchy and whose import, even in continental politics, seemed dreadful enough to be thought of among the Neapolitan horrors as a superincumbent horror; and seeing this tendency was but the preparation to the later Gladstone for seizing it an dwielding it if possible, not in the sense of a politician who plays for the hour, but of a statesman who works for the future.

Some who profess doubts as to the depth of Gladstone's democracy, complain that he has created more lords during his ministries than any other English premier, as if multiplying the numbers of the peerage would save that tottering House. Is it not just as significant a fact that Gladstone has refused again and again all offers of title from the Queen, preferring to sail down the centuries as the Great Commoner of the Nineteenth?

Looking back, then, over the threescore years (for if he lives two years longer, he will have served his country through sixty years of infinite variety) in which this man has trod the stage of State with firm, unfaltering step, what shall we say of

him as an historic figure — what rank shall we give him who judge him, not with the partisan eyes of countrymen, nor yet with the hostility of foreigners on whose rights rude England is quite likely to trample? It is easy to pronounce a safely qualified, contemporary opinion, but to forecast the ultimate verdict of history quite another thing.

I have endeavored in this brief picture, to throw into relief the facts of heredity and environment, and to blink nothing that might show him at his poorest. Yet simultaneously I have striven to convey the impression which deepens in my own mind every day, that not intellectual fervor, which too often goes "sky-rocketing," as the Germans say, but moral force, beating its way against winds of doctrine on rough waves of doubt, has been the vessel carrying Gladstone on his long course to the Fortunate Islands of honorable fame.

This spiritual lifting along and forcing forward of the best in us, is what has made him the greatest orator of his age. It has been said that no great orator has so few great passages — that it is hard to find a memorable or quotable saying amid the million-worded Niagara of eloquence with which he has deluged England. This is true, but it is equally hard to find a speech of his, especially in the last thirty years, that is not vibrant with the living lightning of a lofty morality eager to diffuse itself into the daily life of a people. His spirit, as revealed in his speeches, is one that does not crave any glory of immediate victory, but desires only to give out its spiritual glow to others, contentedly confident of the fruition of its faith in that future, whose ripeness it aspires to hasten.

And this loftiness of soul, despite the practical mistakes into which it has led him at times, must be the standard of final judgment by which his life is to be measured, for the results of this spirit are larger in their impress on the race than any immediate effects of this or that policy. A closer study of Gladstone's life than this might be justly entitled "Character as a Political Force." Indeed, Character as well as Conquest has its Immortality. Cato, of whom Lucan said grandly "*Victrix Causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni*," survives alongside of Cæsar. In truth, it sometimes seems the one force, not only permanent but increasing in its vigor from æon to æon. Touched by the wand of Time, the

loftiest temples have tumbled; religions have taken their turn; empires evanesced: civilizations evaporated; but the sum of the good in the lives of their best remains. The collective conscience of England will be nobler in the next and succeeding centuries because William Ewart Gladstone has lived.

NOTES ON LIVING PROBLEMS OF THE HOUR.

HIGH TARIFF AND HIGH LICENSE.

I DESIRE to present very briefly some new views of old questions, which seem to be both pertinent and timely to the present discussion of two great public problems.

The practical effect of the tariff on wholesome industry is strikingly similar, up to a certain point, to that of license on the alcoholic drink traffic, especially in the higher degrees of application. In each case, a false stimulus is given to the industry or traffic. For a time, the prosperity of monopoly follows, but the false stimulus soon results in an increase and an excess of production. Then appears the point of radical difference, where we may discover the proper method for government to apply to each problem.

The "over-production" under high tariff creates a natural satiety or glut of things for which people to whom the products are available cannot find use, and which are kept from flowing into larger and remoter channels by the counter prohibitive effect of the tariff upon products naturally exchangeable. The result is the waste and burden of dead loss, and the continuance of that policy is sure to result in utter exhaustion.

The "over-production" under high license constantly stimulates an increasing unnatural consumption, because the demand for alcoholic drink is never satiated or glutted, but "grows by what it feeds upon," and brings the consumer into a physiological condition where he will have drink at any price or hazard. Thus it comes about that the drink traffic undermines all wholesome industry, exactly as it is doing to-day. It withdraws the products of such industry from natural and recuperative exchange, and turns them into channels that are abnormal and destructive.

As a matter of fact, in this country to-day, the legalized drink traffic, as shown by our government records, is annually demanding the expenditure of at least eleven hundred millions of dollars in cash for its destructive products, and the crime and misery directly resulting cost at least as much more, not including the illegal traffic, and its results, of which the government records make no account. The annual absorption of capital and vital

energy by the alcoholic drink traffic in this country is simply incomprehensible.

The immediate effect of high license upon the drink traffic is the gradual monopolization of wealth in that traffic, but inasmuch as its products are destructive, the producing power of its patrons gradually ceases, and finally sucks out its own life and ends in the destruction of all concerned.

Such is the logical and inevitable tendency of the systems of high license and high tariff.

Consideration of the exactly opposite intents of these two systems of legislation, as expressed by the honest advocates of each, will help to bring out more clearly their similar effect in practice. I say "the honest advocates," with especial significance. Certain shrewd and conscienceless speculators in the monopolies of wholesome commodities and of liquor have been quick to perceive the great temporary advantage to be gained for themselves under high tariff and high license. Observe how staunchly the vested interests in the protected industries and in the legalized drink traffic stand by each other, in politics, in the lobby, in the halls of legislation, in the press. It is a very instructive spectacle. These men fully understand the similar practical effect of high tariff and high license. But the great body of voters who favor these two systems are sincere. It is a curious fact that the honest advocates of high tariff are almost identically the advocates of high license, but observe how radically opposite are their claims for each. High tariff is designed by its sincere friends to *stimulate* the growth of wholesome industries. High license is designed by the same sincere friends to *restrict* the growth of the drink traffic. It is hard to understand how otherwise intelligent men can claim and believe that a high tax or license will encourage an industry or traffic in one case and restrict it in another case; but the fact remains that millions of our voters are to-day under this delusion. Present experience, however, is availing mightily to bring out the fallacy and absurdity of this belief.

The specific truth is that high license is an incentive to the saloon and monopolizes and centralizes the rum power in trade and in politics. High tariff has precisely the same effect upon the industries which it concerns. Each policy makes its own industries an expensive burden upon all other industries, by the unnatural support thus filched from the rest. Each stimulates growth, but determines labor, capital, and products to unnatural channels, to the disadvantage of the great body of the people. The volume of consumption is not lessened by high license, nor increased by high tariff, but is *unevenly distributed*, while the labor of production is increased, the unnatural stimulus of the

law being the factor that preserves the apparent but deceptive equation. In both cases, the practical effect is disastrous to the general welfare.

The remedy is plain as soon as the evil is understood.

In the case of wholesome industry, the false stimulus of taxation must be removed. Its burdens will then disappear, and trade will be restored to its normal condition under the natural operation of the law of supply and demand. There is nothing in the present status of the unequal distribution of the products of labor in unnatural channels, which will not gradually and even speedily correct itself when the cause is removed, so great and quick is the recuperative power of natural forces. Hence the wisdom and the necessity of the freedom of trade, subject only to the necessities of revenue for the maintenance of government; assuming that we are to continue the policy of indirect taxation in some form.

But in the case of the drink traffic, it will not now be sufficient to simply withdraw the incentive of license and leave the traffic free. The long continued stimulus has in many cases impaired the natural forces beyond the power of self-recuperation. There has been created an abnormal demand for drink which, as we have already pointed out, "grows by what it feeds upon" and knows no satiety but destruction. Along with this demand, and using under the protection and sanction of the license system, every agency that enterprise, ingenuity, and art can devise to increase the demand, has grown up a lawless, reckless, defiant organization of men who, in the lust of lucre, are determined to continue to supply the demand. That organization is the rum power, which to-day joins with the monopoly power of high tariff to control American politics. In other words the drink traffic and its agencies have gained such a hold upon the government and upon a large share of society, and have developed such momentum withal, that left to itself, the traffic would still perpetuate and increase itself, to a degree which would menace the political and social structure of the republic. Therefore the full force of government must for a time be used to antagonize and break up the present dominance of the rum power and its kindred allied monopolies. Hence the wisdom and necessity of prohibition, that is, the outlawry of the alcoholic drink traffic, of which the legalized saloon is the exponent, and the centralized brewery and distillery are the sources of supply.

The heart and brain of this country to-day know that the saloon is an unqualified curse to society, and that the rum power is a dangerous menace to free government. The sense of common fairness and the enlightened self-interest of the great body of our citizenship feel the injustice, the burden, the un-American-

ism of the so-called protective tariff. But our policy of government in these matters is in radical hostility to the popular judgment. The forces of government must be placed in harmony with social aspiration and economic experience. Either of these factors is fatally handicapped without the co-operation of the other. I believe that it is time for the friends of tariff reform and of temperance reform to realize and recognize that their interests are common and comprise the public interest. I believe we should unite our efforts for the common good. The rum power is the king power. When it falls, its allies fall, and the forces of wholesome progress will hold the field.

ALLEN B. LINCOLN.

LEGISLATIVE DEGENERACY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

UNLESS a radical reform is made possible, it is clear that the system of representative government that lies at the foundation of our republican structure cannot long stand the demoralizing strain to which it is now subjected in nation, State, and municipality. The complaint is universal that American legislative bodies are degenerating. The cause thereof is everywhere the same,—the subordination of public interests to powerful private and special interests. Recent events in Massachusetts plainly and forcibly illustrate the nature and growth of this evil. The rank of Massachusetts as one of the foremost of commonwealths in the general intelligence and morality of her people has long been manifest in the character of her laws and public institutions. This tendency still exists, and asserts itself in legislation where influential private interests are not antagonized thereby. The enactment of the "Australian ballot law" two years ago is an evidence of this. But Massachusetts is one of the most difficult States in the Union to govern. It is so, because it is one of the wealthiest. It is therefore a rich field for exploitation by great moneyed enterprises, to whose success favorable legislation is essential. This can be secured only by active participation in politics; making themselves felt in the nomination and election of officials, and influencing their action when in office. The enormous evil worked by the perversion of the main instrumentality of free and popular government to private ends cannot be exaggerated. Free and popular government ceases to exist, except in form, wherever such influences are successful. In Massachusetts, as elsewhere, these interests are aided in their operations by the practice of making national questions the leading issues in local political contests, where they are of little or no practical moment, while the truly vital questions, those prac-

tically affecting the conduct of affairs in State, town, and city, are either ignored or dealt with most vaguely. Selfish interests find in the smoke and confusion of these mock battles the most effective mask for their operations.

The revelations of the methods employed, made now and then, show how difficult it is to combat them successfully. The State is undermined by the agents of the moneyed interests. These work secretly, and weave their web around the voters with such subtile craft that the latter are compelled unconsciously to work the will of private corporations, instead of their own, when they go to the polls. A mercenary lobby acts as the intermediary between the moneyed interests and the legislators. How far this lobby is the instrument of direct corruption it is difficult to determine. It is almost impossible to obtain actual proof in such matters. But the evidence of effects is often as positive in its demonstration of the nature of causes, as if the causes themselves were visible. There is nothing plainer than the fact that where there is smoke there must be fire. The smoke of legislation enacted uniformly in favor of the moneyed interests that seek it, and conferring great and valuable privileges at the expense of the public, is sufficient proof that the fire of corruption is secretly burning before the altar of Mammon. That legislative corruption exists extensively is believed far and wide. This belief is shared, and is frankly stated in private conversation, by members themselves. Careful, experienced, and candid observers will say that while the House, as a body, appears to have a decided majority of honest men, the Senate is the subservient tool of moneyed interests. "Let it pass the House; we can block it in the Senate!" is the word spoken by the agents for the great corporations when any popular measure which threatens their ascendancy is pending. A small body like the Senate is handled with comparative ease, while the House, as a whole, would be both expensive and difficult to deal with. When a leading Senator invariably champions every measure that is well backed by money and proclaims his intention to push it through in its most noxious form, when he as uniformly opposes every measure designed to give the public any rights in these matters, and when his influence with his fellows is sufficient to make them act with him with equal uniformity, the inference as to the nature of the influences that secure these results is unmistakable.

When legislation must be secured, other factors appear to act in the lower body. According to what members themselves say, there exist in the House two gangs into which the corrupt members have organized themselves for action upon any measure that has money in it. These are commonly known as "the chain gangs." These gangs are said to agree among themselves to

unite in opposing any measure of the kind whose backers refuse to "come down," and, in the differences of opinion always to be found among honest members, these corrupt men hold the balance of power. It was recently testified by an agent of a great corporation that at the end of every legislative session something like ten or twelve members came to him seeking employment in the lobby for the next session. This indicates how common is the prevalence of improper influence in determining the votes of members, and to what an extent both legislative branches have become training schools for the "Third House," which is chiefly made up of ex-senators and ex-representatives. While these men are legislators, what more natural than that they should seek to please the moneyed interests by their votes, when their purpose is to put their law-making experience to its most profitable use by entering the service of those interests at the end of their terms?

The great corporations are not primarily to blame for pursuing the course that they do in influencing legislation. Such methods have come to be recognized features of the present-day code of business morality. The growth, the prosperity, if not the very existence of these corporations depends upon it, and they act under the law of self-defence. It is heard on every side, in business circles, that the employment of every possible means to obtain legislation is right and proper, and such action is apparently justified by the opportunities presented for unscrupulous, cunning, and self-seeking men to get themselves chosen to the legislature, where they may find a rich field for the advancement of their personal fortunes. Therefore every session of the General Court becomes a recruiting ground for the venal army known as the "Third House," whose members make it their business to blackmail all moneyed interests that have favors to seek on Beacon Hill. "We render public services," is the plea of the corporations, "and we cannot perform the offices that the public requires without resorting to the practices that we would avoid if we could."

The thousands upon thousands of dollars thus annually spent by these corporations in obtaining legislation and in defending their interests, would amount to dividends upon a great deal of capital stock, and of course form so much additional charge upon the public in its payments for the services of transportation, communication, illumination, etc. We have seen that these are public services, and that the evils which we have considered arise from their administration by private hands, for private gain. It is evident that, under proper regulations, the public would obtain a much cheaper and more efficient service by taking these functions into its own hands. The only real and lasting remedy

will be found in the adoption of this course. By taking these services out of the hands of private corporations, where they are the chief sources of public corruption and are rapidly converting our system of popular self-government into a plutocracy, and by placing them in the hands of the public itself, as represented by nation, State or municipality, according to their nature, we strike at the tap-root of the corruption that has established itself in our soil. All other remedies will prove but superficial, and the evil will reappear sooner or later. Only thus can we make sure of "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people," and avert the gravest of dangers that has ever threatened our republic,—"a government of money, by money, and for money."

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

MUNICIPAL Government in the United States is perhaps the foulest blot on our political system. As this is universally admitted there is no room for argument, and yet with all that has been written and said on the subject I have seen no remedy proposed.

Will THE ARENA permit me to suggest a remedy for the consideration of thinking men, with the hope that the culture and courage of Massachusetts will give it a trial that might be followed by its general adoption?

Give the Mayor of a city all the powers now possessed by Councils, guarded and controlled by the Swiss referendum system. By the new Constitution of Switzerland, adopted in 1874, the referendum was introduced into their Federal Government.

All the federal laws must be submitted to a popular vote on the demand of thirty thousand electors, being about six per cent. of the whole number. From 1874 to 1886, about one hundred and seven federal laws were passed of which nineteen were submitted by the referendum to the popular vote, thirteen being rejected and six accepted.

Almost all the work done by City Councils is routine work which could be much better done by one man than by twenty or fifty, and with the undivided responsibility resting on him would probably be honestly done. He would be to a city what a General Manager is to a railroad. How would a railroad fare if the duties of the General Manager were intrusted to a committee of twenty or more men? When anything of unusual importance is to be done, the Manager's views are approved or over-ruled by the President and Board of Directors. And so under the plan proposed. When anything of importance is to be done by the

Mayor (which would not be often), his views might be over-ruled by this Board of Directors, the voters of the city.

The obvious objection would be the one-man power; but does not the referendum answer this and make the plan a combination of executive efficiency and pure democracy? Of course to the proper and safe working of the system the Australian Ballot law would be necessary.

No system of municipal government could be worse in practice than our present one, and therefore any change would be an improvement.

J. De Perry Davis.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A BROADER VIEW OF EDUCATION.

LAST month I insisted on the importance of ethical training in the home; at the present time I desire to call attention to the necessity of viewing education in a broader light than that conveyed by the general acceptation of the word. Moral or ethical training may be justly termed the higher education of man; for it applies to the development of those qualities which make manhood lovable, heroic, sublime, and which give to life its richest significance, its purest joy. I do not wish to be understood as disparaging intellectual culture, but in discussing education we must examine it, not from a narrow or limited horizon, but from the highest and most far reaching point of view. Intellectual training has so long been made paramount in the collegiate curriculums that a broader view of the question invariably meets with opposition, or is sneered at as impractical. Yet it is well to remember how little happiness or virtue a purely intellectual education bestows: the greatest scholars, the most brilliant literary figures in history have been far from the happiest of men, nor have they been conspicuous for virtue or moral greatness. Mere intellectual education, with all its value, insures neither happiness nor moral worth.

While, on the other hand, no person who conscientiously cultivates the various attributes that constitute nobility of character, fails to experience the purest pleasure known to life, while he as necessarily makes the world brighter and better, as a fragrant flower perfumes the air in which it blooms. Nor is this education, as many seem to imagine, chimerical; it is eminently practical and may be imparted to all children where parents and teachers have arisen to those moral heights which enable them to realize the value of this most vital education — a culture which yields the truest joy, which wins the greatest victories for the race, which holds in its compass the power to lift into a higher and sweeter existence the humblest artisan toiling at his bench, no less than the sage wrapped in thoughts profound.

Nor do these views apply to parents and teachers alone; they are vitally applicable to every life, as they carry with them a contagious sunshine of health, happiness, and growth. Still further, if, as so many of the noblest and most advanced minds of our age believe, we are fast approaching a day which will scientifically demonstrate the tremendous truth that this life is the ante-room of an existence of eternal progression, it will lend a deeper significance to our plea for a broad and comprehensive development of the spiritual or ethical nature. For such training will mean a life on earth that is a benediction to all with whom the truly cultured one comes in contact and it will be a preparatory training that will enable the unfettered soul to enter the next stage of development erect and with face fronting the morning, instead of maimed, shrivelled, and dwarfed, shrinking from the onward moving forces of light, progress, and harmony. When the broader view of education takes possession of the mind of men and women, when it is generally understood that there daily emanates from every life an influence fragrant and inspiring or depressing if not deadly, we may look for a higher civilization in which parenthood will be held in a far more sacred regard than now, in which passion will be subject to reason and reason guided by the highest spiritual impulses.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

Psychological science is challenging thought at the present time as never before. Great bodies of thinkers are engaged in investigating psychic phenomena, not, we regret to say, in many instances in the sympathetic and earnest manner that should ever characterize the seeker for truth. But the fact is highly significant that those, who, a few years ago, approached the subject confident that in a few months' time they would be able to explode the delusion that for ages had possessed the soul of man, have been compelled by the accumulation of a vast array of unquestionable facts to accept the realities of apparition, telepathy, or thought transference, and clairvoyance or soul vision, and their contributions to the subject are highly valuable as they are the result of cold, critical, and in many cases, unsympathetic investigation. The New York *Herald* in a recent editorial on the universality of belief in apparitions, cites a remarkable case, investigated and published by the Society for Psychical Research, the substance of which we give below: —

A gentleman lost his only sister, eighteen years of age. She died suddenly in St. Louis, Mo. Within a year of her death business called him to that city. While sitting at the table in his room, intently engaged in making up his accounts, he became conscious — that is the phrase used, and, by the way, it was broad daylight at the time — of a presence. He turned, saw his sister, noted her appearance and especially a scratch on the left side of her face. Then the apparition disappeared.

On his return home to the East he was laughed at for his folly. But when he spoke of the scratch on the left cheek the mother turned pale. Nobody but herself was aware of its existence. She tremblingly declared that after her daughter had been placed in her coffin she had herself made that scratch by accident, but had covered it up in such a way that not another living being had ever seen it.

To which the editor adds:

The vision could not have been the result of any subjective state of mind on the brother's part, for he distinctly recognized a peculiarity of which he had no previous knowledge whatever.

If this were a unique and isolated incident we could whistle it down the wind. But, the truth is, no one will read this article without recalling some similar experience in his own family circle.

Camille Flammarion, in his recent romance, Uranie, gives a number of well authenticated instances of remarkable psychic phenomena, many of which while very familiar to students of psychology will be new to many readers. For example, the following facts, presented in the life of Swedenborg, who, it will be remembered, besides being one of the most remarkable seers of any age was a scientist of no mean rank, a member of the Academy of Sciences of Stockholm and St. Petersburg. We quote from Uranie:

"On the 19th of July, 1759, returning from England, this savant landed at Gottenberg, and went to dine at the house of a certain William Costel, where many guests were assembled. At six o'clock in the evening, Swedenborg, who had gone out, returned to the drawing-room, pale and in great consternation, telling them that a fire had just broken out at Stockholm in the Südermolm, in the street in which he lived, and that the flames were spreading rapidly toward his house. He went out again and returned, lamenting that the house of one of his friends had been burnt to ashes, and that his own house was in the greatest danger. At eight o'clock, after having gone out a third time, he exclaimed joyfully: 'Thank God; the fire has been extinguished at the third house from mine.'

"The news spread quickly through the city, in which it caused all the more excitement, as the governor himself was greatly concerned about it, and many persons were uneasy who had property or friends in Stockholm. Two

days later, the royal courier brought the news of the conflagration from that city; there was no discrepancy between his account and that which had been given by Swedenborg; the fire had been extinguished at eight o'clock."

Now Gottenberg is one hundred and twenty-five miles from Stockholm. Swedenborg was at that time in his seventy-second year.

Here is another fact:

"In the month of February, 1772, Swedenborg, being at the time in London, sent a note to John Wesley, the founder of the sect of Wesleyan Methodists, saying that he would be delighted to make his acquaintance. The zealous preacher received this note at the moment when he was about to set out on a mission, and answered that he would profit by this courteous invitation to pay the savant a visit on his return, which would be in about six weeks. Swedenborg replied that in that case they would not see each other in this world, as the 29th of next March would be the day of his death.

"Swedenborg in fact died on the date indicated by him more than a month beforehand. These are facts whose authenticity it is impossible to deny."

The French Astronomer observes: "We might multiply indefinitely these authentic accounts. Facts analogous to those related above, whether occurring at the moment of death or in the normal condition of life, without being of frequent occurrence, are yet not so rare but that every one of our readers may have heard related, or even perhaps himself been witness to one or more of them."

These facts call to mind the remarkable visions, so often spoken of by Alice Cary, which she described as follows:

"The new house was just finished, but we had not moved into it. There had been a violent shower; father had come home from the field, and everybody had come in out of the rain. I think it was about four in the afternoon, when the storm ceased and the sun shone out. The new house stood on the edge of a ravine, and the sun was shining full upon it, when someone in the family called out and asked how Rhoda and Lucy came to be over in the new house, and the door open. Upon this, all the rest of the family rushed to the front door, and there, across the ravine, in the open door of the new house, stood Rhoda with Lucy in her arms. Someone said, 'She must have come from the sugar camp, and has taken shelter there with Lucy from the rain.' Upon this another called out, 'Rhoda!' but she did not answer. While we were gazing, and talking, and calling, Rhoda, herself, came downstairs, where she had left Lucy fast asleep, and stood with us while we all saw, in the full blaze of the sun, the form with the child in her arms slowly sink, sink, sink into the ground, until she disappeared from sight. Then a great silence fell upon us all. In our hearts we all believed it to be a warning of sorrow—of what, we knew not. When Rhoda and Lucy both died, then we knew. Rhoda died the next autumn, November 11; Lucy a month later, Dec. 10, 1833. Father went directly over to the house, and out into the road, but no human being, and not even a track could be seen.

"Lucy has been seen many times since by different members of the family, in the same house, always in a red frock, like one she was very fond of wearing, the last time by my brother Warren's little boy, who had never heard the story. He came running in saying that he had seen a little girl upstairs, in a red dress."

Alice and Phœbe Cary were wonderfully intuitional natures; finely organized, very spiritual in nature, they both possessed the clairvoyant power in a marked degree. On one occasion Phœbe said:

"I know that the dead come back, just as I know I think, or see, or know anything else. It is no more wonderful to me that *I should see and perceive with my soul* than that I am able to discern objects through my eyeballs."

A very interesting and noteworthy instance of the possession of a superior intuitional, a psychometric, or prophetic power was demonstrated a few weeks ago, the possession of which prevented a frightful railway accident, the facts of which are briefly as follows:

A train made up largely of persons who had gone from Springfield to spend Fourth of July in Chicago, the entire party consisting of over two hundred lives, pulled out of that city on the Illinois Central R.R. Soon the train was under speed of thirty miles an hour, when the engineer, Horace L. Seavey, scarcely knowing why he was doing so, began to slacken the train, after which the psychometric power became very vivid, to use his own words:

"In an instant I saw before my eyes as plainly as though the picture was made of material objects, the outlines of the place where that bridge was located two miles from there. It came upon me like a flash. I said to myself: 'That bridge is gone and I know it.' I have had such experiences before, and I have come to rely upon my feelings to a large extent. I did last night, with the full conviction that although I had not seen the place where it was I knew it was gone.

"I stopped the train just as we were within thirty feet of the bridge. My fireman looked ahead, and so did I. The bridge was in reality gone. We jumped out of the cab and made an examination of the place. Where the span had been there was a heap of smouldering embers, and there was nothing left of the bridge save the rails, which still hung over the ravine, held together by the tinders and bolts. The trestle was thirty-five feet long, and eight feet high.

"On either side of the track there is a steep embankment. Rose, the fireman, asked me how I happened to stop the train; I could not tell him. I do not know. I can only say that I knew the bridge was gone. Conductor Edward Collins came forward to see what the matter was, and when he looked at the swinging rails ahead, he could hardly speak. We all thought of Chatsworth, and were thankful indeed that some invisible influence or power had saved two hundred people."

The conscientious and earnest investigator of psychological science after critically examining and promptly dismissing everything that is not unquestionably and manifestly authentic, will still find himself in the presence of a rich and varied storehouse of strange and bewildering facts and of phenomena pregnant with suggestions of great interest and moment. Another thing which will impress him forcibly is the universality of the belief in apparitions, presentiments, and the prophetic or psychometric gift, which has been held by numbers of the wisest and noblest sons of earth from Socrates to Swedenborg, from Swedenborg and Wesley to Alfred Russell Wallace, Camille Flammarion and Prof. Crookes.

In past ages, it is true, the phenomena have been so freely intermixed and intertwined with superstition, that while swallowed with avidity by the open mouth of credulity, they have been regarded with distrust by critical scholars in a naturally skeptical age like ours. Only those who have honestly and earnestly sought the truth by patient, sympathetic investigation have been richly rewarded. But their labors have laid the groundwork for still greater results in the general awakening interest among scientific and critical writers. As Camille Flammarion observes: "The scientific spirit of our age seeks with reason to clear all these facts from the delusive mists of supernaturalism, considering that there is really nothing supernatural and that nature, whose domain is infinite, embraces everything."

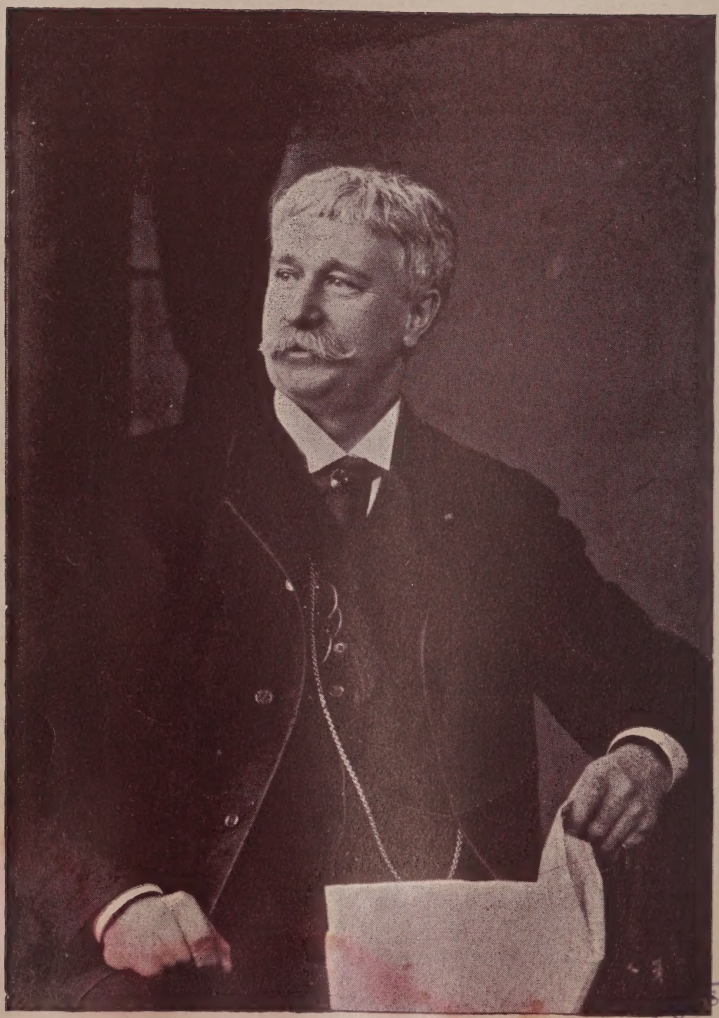
THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD.

One of the really noteworthy recent publications is a little work by Henry Drummond, entitled "The Greatest Thing in the World." The author, in the opening lines of this little book, brushes aside the long revered doctrine of salvation by faith in these significant words: "We have been accustomed to be told the greatest thing in the world is faith; that great word has been the keynote for centuries of

popular religion and we have easily learned to look upon it as the greatest thing in the world. Well, we are wrong." Dr. Drummond next proceeds to impress a great cardinal truth that for ages has dawned but faintly, even when its presence has been recognized in the world. He shows how Love rises far above all else, resplendent with the glory of heaven; that in proportion as Love permeates the soul of man, he becomes godlike, and he makes life around him bright and fragrant. This is one of the straws which indicate the trend of religious thought, even among the most illustrious representatives of orthodox thought. It reveals the fact that, despite all efforts that blind leaders of blind masses have put forth to repress the spirit and exalt the letter,—humanity is rising into a nobler conception of life and duty. Only the pure gold of any system of ethics suffices to satisfy the heart and brain of the present age. "The greatest of these is Love." "Love is the fulfilling of the law," declares Paul. Peter urges, "above all things have fervent love among yourselves;" and John declares that "God is Love." After emphasizing these thoughts, Mr. Drummond proceeds to examine Paul's analysis of Love. "It is a compound thing. It is like light; you have seen a scientist pass a ray of light through a crystal prism and you have noticed it came out on the other side broken up into its component colors, all the hues of the rainbow. Paul passes Love through the prism of his intellect and it comes forth broken up into its elements,—thus he gives us what we might call the spectrum of Love, which has nine ingredients, viz.: PATIENCE — 'Love suffereth long'; KINDNESS, 'and is kind.' GENEROSITY — 'Love envieth not.' HUMILITY — 'Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.' COURTESY — 'doth not behave itself unseemly.' UNSELFISHNESS — 'seeketh not her own.' GOOD TEMPER — 'is not easily provoked.' GUILELESSNESS — 'thinketh no evil.' SINCERITY — 'rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in truth.'"

Wide indeed is the field this magic word covers and most thoroughly a heart radiant with true love is prepared to make life bright, to promote the fellowship or brotherhood of mankind: "To make peace on earth." The scholarly author notices, at length, each element as brought forth by Paul's analysis of Love, after which he gives advice so practical, so clear, and so free from cant, dogmatism, or the foolish mummery that, chrysalis-like, shrouds so much religious thought that all can appreciate its worth. "The business of every life," says Mr. Drummond, "is to fit these things into our character. This is the supreme work to which we should address ourselves—*to learn to love*. The world is no playground, it is a school-room. Life is not a holiday, it is an education. The eternal lesson for each one to learn is how we can better love." Soul development comes only by practice. There is no strength of character, no vigor, no moral fibre, no beauty of spiritual growth but which comes through practice.

So broad and healthy is the spirit of this little book; so bold in its contrast to the discordant jangle of so much that is being put forth under the mask of religion, that the finding of such a work proceeding from the bed rock of orthodoxy, is like coming upon a fountain after chasing for hours mirages in a desert land.



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THE DEATH PENALTY.

BY GEORGE F. SHRADY, A. M., M. D.

THE execution by electricity which has recently taken place has brought to the surface of general discussion a subject of the greatest concern to society at large. Upon the electric chair at Auburn was focussed the high light of a world-wide interest. It was promised that the new method of getting rid of a murderer should be an improvement upon all others. History must now record its failure from many points of view. When the harrowing details of the death chamber were tingled along the telegraph wires of the country, and their impulses were throbbed through the cable, the entire civilized world viewed the scene with astonished horror. The criminal became a martyr and the manner of his execution was anathematized by the daily press as a disgrace to civilization. He came to it submissively, trusting to an easy death, but was killed like a writhing dog. He kept his promise to do as well as he could, and the only mercy was that he was rendered unconscious from the first. Viewed even as a scientific operation, however, it transcended in apparent brutality anything that can be imagined. And yet this was claimed to be the true and improved way of doing it. This, too, after all the discussion by expert electricians, after all the experiments upon the lower animals, after the careful examination of the power of different machines, the accurate measurement of volts, the elaborate estimation of resistance to currents, and the exhaustive study of the generating power of different dynamos. It was the first dreadful trial on a human being to measure the terrible force of quickly repeated lightning strokes against his vital tenacity.

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Seemingly every precaution had been taken to make the result a certainty, when exactly the opposite was proved.

As now shown there was no accurate and reliable way of determining positively when real death occurred. None of the experts dared examine the victim while the deadly current was coursing through its circuit. No one could go near to feel the pulse, or to listen to the heart beat. All the chances were taken upon the actual number of seconds required to make life extinct. That there was an error of judgment in that regard was shown in the respiratory struggles of the criminal after the first shock was administered. Although there was no more pain or agony during these efforts than if the man had been under the influences of an anæsthetic and had been undergoing a severe surgical operation, there was scarcely less doubt, under such conditions, that he might not have rallied if the shock had not been repeated. Viewed from such standpoints it can hardly be claimed that the first use of electricity as a means of producing death easily, quickly, and as some have claimed "pleasantly," was, by any means, a success. All this was done for the sake of making an improvement upon the other forms of execution. When, however, we compare electricide with these, we are forced to admit that it utterly failed to meet the extravagant claims of its advocates. The scene in the death chamber was well calculated to impress any impartial observer with this fact. For the poor victim's sake we are glad to believe that he suffered no pain, but at the first stroke he was simply shocked, not killed, then after a torturingly long interval the shock was repeated and continued, until the burning flesh of his back demonstrated that the sacrifice had been complete. From the administration of the first stroke until the second circuit was finally interrupted, five minutes and twenty-eight seconds elapsed. In view of these facts it can hardly be said that the execution was a speedy one, certainly not as quick as lightning. That the murderer suffered nothing is no argument in favor of the apparent brutality of failing to kill him at the first blow, then striking him again and accidentally roasting him afterwards. The start was well enough, perhaps, but who can contemplate the finish without a shudder. The only comfort those can take who have advocated the new plan, is that the first current was a stunning one. But in the other methods of inflicting the death penalty is there more suffering?

Excepting perhaps the Russian plan of execution by the knout — beating the life out of the victim with a loaded lash — the dreadful element of pain to the individual is hardly worthy of consideration. The guillotine is certainly very rapid in its action, and, as far as can be judged by analogy with similar phenomena all sensation is abolished on the instant of the stroke. The communication with the pain centres is at once cut off, and the sensation current is instantly interrupted. The only revolting part of the proceeding is the necessary shedding of blood; but this, scripturally speaking, should render the killing contract more valid. As to rapidity and effectiveness the same thing is done with the heavy Japanese sword, and with scarcely less precision. The Spanish garrotte crushes the cervical spine and upper spinal cord by means of a screw quickly working through the back of an iron collar. Death here is practically instantaneous. The same may be said also of hanging. The instant the noose tightens its choking grip, consciousness is gone. The contorting spasms of the larger muscles are merely involuntary movements that have no connection with appreciable pain. At least, this is the testimony of men who have been cut down while insensible from attempted suicide by such means, or who have been similarly rescued from accidental hanging. When there has been bungling, the rope should not be blamed. Even the electric chair may not have had its chance.

The objection to hanging on the grounds of simple humanity has been that some moments must elapse before actual death can be a certainty. When the neck is not broken (and this is the rule), the heart continues to beat in a more or less irregular manner for several minutes after the suspension. But if the hanging is properly done, death is always sure and there are never any attempts, reflex or otherwise, at respiration. The victim, free from pain and absolutely unconscious after the first convulsive throes, swings motionless in mid air, a limpid nothing of humanity. Unconsciousness and consequent loss of sensation are in such instances evidently due to the combined effects of the shock of the fall and of the congestive brain pressure caused by the grip of the noose.

Of the five forms of execution now in vogue, that adopted by military tribunals is open to the most objections. The

bullet oftentimes misses its aim and a vital part is not always struck. There is a sentiment associated with dying a soldier's death that cancels in a measure its otherwise revolting aspect. It is well-known that no individual of the firing squad is aware that his particular rifle is loaded with ball and he naturally hopes it is not. There is never a heart in the work of shooting a comrade. The aim is almost purposely wide of its mark and consequently with a risk to the condemned man, of pain and suffering when death is not speedy. In times of war, when military executions are most frequent, the life of an ordinary soldier is of such small value that little if any attention is given to technical details, and still less is any criticism invited as to the mere humanity of the proceeding.

In studying the technique of executions it is interesting to note a desire on the part of those who believe in these forms of punishment, to inflict as little suffering as possible upon the condemned one. This is as it should be and is so far a credit to our present civilization. Those who hold a contrary view are happily in the very small minority. There is only pity for such as claim that the more severe, revolting, and cruel we make an execution, the better will it serve its purpose. It is to be regretted, in this age of enlightenment, liberality, and progress, that even clergymen should be found among the staunch advocates of this obnoxious doctrine. By their training and mission it would be quite reasonable to expect from them something in advance of the religion of the fire and the sword. Thinking men now ask a better argument for revenge than the quotation of a text or the literal interpretation of a scriptural injunction. Strange to say in a newspaper column of personal interviews representing the opinions of scores of leading preachers there was scarcely a man among them who was not in favor of some form of capital punishment, and not one who was not willing to advise it as a last and effectual remedy for murder. Such conclusions are, to say the least, sorry comments upon a gospel which for nearly nineteen centuries has lent its best efforts towards Christianizing humanity. "But," say the advocates of this doctrine, "executions are highly beneficial in that the very horror which attends them acts as a direct preventive of similar crimes in others. Capital punishment has a direct deterrent effect upon murder. This is its chief, if not only

aim." Let us candidly inquire if this is really so. How much of truth and fact is on their side?

Viewing this question of the death penalty in its broadest sense, we are led to look at it from many aspects. What effect, for instance, has it upon a murder already committed? It certainly does not cure the crime. That is past cure. The deed is done and the victim is beyond help. We cannot remedy one murder by committing another. Whether this is under the sanction of law or not does not alter the principle upon which this so-called justice is founded. Retribution in this sense is but another name for revenge. When we stigmatize it thus, we approach the real point at issue. Society has no more moral right to take this punishment upon itself than has an individual who is the nearest of kin to the victim. The law holds the matter in its own hands on the plea that the murderer shall have a fair trial. So far there is a show of justice in the proceeding; but if found to be guilty, the result to the culprit is the same. Society then simply revenges the death, instead of allowing any single individual to do so. So far as the criminal is concerned, we have done nothing more than kill him. It has been an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life. The account in this respect is squared up,— blood for blood. The crime of murder is expiated — technically and judicially speaking, remedied.

To such as believe in the deterrent effect of execution it may be well to consider the uncertainty of convictions for murder. It is fair to presume that the reasonable hope of escaping the gallows offsets in no small degree the fear of it. No sooner is the crime committed than the legal adviser is consulted, and, in the majority of cases, fulfils his promise to obtain a verdict of acquittal. Conviction thus becomes the exception rather than the rule. The criminal classes know this and act accordingly. An experienced criminal lawyer of New York is quoted as saying that of nearly six hundred cases of murder of which he was the counsel, scarcely a score were punished. The lesson which this teaches cannot be misinterpreted; the criminal who is actually sentenced and executed, is looked upon more as an unfortunate victim of the law than one who justly deserved his punishment. He has a funeral largely attended by sympathizing friends who never tire in praising his noble, plucky, but untimely death.

He is the hero of the hour, with virtues that invite emulation, rather than the criminal whose disgraceful end should be a lasting example to all evil doers. Of course it is hardly to be expected that the murderer should confess his guilt. He thus leaves nothing behind him for good. He simply goes to glory an innocent man and the hanging lesson thus endeth. A lie is, to all intents and purposes, not a lie when uttered under the gallows. A murderer facing death is the last person in the world from whom a good moral precept can be extracted. As an example he is by no means a success, and consequently has no very striking deterrent effect upon the community. What could be expected from hanging what the victim says is an innocent man? We get him out of the way in a very radical manner, to be sure, but do we do so as a warning to others of his ilk? Do they profit by it? Take up the morning papers and read of murder everywhere. In the next column to the report of the execution is that of an assassination in broad daylight and in a public thoroughfare. The execution was horrible, so was the new murder. They occur entirely independent of each other, it is true, but the coincidence is quite striking enough to shake our faith in the deterrent theory. Even to ordinary observation it is quite evident that murders are not on the decrease; on the contrary, if we interest ourselves enough to count them as they are reported almost daily, we are inclined to take the opposite view. If, however, we attempt to solve the reasons for the commission of crime as we would any other problem and look for an explanation of apparent inconsistencies, some very interesting and instructive explanations offer themselves. And, strangely enough, all these facts are directly opposed to the ordinarily accepted doctrine of prevention; in truth the fear of death by execution is so far in the background as hardly to be worthy of consideration. To properly appreciate their significance we must study the philosophy of crime not only as regards the individual criminal, but also in his relation to society.

Let us get at this part of the question as directly as possible by asking, what is murder? In the vast majority of cases it is an accident of passion in an individual who has lost his self-control. He is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a weak vessel, a crooked pot that has been jarred out of his equilibrium. He tumbles over and we smash him

in pieces accordingly. He was born crooked; we are hardly prepared to discover that the criminal is born not made. But this can be proved to be true, nevertheless. There is as much heredity in crime as in consumption, cancer, or insanity. The statistics of prisons show that crime in one shape or another can trickle through families even to the sixth generation. With insanity this is notoriously so. The records of our insane asylums are filled with such histories. Occasionally the criminal proclivities, eccentricities, and other mental defects of ancestry are the subjects of legal inquiry before the courts, but as this is done more to prove hereditary insanity than to excuse crime, sociologists have been compelled to look to other sources for their data. The criminal belongs to a class distinct in itself, which has its own peculiarities, its own statistics, its own laws, and its well-defined relation to society. He comes into the world with a defect in his moral constitution and unless this is counteracted by the proper educating influences, he is in the long run as sure to commit crime as are the sparks to fly upward. The seed always produces its kind in the proper soil. The criminal will always fit his environment. The murder, for instance, is the fruition of the seed in the proper ground. The act is almost an instinct of his living. To prevent it would be to kill him before, not after it is done, or, better still, we should be able to forbid the matrimonial bans of his ancestors. All this goes to show how far back lie the causes of the crime. It is a latent principle in his very blood that awaits the ferment of unguarded passion.

These seeds of crime are being sown constantly in our midst, and in the present state of society such will be the case, do what we will to prevent it. We can no more guard against this condition of things by executing criminals than we can by destroying the fruit of one seed hinder other and similar seeds from taking root. We are thus attacking the effect rather than the cause. But the real cause in the individual is mostly beyond our reach. We have no means of knowing his proclivities towards murder until the deed is done. Even if it were otherwise the gallows would have no more terrors for him than for any other man. Until after the murder is accomplished he has been accustomed to believe that the guillotine or the rope was intended for some one else. No individual, no matter how depraved he is, ever expects

to be a murderer, and, consequently, he never feels the need of the lesson from the scaffold. If he learns it at all, it is too late either to do any good to his victim or himself.

We say that it is necessary when deeds are done that man should fit his environment. It is quite true that society in its retroactive influence has as much to do with the commission of the crime as does the criminal. There is a social as well as a physical law for crime. Given a certain condition of society and the ratio of murders is always the same, no matter how severe the punishment for the crime may be. The mere fear of the death sentence apparently has no effect upon the would-be criminal. If it were otherwise, we should expect a proportionate decrease in the number of murders committed as compared with the number and severity of the executions. But, strangely enough, the number of murders never varies. It is as constant as the birth rate and the death rate. We have an individual with certain instincts on one side and a certain condition of his surroundings on the other, and we predicate the result with a mathematical certainty.

It may be a comforting thought that crime is prevented by punishment, that a great many who might be murderers are deterred from becoming such by the death penalty, but we have no means of proving it. It is hard to estimate how a thing which does not happen is prevented from happening. When we argue from such premises, we are swinging around a circle of negative proportions. When, however, we start from a fixed point, when we actually know the exact rates of certain crimes, we expect if there is any good in certain so called deterrent influences, to see the results in lowering the crime record. If the fear of death has had any real influence in that direction, it should have shown itself long ago. It has had no effect on the criminals who crop up year after year, keeping the roster full. Why did not the last murderer fear the gallows in time to avoid it? We know he did not, that the next criminal will not, and yet we go on talking of the necessity for capital punishment. If fear of the death penalty deserved a tithe of its claim as a preventive of murder, the crime would long ago have been banished from the face of the earth. It should certainly have proved its utility by this time. No matter what theory may be advanced as to the prevention of murder, it is quite

evident that the fear of execution is not one that can be demonstrated by the facts of experience. So far as we can see, the dread does not show itself until the criminal cools his passion and has opportunities for reflection.

Naturally at this stage of the discussion comes the question, Why kill the criminal at all? If society wishes to enforce the estimation of the value and sanctity of human life, why does it take life itself for any reason? Even an enlightened and powerful commonwealth has no excuse for allowing two murders for one crime. If we really desired to show our horror of killing, we should have it understood by word and act that so precious is human life that even the murderer shall not be deprived of it.

When we are unable to prove that execution has a deterrent effect upon murder, when we do not wish to have it said that such a punishment is dictated by revenge, the real question narrows itself to that of protecting society by doing away with the criminal in the simplest and most effectual manner. Practically in the present state of our knowledge everything must turn upon this. But must we necessarily kill him to get rid of him? Life imprisonment becomes the only satisfactory solution to this problem. Society by such means absolves itself from the crime of a second murder, and as securely guards itself from future harm as if the criminal were dead already. The culprit is simply left to his own punishment, which is ample and severe enough. What, indeed, is more dreadful than the remorse of a blighted life; what greater torture could be devised by the most revengeful man? No argument is needed to prove this. History and fiction vie with each other in depicting the horrors of a bad conscience. The most thrilling terrors have it as their dark background. It is the cold shadow by day and the black wing by night. There need be no fear on the part of those who even believe in the severest measures on punishing murder that imprisonment for life is not sufficient. Even the majority of criminals prefer hanging when they know that this form of confinement is sure. In order to be effective, however, it must be so. The conviction of the murderer must be certain. Let the trial be as thorough as law and justice can make it, but let the sentence be final, without the chance of technical appeal, executive clemency, or other hope for pardon. Let the criminal know and feel that there is

nothing for him outside of his cell, that he is as dead to the world as if he had swung upon the gibbet. When he is made to realize this, he has the mark of Cain upon him, and his punishment is as great as he can bear. It is not difficult to imagine that the knowledge of such a fate awaiting the wrong doer would have a far more deterrent effect than the most horrible execution imaginable. It has been often said that you cannot put a man to a worse use than to kill him. This is eminently true, even with a criminal. Something good can be obtained from the most depraved characters. They can at least be made to work and thereby benefit society. Better still, perhaps, they may be forced to support by their labor the family of their victim.

Viewing the murderer as a bad man and one who is in danger of contaminating his fellow prisoners, it would be necessary to keep him by himself—a moral leper from whom others should be protected. An effectual way of accomplishing this would be the construction of prisons in each State solely for murderers, and the placing of them in charge of experienced disciplinarians, who should have ample powers for carrying out the strictest letter of the law.

Scientifically speaking, if such prisons were established, much good might be gained by the study of criminal character. Everything is to be learned in this direction, if we would gain a rational insight of the causes and prevention of crime. The want of some positive knowledge on these points explains, in part at least, the reason why we still kill murderers. We should study their characteristics as we do the symptoms of a disease, as we do fevers in our hospitals and insanity in our asylums. What valuable statistics could thus be obtained if the hereditary predispositions that worked their sad result in each case could be properly classified, if the influences of particular environments upon the individual could be carefully noted and if the varied psychological processes which made murder almost a foregone conclusion could be rightly understood; we could thus make an autopsical examination of the dead character as effectually useful in the collection of trustworthy data, as we could a similar study by the use of the dissecting knife upon an equally veritable cadaver. Let us punish the criminal if we will; let us brand him with his mark; let us show, if you please, that society is outraged by his doings; let us make his pun-

ishment as severe as possible and thus deter others from crime if we can,—but while we are looking for more light let us study him, not kill him. There are laws for crime which are as well founded as those for the winds, the tides, light and darkness, birth and death, even suicide and so-called accident. The whole philosophy of jurisprudence must be based upon a proper understanding of them. Exhaustive statistics are at hand waiting for the earnest student to marshal them in the lines of legitimate deduction. We may yet discover where the real responsibility for crime belongs; we may be able in time to demonstrate which is most to blame, the instincts of the criminal or the influences of the society in which he lives and moves. But what if in the end society itself were found most at fault in the first as well as in the second killing? What new application could then be made for the deterrent doctrine with the blood-cry of the common murderer in our ears? How could justice strike the balance? On which side would the weight of censure be placed? Might not even the death chair itself be the fitting judgment seat from which to pass the sentence?

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN AND THE CATHOLIC REACTION.

BY JAMES T. BIXBY, PH. D.

THE chemists tell us that when a saturated solution has stood in quiet for a certain length of time, it reaches a state, in which the dropping of the most infinitesimal grain into the solution, will suddenly solidify the whole mass. The crystals were already to set, every molecule of the fluid polarized, and it only needed the slightest jar of the liquid to transform it into a mass of crystals.

The intellectual atmosphere of England between 1830 and 1840 was in just this condition of unstable equilibrium; ready for crystallization in a new form. The influences that had dominated the intellectual aspirations of Europe through the first quarter of this century were already spent, or fast dying out. In the impassioned stanzas of Byron and Shelley, and in the early strains of Wordsworth and Schiller, we still hear the voice of the Revolution, shouting forth its defiances or exulting in the perfection which humanity should attain to, when custom, law, and tradition were abolished. By the end of the third decade of the century, the vanity of these generous illusions had become too sadly evident. Liberty had been found to be far other than a panacea to all the evils of the world. The adored progress seemed to be a crab which led the world backward into anarchy, scepticism, and despondence.

It was only natural, then, that reaction should take place, and that the new idols should be thrown down and the old divinities reinstated.

The fresh recollections of the guillotine's work in Paris, and the Reign of Terror, over which a goddess of Reason presided, made the very names of Liberty and free thought distasteful. The ebb tide swept men's sympathies with unprecedented force toward absolutism in politics and tra-

ditionalism in religion. The latter was but another aspect of the former. The same retreating wave that gave the politics of that age the Holy Alliance, and in art, developed the Romantic School, with its mediæval sentimentalities and quaintnesses, naturally tended in the religious fields to bring back the faith and ritualism of the olden days.

In 1822, Comte had proclaimed to an approving world that theology was a stage of development belonging only to the infancy of the race and the credulity of childhood. In less than twenty years, however, the burning questions that agitate Universities are those relating to candles on altars and albs and dalmatics on rectors' shoulders, and the scholarly reviews teem with articles on the Tridentine decrees, the usage of priestly confession, and the dogma of Apostolic succession.

This was the movement that on the continent became the Ultramontanism, which has put Catholicism everywhere on the aggressive, and regained for it strongholds that for centuries it had seemed idle for it to dream of recovering. In England, it gave rise, first, within the heart of the Established Church, to that Tractarian or Oxford movement, which has now made the High Church the most influential of all parties in the Anglican establishment; and secondly, to that Catholic reaction, which sent for forty years a constantly increasing stream of secessionists out of the national church of England into the pale of Rome.

The leader and representative of this movement was John Henry Newman. He it was who, at the critical epoch, by his potent personal magnetism, first drew the scattered forces together, and then, out of the midst of the clouds, discharged the bolt, which shook the Protestant world as perhaps no other ecclesiastical event has ever shaken it. There are many other notable names connected with the High Church reaction, — the saintly Keble, the author of the "Christian Year"; Hurrell Froude, the brilliant and dashing Fairfax of the movement; Dr. Pusey, the learned scholar, after whom this school of thought was sometimes called the Puseyite.

But Newman was, as Froude says, "the true chief of the Catholic revival. To him, if to any one man, the world owes the intellectual recovery of Romanism." He was from the outset, both the Moses and the Aaron of the new Exodus; the one man without whom, humanly speaking, it was impossible that the Romanism, which fifty years ago was a

dying creed in England, should to-day boast such illustrious converts and even indulge hope of yet seeing rebellious England turn its face to Rome as a penitent prodigal returns to the bosom of the Mother Church.

His younger brother, Francis, speaks of John Henry Newman as "having a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attractive gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose, and the faculty of attracting to himself the passionate devotion of friends and followers." So ardent and almost unquestioning was this personal devotion among the young students grouped around him at Oxford, that Whately well satirized the Tractarian movement as simply "Newmania" and it was said, in reply to those who wanted to know what the belief of its members were, that with many of them their creed had only one article — "Credo in Newmannum;" i. e. I believe in Newman.

In Newman's earlier life, we find him tossed to and fro by contradictory tendencies. At an early age he exhibited a strong leaven of scepticism. He doubted the existence of any reality beyond phenomena, and supposed that all things external were an illusion. At the age of fourteen, he found pleasure in thinking of Tom Paine's objections against the Old Testament, and, in one of his University sermons, vindicated the principles of Hume's Essay on Miracles, though asserting that Hume had misapplied them.

Side by side with these doubting tendencies of his intellect, stood and struggled the believing instincts of his heart.

Under the influence of Rev. Walter Mayer's sermons, he experienced an inward conversion, of which he says, "I felt more certain of it than that I had hands and feet." Fired with enthusiasm for evangelical views, he became a prominent advocate of them. His reverence for bishops however was, from his early days, intense; and his brother Francis tells how sternly he reproved him for some careless remarks about these ecclesiastical functionaries. To John Henry, the bishops seemed, even in these early days, beings of some supernatural order.

While in the realm of the intellect, he was ever a doubting Thomas, in the realm of the heart he was a Saint John, or one might rather say a Tertullian, to whom the impossibility of understanding a doctrine was always the chief reason why it should be believed.

It is the conflict between these two opposing elements in his nature which explains the eccentricities and final end of his career. His subtle reason and wide ranging research were continually finding some new objection to traditional faith. The pious sentiment within him recoiled with horror before the chasm, and as he felt that he must escape it some way, he deliberately shut his eyes, and accepted as a manifest oracle whatever would give the pleasant assurance that there was no chasm there at all.

When, for example, he learned from Dr. Hawkins that there were weighty grounds for suspicion as to the infallibility of the books and canon of Scripture, and that the sacred text was never intended to teach the orthodox doctrines, his conclusion was, not that these doctrines better be dropped, but that we should fall back on the fortress of tradition and Church authority and there intrench ourselves.

When, under the guidance of Butler, he finds only a group of probabilities as the basis of the idea of God, and that the dogmas of the Church are shrouded in mystery, at once, he discerns in this cloud of doubt the plain necessity of believing in a visible Church, with bishops standing in the place of God, lineal inheritors and guardians of religious truth unto men. Man must have unerring instinct; unshakable conviction of religious truth. It was a necessity of human nature; at least of his nature, which had a perfect horror of uncertainty. And, therefore, he felt it to be a matter of spiritual life and death, to believe, and make the world believe, in that theory of the Church as God's vicegerent and authoritative representative on earth, which could alone give absolute certainty in matters of faith.

It was thus that the very activity and subtlety of his reason led him to disparage and renounce it, and erect above it the fictitious oracle of an infallible Church. Dogma he assumed to be Divine Truth. From the age of fifteen, he says, "Dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion. I know no other religion,—I cannot enter into the idea of any other religion." Liberalism was anti-dogma and therefore always to be combated. Free thought was to Newman the very spirit of Anti-Christ.

His mind had already moved fast and far in this direction, when certain political and ecclesiastical changes fanned his glowing piety to a white heat. Some sinecure bishoprics in

Ireland had been suppressed, and some Church property confiscated by the infidel Whigs. His indignation could no longer be restrained from public expression. With a dozen other congenial spirits, who like him held the Established Church of England to be no "dissident Protestant" body, but the Church, in the only true sense, the rightful heir and representative of the Apostolic Communion, and who delighted in the mediæval saints and their miracles, reverenced the Church Fathers as better authority than the Bible, and utterly detested any union of Church and State, Newman plunged into the fray. He preached sermons and wrote tracts of the most uncompromising and startling order. He declared his conviction that "it would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion, than at present it shows itself." His ambition was to restore primitive Christianity. He declared his admiration of the Church of Rome, and condemned the Reformation as a mistake; held up antiquity as the interpreter of Scripture, and by the keenest intellectual sleight of hand sought to prove that the Articles of the Church of England themselves were in harmony with these views.

His boldness electrified the multitude of young men at the Universities who were dissatisfied with the general deadness of the Churches, and the movement spread with amazing rapidity.

Thus the Anglo-Catholics, as they called themselves, soon became a power in the National Church and an object of alarm to her rulers and friends, It was not long, however, before the movement over-shot its goal.

As fast as Newman converted his admiring hearers and readers to his Anglo-Catholicism, and persuaded them to recognize in the authority of tradition, in the mass, in purgatory, and infallible councils, the doctrines which had been the ancient faith of Christendom, there arose the question, "Are these doctrines to be found in the Thirty-nine Articles, and if they are repudiated there, how can the Church of England be a branch of the Church Catholic?"

In the famous tract, No. 90, Newman tried to minimize these discrepancies, and show that the Articles were quite as capable of being interpreted in a Catholic sense as in a Protestant.

He argued that the Articles were not directed against

Catholic doctrines, but the popular abuse of those doctrines; the articles were legal documents, and therefore not to be interpreted by the opinions of the bishops who framed it, but, like other legal documents, by the letter and the text; and whatever Catholic doctrine was not expressly forbidden and pronounced against, it was still open to the Anglicans to hold.

To his opponents and to the public at large, this seemed mere quibbling and subterfuge. Everyone knew that the English Church meant to leave, and did leave the Roman fold. The Articles were the battlements within which Protestantism in England had intrenched itself against the beleaguering hosts of the Papacy. And now, Newman was undermining these battlements and knocking breaches through them everywhere. There was a general outcry against him, as a traitor in the camp. So high did the excitement run that the Episcopal authorities themselves at last took up the matter. His own bishop declared that Newman by the verbal evasions of his so-called interpretations, "would make the Articles mean anything or nothing" and he was requested to discontinue the publication of any more tracts.

To the Anglo-Catholic movement this was a crushing blow. The principle of their whole propaganda was to exalt the authority of the Church, and its officers. Newman regarded his bishop as his Pope, and now, these authorities themselves had condemned his views.

The dismay of his party, as Newman himself has wittily said, was like that of the sailors in the Arabian tale, who mistook a whale for an island, and when they had struck their anchors in the supposed soil, lighted their fires and spread their tents, suddenly saw the island heave, splash, dive, and swim away, spouting out inhospitable jets of water on the credulous mariners who had made it their home.

Where, then, should Newman and his friends go? It was evident that their position was an untenable one. They must retreat, or go straight on, breaking through the pale of the established Church. It was evident to all the lookers on, that this latter was the only logical course. Newman's Via Media, as he called it, twist about as it might, must at last end in Rome. But for a long time he vacillated. He could not bear to take a leap, that would wrench all his sympathies and sensibilities (always with Newman his

ultimate test of right thought and action) as this would. So, as a witty follower of his describes him, — "He sat on the top of the fence, with his feet hanging toward the road, as if he meant to take his time and let himself down easily."

But when, by and by, in his historical researches he found that his Anglo-Romanism was just such an attitude as the Monophysite heretics had taken in the fourth century, and when an acute critic compared his position to that of the schismatic Donatists; when the Bishops, by their condemnation of the principles of his movement, practically said, "We do not aspire to Catholicity," and by their action in the matter of the Jerusalem Bishopric and elsewhere showed that they did not think that either heresy or schism was as bad a thing as intolerance, — then he felt himself forced to say farewell to the Church in which he was born. He could bear patiently all manner of taunting and insinuations, accusations of inconsistency, of double dealing, and hypocrisy, and abuse of his position as a church-man; but to find a speck of heresy on his garments, or to be mixed up with schismatics and seceders from the ancient church, such as Lutherans or Calvinists,—*this* was too much for him. He resigned his living, and after a brief period of further deliberation, sent for Father Domine, the Passionist, and gave in his submission to Rome. Henceforth he felt at rest; — he had made "the grand renunciation" as he believed; he had found the one ancient fold of Christ, and to its authoritative holders of the keys, he had irrevocably delivered up his reason, with all its questionings, to be guided by them in all things.

Henceforth, as he said, there is no history of his opinions, no variations in them. Because, henceforth, it has been the Church, that has decided for him; his concern has been simply to accept and defend what has been given to him.

He recognized clearly the difficulties in many of the Catholic doctrines. But he did not allow these difficulties to lead him to doubt them. He held his reason, for the future, strictly under the orders of the Church. And whenever it bid him swallow an intellectual chestnut-burr, he unhesitatingly gulped the burr, using his understanding only to smooth its downward passage with as good a salve of special pleading as possible. As to the doctrine of transubstantiation, e. g., he says, "I cannot indeed prove it:

I cannot tell how it is; but I say — why should it not be? what's to hinder? what do I know of substance or matter? Just as much as the greatest philosophers, and that is, — nothing at all."

When the dogma of the Papal Infallibility was proposed, Newman wrote strongly against it and described its promoters as an "insolent faction." But immediately it was adopted, he submissively ate his own words. "He is not the true churchman," Newman once said, "who believes in the Church *because* it is in the right, but he who accepts it humbly, without presuming to ask any such question."

To a convert of such fame, influence, and ability, coming in such a spirit, preceded by numerous friends and disciples, forwarded by his own teachings, the Roman Church naturally gave the heartiest welcome, and advanced him step by step to the highest dignities.

For years he was their intellectual leader and chief apostle to the Gentile world of English culture and rank. In his own church, he became Cardinal and an influence almost unequalled; and in the Protestant world, he retained the esteem and affection even of those who have most stoutly combated his arguments.

When he first renounced Protestantism, he was widely suspected and openly charged with duplicity of dealing in remaining so long in the Established Church, while propagating views that had no other logical or practical ending than in the Church of Rome. But by the light thrown so candidly on the workings of his mind by his autobiographic account of them in his "Apologia," his perfect honesty has been generally recognized. The fact is that for years,— the years in which he was most before the public, his own mind was thoroughly unsettled, and the very keenness and subtlety of his intellect, continually finding new distinctions, ever discovering new logical hairs to split, 'twixt north and northwest side, prevented him from seeing (what all about him saw) that there was no resting place for a mind such as his but in the Church of Rome. The moth might flutter and wheel wildly round and round the candle, but its eyes were already dazed, its wings scorched, and it must soon drop among the host of intellectual suicides that strew the soil of the Roman Church.

But how was it possible that an acute and candid reason

like Newman's, thoroughly educated and enlightened, acquainted with all modern science, philosophy, and history, starting in the freedom and light of Protestantism, could yet renounce it and lay down his independent judgment, as a sacrifice, which he fancied well pleasing to God, on the altar of the Roman Church?

That seems an unaccountable mystery. It is, and it is not. Given a nature with those contending forces, that intensity of opposing elements that were in Newman, and it is not an unnatural result. Had either his faith been less passionate or his understanding less keen, he would have lived and died where he was brought up. But as it was, his ecclesiastical migration was a rational as well as a sentimental necessity.

To the illogical there are a hundred half-way houses on the road of faith. To the logical only two stations. "Reason, or Rome," as Dr. Hedge says; "there is no *middle* ground."

John Henry Newman illustrated the law on one side as noticeably as his brother Francis did on the other. The very same arguments and researches that drove the author of the Phases of Faith, step by step, to a philosophic Radicalism, drove the other brother to surrender his clearest perceptions to the ipse-dixits of a priest in the Vatican, whose inferiority to himself in knowledge and personal power of discerning truth, none knew better than Newman himself.

It is interesting to see how Newman builds up his system from his primary assumptions, to the crowning pinnacle of the temple, the infallibility of the Pope. Granting the first assumptions, it is erected with admirable consistency.

These assumptions are the two opposite beliefs, that God demands on the one hand, as the condition of our salvation, a certain knowledge and dogmatic faith; and on the other hand, that the intellectual and moral nature which God has given to His children is incompetent to provide this saving knowledge and faith. "The tendency of the reason," he holds, "is towards a simple unbelief in matters of religion. No truth, however sacred, can stand against it, in the long run."

As Newman looks upon the blind evolution of the world as if from unreasoning elements, the curtain hung over futurity, the defeat of good, the success of evil, the preva-

lence and intensity of sin, the dreary, hopeless irreligion of the whole race (as Newman gloomily paints it, in the "Apologia," p. 242), he is appalled with the sense of a profound mystery. This reason-bewildering fact forces upon him the alternative that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence.

The instincts of faith will not allow him to believe that there is *no* God. And so, he argues, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. The burdened conscience pronounces that man is in chronic alienation from God. Not only is the Creator far off, but some being of malignant nature seems to have got hold of us and to be making us his sport.

Thus "the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes to me," says Newman, "almost as certain as that the world exists and the existence of God" (p. 243, "Apologia").

This is the basal assumption of Newman's theology; and where this is once laid down, the rest easily follows.

Human nature naturally is inclined to evil and the reason to scepticism. There is needed then some concrete representative of the Divine Power which may have the force and the sternness to muzzle and chain up this wilful human nature in its onward course and bring it into subjection; to hold in check this capricious, misleading reason. And if there be a God, Newman argues, he would, he must, intervene in human affairs and make provision for retaining in the world a knowledge of himself that would be proof against the energy of human scepticism. He would introduce into the world a divinely accredited messenger, and institute a Church invested with infallibility, able and ready to "ban and anathematize the rebellion" in human race, and "smite hard and throw back the immense energy of the aggressive, capricious, untrustworthy intellect."

The claim of the Catholic Church to possess this power has a fitness to the needs of humanity, he says, that recommends it to his mind and makes him accept it as a fact. The only remedy for our guilt and moral impotence is the atonement of Christ. The only remedy for our intellectual darkness and obliquity is in accepting the testimony of the Church as our unerring oracle.

Christianity must be recognized as supernatural in origin and constantly supported in its rites and ordinances by the active interposition of that Omnipotence in which the religion long ago began.

First and above all, he says, is the holy mass, in which he who died for us on the cross, brings back and perpetuates by his literal presence in it, that one and the same sacrifice that cannot be repeated.

Next, there is the actual entrance of God himself, soul and body and divinity, into the soul and body of every worshipper, who comes to Him for the gift.

Christianity, in Newman's view, is not to be looked upon for a moment as a mere collection of truths, nor as a moral reform, nor a religious life and spirit; but as an authoritative Divine teaching, directly given from above; as a supernatural grace, transmitted to us by the holy aqueduct of the Church, —a thing which men are not to examine and test, by their own sense of right and truth, but receive and obey, as soldiers do their general.

Belief is not so much a matter of the satisfaction of the understanding as of the heart; not of evidence, but of testimony to the Apostolic date and universality of a dogma.

Not a few Catholics, like St. George Mivart, Lamenais and Montalembert, e. g., have sought to reconcile their church with progress, liberty, and modern discovery. But Newman always held himself high above any such weakness. He repudiated them all, and put in a black list the errors of modern thought that he renounced and abjured. It includes all the most cherished first principles of Protestantism and religious liberty, such as (to give a few out of his long list of heresies) that there is a right of private judgment in reasoning and judging about the Bible; that it is immoral in a man to believe more than he can spontaneously receive as being congenial to his moral and mental nature; that the civil power may dispose of church property without sacrilege; that the people are the legitimate source of power; that virtue is the child of knowledge and vice of ignorance, etc.

All such principles are to him the springs of soul destroying error. He therefore makes no compromise with modern progress and sticks at no miracles or incomprehensibilities in the church creed. Having made up his mind to take the ecclesiastical prescription, he will make no more ado over

swallowing a camel than a gnat. As he says himself, "If I must submit my reason to mysteries, it is little matter whether it be a mystery more or a mystery less. The main difficulty was to believe at all."

Such in outline is Cardinal Newman's faith. I have not reproduced, I could not, of course, reproduce the grace and vigor of style, the perspicuity and eloquence of expression with which he has clothed it in his sermons and public expositions. It contains not a few wholesome truths,—which he has marshalled with great effectiveness. His movement was probably not without good, in rousing the English Church from its dull indifference, the mechanical running through of a routine of duties in which it was sunk fifty years ago, and rousing it to a more vivid sense of its responsibilities and of a more energetic and beneficent church life. It revived, as no other movement of modern times, the grandeur and force of historical communion and the true place of beauty and art in worship. Its vision of the church as a great visible organism, a living incarnation of superhuman truth, and the vehicle, through its sacraments, of divine life, a communion of believers, one, holy, catholic, and apostolic, is one that powerfully impresses the imagination; and to deliver up to the authoritative heads of such a church the care of one's reason and conscience, and wash one's hands henceforth of all perplexity or responsibility about one's own soul, must be naturally the most tempting of spiritual luxuries.

To the effeminate spirit, to the creature of sentiment, and the nature to which an æsthetic thrill or the comfort of mental repose is the thing of supreme account, such a faith will always be most enticing.

But where the earnest desire for truth and moral perfection exists, and a spirit of manly courage and self respect, and a hearty faith in God and His handiwork as always good and trustworthy abides, there such a faith must prove thoroughly unsatisfactory.

Newman's system, as we noticed, is at bottom, thoroughly sceptical and pessimistic. "It is indeed," he once said from the University pulpit (University Sermons, p. 186) "a great question whether Atheism is not as philosophically consistent with the phenomena of the physical world, taken by themselves, as the doctrine of the creative and governing power." So, in defining that liberalism in religion which always excited

him as a red rag does a Spanish bull,— he exhibits himself as fundamentally an Agnostic. Liberalism in religion, he complains, is "the exercise of thought upon matters in which, from the constitution of the human mind, thought cannot be brought to any successful issue, and is therefore out of place."

But though his intellectual vision could thus see no foundation for religion, his heart and will were determined to have one, and, as the ostrich fancies it escapes its enemy by hiding its head in a bush, so Newman flies to the self-invented refuge of an unerring church and accepts the assurance of fellow mortals, equally fallible with himself (and probably much more so), as rendering non-existent that which still stands plainly before his intellectual retina.

And, as the first corner-stone of his system is a virtual doubt of God's existence, so his second is a distrust of God's goodness,and contempt and depreciation of His creation. He found the world a ruin, man in rebellion, and God alienated from man; and though the creation, when Jehovah first contemplated it, so pleased Him that He declared all its works very good, yet to-day (according to Newman) the divine handiwork has turned out so faulty, that God has to invent an infallible Overseer of the plantation and enthrone him at the Vatican, "to smite hard and hold back" the human reason, which God originally made in His own divine image and gave to man as his guide in life.

"There is no medium in true philosophy between Atheism and the Catholic Church, and a perfectly consistent mind will choose either the one or the other." ("Apologia," 198.)

This was the bogie by which he was frightened, little by little, to surrender entirely to the Pope, and by which he would drive, if he could, all the Protestant world to the same sheepfold.

The argument will do for *sheep*, but not for *men*. It would make men act as foolishly as the woman, who, having been assured by a tricky lawyer that for a good round sum, as a retainer, he could secure her a wealthy inheritance in England, when she was warned that he had been telling her lies, refused to believe it, because then, "where's my fortune? I *must* have my fortune."

Men who are men *face* facts, whatever they are, not *flee* from them. Had Newman confronted his doubts manfully, it would have turned out, I believe, as with the Arthur Hallam

whom Tennyson's "In Memoriam" immortalizes,— he would have laid his doubts and come through them to find a stronger faith his own.

Our own reason and conscience are our God-given guides, and the true servant of God must sail his bark patiently wherever the sealed orders given to his own soul command. Prematurely to tear out of the envelope the doubts and scruples which we find within, and cram in there instead, the catechism of our ancestors or the cravings of our own weak nerves, is none the less an act of disobedience and rebellion against God's clearest voice, because it is so often done, as it was by Newman, in the sacred name of faith.

Reason is not the foe of religion, but its friend and ally. It is only the counterfeits of religion, the credulities and superstition which are its parasites, that it destroys. Reason, of course, often errs, but it can always be trusted (with the help of the Divine Spirit) to correct in time its aberrations. Extreme scepticism always dies in time of its own negations. Our very errors are guideposts to truth.

The imperfections in the world are not marks of ruin, but of the still continuing process in which God is busy. In the light thrown by modern science and Assyriology on man's early days, that aboriginal calamity on which man's moral inability and the theologian's scheme of atonement is founded, is shown to be a baseless tradition. The whole story of Eden is a comparatively late importation into the Hebrew Testament from the wild legends of the pagan Babylonians.

A true philosophy recognizes evil and all those signs which are supposed to prove failure in God's creation and show it to be out of joint with the divine purposes, as simply the signs that our world is still in the making. God is leading us up higher every day; building his temple to loftier and purer heights. And these miseries, these perplexities, these sins are but the scaffolding by which it is uplifted; the hammer strokes by which it is shaped; the chips and débris, which temporarily litter the ground, all to be worked in and utilized and cleared up, when the grand work is completed.

The devotees of church authority would have us believe that this oracle alone supplies a stable foundation for faith; that the Bible and the individual reason, on which Protestants rest, are insufficient guides.

But on what does the authority of the church rest? On the primacy, so the Catholics tell us, given to Peter, the first Bishop of Rome, and handed down by him, to his successors, — the Catholic Church.

But in the first place, there is no evidence in the New Testament, or any reliable evidence anywhere else, that Peter was the first Bishop of Rome; there is no evidence in Gospel or Acts or Epistles that Peter was given by Jesus any authority over his fellow disciples or practically enjoyed such authority among them. The New Testament does not exhibit Peter as infallible; but on the contrary, as on various occasions, sternly rebuked by Christ and by his fellow disciples; as gravely erring and as deserving to be blamed, as Paul declared.

If far from infallible, himself, how could he transmit to his episcopal successors, that which he never possessed, himself. If we grant for the sake of argument, that the records show that Peter did receive the alleged infallible headship of the church from Christ, what else does this show except that the Catholic claims are indirectly founded on the same basis as Protestantism is directly founded on, viz.: — the truth of the Gospel history.

To say that we cannot depend on the Bible for religious truth, but must depend on the church, which the Bible record shows to have received infallibility from the personages of this same Bible, is the plainest of contradictions.

It is the same in regard to reason. Even the highest of High-Churchmen cannot get along without trusting in it. For the moment he decides to seek refuge with infallible authority and renounce reason, he is met by the question, "Among the numerous claimants to this position of infallible religious authority, which is the right one?" And unless he had some reason for preferring the one he chooses, he confesses himself a fool in his own eyes and that all other religions are as true as his. He can claim his to be the one true authority, only by offering some reason for it; by resting his infallible church on that very reason, which he pretends to reject.

The fact is that the attempt to get an infallible authority that will save us from the possibility of making mistakes, is like the mediæval search for a universal solvent, or liquid that will dissolve everything else. If anyone says he has found it, pray, in what sort of a vessel does he keep it?

So if Newman or anyone else tells us he has found an infallible authority that saves us from the necessity of using our fallible reason, pray, by what faculty did he recognize it and discriminate it from false authorities; and by what faculty does he comprehend the decisions and interpretations of that oracle? There is no other means than the employment of his own human, fallible intelligence.

And however lofty a superstructure be built up by the Churchman on this basis, it can have no more solidity than the original foundation. The only difference between the rationalist and the Romanist is that the rationalist seeks by daily practise and small ventures to reduce the risk of error to a minimum; the Romanist stakes his all on a single cast of the die, and then doses himself with the opiate of authority to save thinking about the result.

But enough of Newman's theology and ecclesiastical theories. Let us turn from them, to that which was the living religion by which Newman lived, as every child of God who recognizes his spiritual heritage must live.

It is only too easy to disclose flaws in the theology. But in the soul-faith that glowed within him, his ardent piety and gentleness of spirit, his eager yearning after, and reverence before, the realities of the spiritual world; the loyalty to conscience by which he was driven little by little out of his ancestral church, and all the ties of friendship, association, pride and peace that had bound him there so tightly, were snapped in twain, to go forth where truth called him,— in these things, we find a faith, common to every earnest spiritual nature and worthy of all praise and imitation.

It was this essential and vital spirituality of the man that touched so magnetically the souls of the young students about him at Oxford; that breathes with such sweetness and power through his sermons and poems; and it is this,—not his theological controversies,— that will be permanently treasured by the world; and in these pure aspirations, all Christians of every sect can join in holy communion, as members of the invisible church of those who thirst after the living waters and lift their eyes with him to the "kindly light" of the Sun of Righteousness, which alone should lead man onward.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL AND THE CENSORSHIP OF MORALS.

NO-NAME SERIES, NUMBER EIGHT.

> But man, proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd—
> His glassy essence—like an angry ape
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As make the angels weep.—[SHAKESPEARE.

THE action of the Postmaster-General * in refusing to transmit Count Tolstoï's latest work through the mails, is one of the most significant steps taken in recent years looking toward the establishment of a despotic censorship of the press, which, if not resisted by the patriotism and the culture of the land, must necessarily result in a tyranny as odious to every broad and manly impulse as it is fatal to the proper growth and expansion of the human brain.

The splendid progress of our past, so largely the result of free thought and an untrammeled press, is too priceless a heritage to be exchanged for a censorship such as makes possible the triumph of injustice and barbaric cruelty, together with the suppression of education found to-day in the Russian empire.

Perhaps the gravest feature of the step is the precedent it

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*The plea which some of the many embarrassed apologists of the Postmaster-General have put forth, that the order did not come from Mr. Wanamaker, has no point, from the fact that as head of the department it is his place to know of any step so grave as the suppression of one of the works of a foremost moralist and author of the age. Moreover, if the order had been issued without his knowledge or sanction, he could have promptly countermanded it on becoming acquainted with the unjust and eminently improper ruling.

The puerile claim advanced *after the daily press began to criticise the Postmaster-General so mercilessly*, that Mr. Wanamaker was ignorant of the action, and since reading the book, decided it was not immoral and was ready to listen to an appeal from the publishers, is well calculated to excite the smile of contempt. As Postmaster-General he is held by the people responsible for so serious an infringement of popular right.

If the Bible had thus been excluded by subordinates, would Mr. Wanamaker have remained inactive?

establishes and the logical results which will follow; for if a Postmaster-General can arbitrarily exclude a work like the "Kreutzer Sonata" from the mails, who is to stop a less pious official in the same position from excluding the Bible, a work containing confessedly many passages accounted obscene and immoral in the highest degree, — passages which parents who have a sensible regard for the welfare of their children, would never think of reading aloud to them at the fireside. We cite this illustration merely to show the evil of permitting an official to wield so dangerous a weapon.

Let us now at the very outset glance at the life and character of the distinguished author, as well as examine the nature of the tabooed work that we may more clearly and justly appreciate the gravity of the offence which has been committed. Count Tolstoï was in early life a man of the world in the fullest sense of the word. He afterward, while visiting among the wretched, the degraded, the oppressed of his country, and beholding for the first time in all its frightful significance what is meant by "the world's miserables," became profoundly impressed with the omnipresence of wretchedness throughout the Christian world. The appalling picture of humanity's woes, spectre-like, haunted his mind so incessantly that his former life of gayety no longer held for him a charm. He resolved to study the life and teachings of Jesus, in the hope of finding therein a ray of hope for humanity. He soon became as profound a believer in the teachings of the great Nazarene as he had before been a wild and dissolute man of the world. In accepting Christianity he did so in no half-hearted way. *Not for wealth, emolument, fame or glory, not for the praise of man, did he renounce his former life*, as is seen in the change which immediately came over him. His great wealth was freely given to the poor; he refused to live in luxury while a single fellow man toiled in rags; therefore he donned the simplest garb and devoted a portion of every day to manual labor. "I must earn by the sweat of my brow my food and raiment," he declared, and has, since his renunciation of the world, lived strictly up to his resolve. His food is the plainest, and he makes his own shoes and caps. Literature is his recreation. His home is frequented by the needy, and hungry wayfarers are hospitably received and ever find an abundance of plain food awaiting them. "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good," is a

part of the Count's creed; indeed, he takes all Christ says literally. His conception and literal interpretation of Christ's words, "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart," is used as a text for his sermon against marriage, and his advocacy of the strictest and most bitter asceticism, as found in the "Kreutzer Sonata," a book which, while repulsive in the extreme, is as far removed from "dangerous obscenity," as hypocrisy is removed from sincerity. It is an ugly picture of an ugly phase of the marriage question. Its serious fault lies in assuming that as a rule marriage is a brutal, sensual association of two persons, whereas such is unquestionably the exception. Nevertheless it is incontestably true that there are in every civilized land thousands upon thousands of such unions as that described by Posdnicheff. And as a picture of this social ulcer Count Tolstoï's latest work is as graphic as a photograph; a loathsome, repulsive picture of vice and moral degradation, which, while it may at times create a sensation of horror and disgust, is no more liable to arouse licentious thoughts, than would the spectacle of a leper in the last stages of that most frightful disease. It is related of a famous sculptor that one day while contemplating a marvellously beautiful statue, a sober-faced gentleman gravely inquired if he did not regard the chiselled marble immoral. Turning his great eyes upon him, the genius replied, "No; but so much cannot be said for the mind that sees in it any immorality." Which reminds one of the utterance of a great apostle of the Gentiles, "Unto the pure all things are pure." When we come to examine the "Kreutzer Sonata," we find still less to excuse for the charge of "dangerous obscenity;" for there is nothing that is seductive, or in any degree attractive in the work in question. It is an ulcer that is receiving the heroic treatment of the knife. Not only was the book written with the highest moral purposes, but it presents moral depravity in a sickening manner. It is said there are persons whose imagination is so morbidly depraved that the very sight of a human body reeking in eating sores awakens in their minds evil thoughts. Certainly no one less depraved could be injured by reading "Kreutzer Sonata," and to me it is inconceivable how anyone can regard it as remotely objectionable as a possibly dangerous work, or one which would naturally stimulate licentious thoughts. We freely grant that it

is repulsive and revolting, but when was a man made worse by seeing a hideous and loathsome picture of vice with its certain and swift retribution following the evil doers, either in the form of death, or what is still more dreadful the insane remorse of the murderer. Sin, crime, and immorality should always be made repulsive. No greater enemy to society can be found than the man who would strike down those who are conscientiously seeking to tear aside the mask which is hiding the corrupting evils that are even now eating into the vitals of society, and threatening the true progress of the race by producing a set of moral dwarfs, who see in almost everything, from a piano leg up to an exquisite statue of Venus, something "*dangerously obscene*."

If the "Kreutzer Sonata" had been a licentious work, the arbitrary action of the Postmaster-General would have appeared less grave; but an overwhelming consensus of opinion is clearly against him, as seen by the comments of a vast majority of the greatest papers of the land; even journals such as the Philadelphia *Press*, the leading Republican organ of Pennsylvania, published in the home of Mr. Wanamaker, find it impossible to defend his action. In a recent editorial this paper shows how egregiously, we almost said criminally, the postal department had blundered in excluding this work from the mails. In speaking of the statute under which the Department acted the *Press* frankly declares that: —

"The exclusion is intended to apply, and ought to apply, solely to books whose degrading purpose is to excite the passions by dealing with obscene and forbidden subjects. Count Tolstoï's 'Kreutzer Sonata' is not such a work. It is a study in morbid, moral anatomy. If this discrimination is not made between books which are intentionally and purposely obscene, and books which touch upon doubtful subjects in the course of a wider discussion of life — because literature itself is bound to deal with all of life — the Post-Office Department is launched upon a paternal and ridiculous scrutiny of letters. Swift, Balzac, and Shakespeare, and hundreds of lesser men, must be inspected, condemned, and excluded."

The statutes enacted to suppress really obscene matter might and doubtless would prove harmless in the hands of those rare spirits who occasionally bless the world, and who possess the splendid faculty of viewing problems from all points of view; of placing themselves in the position of

those who might be injured. From those chosen ones who are at once broadminded, farseeing, and tolerant, no abuse need be feared from the censorship power. But in this age when liliputian politicians are presumptuously essaying the impossible task of filling the seats of statesmen, this arbitrary power will be wielded by hands that discriminate along the lines of prejudice, to the immense injury to the State and to the individual. Offices of great dignity and power being at the present time used as a reward for partisan services, it is not strange that they are frequently filled by well meaning, but narrow-minded, bigoted, and intolerant individuals, who are so unfortunately constituted that they are as mentally and morally incapacitated for viewing questions from the standpoint of broad statesmanship as a South African Bushman is to appreciate the work of a Raphael, or understand the moral sublimity of the Sermon on the Mount.

The case assumes a still more serious aspect when it is remembered that this power once securely established by precedents may be employed by thoroughly unscrupulous politicians in unjust discriminations against party opponents. That such power would surely be thus abused no candid observer, who has critically followed recent political events, can for a moment doubt. Conscience is an almost unknown quality in political intrigue. Indeed, during the last session of Congress a gentleman from Iowa introduced a smoothly drawn bill * which carried with it an arbitrary censorship of

* The Sweeney bill alluded to above is a logical outcome of the idea that the State should treat its citizens as babes; that it should establish a censorship of morals such as exists in Russia and other lands where a free press is unknown. The following extracts from editorials in leading papers indicate that the American press is at last becoming alarmed at the encroachments of governmental paternalism: —

"The Constitution of the United States guarantees a free press, but there are numerous statesmen now engaged in the work of tinkering the laws, who cannot rest without interfering in all the ways they can think of with the freedom of printing and circulating the news.

"One of the latest schemes of this kind is the bill introduced in Congress by Mr. Sweeney, of Iowa. It provides for the exclusion from the mails of 'any pamphlet, magazine, newspaper, story-paper, or other paper devoted to the publication or principally made up of criminal news, police reports, or accounts of criminal deeds, or pictures and stories of immoral deeds, lusts, or crime.'

"Such a law would inevitably be strained and perverted so as to put it within the power of the post-office officials, or of a single one of them, to interfere outrageously with the liberty of the press. At a time of political excitement some serviceable party henchman might stop the circulation of any of the great journals of the country by finding something in it which he might construe as a breach of this law."—*Boston Daily Globe.*

"If any newspaper offends against public morality, let it be dealt with by the regular criminal authorities and the courts of the country. To convert

the American press, which if enacted as pointed out by leading journals, could be used to crush and destroy any paper which the administration and the censors desired to suppress.

The "Postal system," as has been pointed out by the editor of one of the greatest Metropolitan dailies,* was established to carry and distribute mails, and not to act as a censor of literature. The same writer referring to the postal officials sensibly observes: —

"It is dangerous in the extreme to authorize them to decide, even under the most carefully drawn statute, what printed matter is and what is not to be considered proper. They are not expert critics in the first place, and in the second such authority is susceptible of the most flagrant and oppressive abuse.

"Under such authority any Postmaster-General or his deputies could exclude from the mails, embarrass and ruin any newspaper which should venture to criticise the Administration; for every newspaper, in publishing the news, of necessity records or makes reference to matters, its references to which could be so distorted by a hostile critic as to bring them within the letter of the most guardedly drawn prohibitory statute.

"The entire censorship idea should be eliminated from the system."

The steps from postal censorship to a censorship of the

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the post-office into an extraordinary tribunal for such a purpose, and to make every little postmaster a judge to suppress the liberty of printing which the Constitution guarantees, is an intolerable proposition.

"We have too much paternal government already, and Mr. Anthony Comstock is already too much of a Grand Inquisitor. No law to enlarge or intensify his power is admissible. Hands off!" — *New York Sun.*

"Congress has the right, under the Constitution, to establish post-offices and post-roads; but it is prohibited from making any law abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press. The proposition before Congress to establish a post-office censorship to determine what newspapers shall be carried in the mails, and what newspapers shall be thrust out, according to the judgment of postmasters as to the quality of the printed news contained therein, is an adventure into forbidden ground. An attempt upon the part of the press of the country to suppress the Congress would be a much more feasible and lawful undertaking than an attempt in Congress to meddle with newspapers or to authorize postmasters to meddle." — *Philadelphia Record.*

"The enemy of a free press is again abroad and with astounding assurance has invaded the halls of legislation under the disguise of 'higher morality,' a mask to cover a well-developed scheme of press censorship and wholesale blackmail. The free citizens of the Republic are to be Russianized in literature — the hard-working but independent dealer in literary ware to be made a contention block between human sharks clothed with court power who will merrily feast on blackmail in the guise of a purer morality.

"'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,' is a truism which will live as long as the English language shall be spoken. As used in the infancy of our country by Thomas Jefferson, it meant much, but not a whit more than it does to-day, when men who cannot comprehend the essence and spirit of a free country and press are abroad." — *The Newsman.* [New York.]

*The New York World.

press; from the field of morals to that of religion are of easy gradation, and it is not overstating the case to say that many of those who are now so vigorously defending the right of arbitrary power on the part of the Postmaster-General look forward confidently to the return of the "good old days" when morals and religion were under state censorship, when free thought was a crime and the minority had no rights that bigotry and intolerance were bound to respect. Events which have recently taken place give special emphasis to these facts, significant among which was the action of Mr. Comstock, who, after he heard of the ruling of the postal department and before he had read the work, rushed into court to secure the conviction of four persons who were selling the "Kreutzer Sonata."* The prisoners were arraigned before Judge White. Mr. Comstock had a marked copy of Tolstoï's work which he handed to the Judge, who, after carefully perusing the passages in question, replied, "I can see nothing in these passages to affect the morals of anyone, either young or old." Then turning to Comstock and the officer who had arrested the bookdealers, the Judge asked if they had read the book. Both admitted that they had not.

The prisoners were dismissed and the two hundred and forty copies which had been seized were restored. But can anything be conceived more outrageous than the arrest of those four men, their being dragged into court, humiliated, disgraced, made prisoners and their property seized by men who confessed that they had never read the work? What protection have innocent and law-abiding citizens in a country that permits such lawless conduct? What redress have they against such outrages?

Now in order to better illustrate the part which religious prejudice plays in such high-handed proceedings as that just noted and to better emphasize the inherent injustice and despotic discrimination that is being made by those who masquerade before the public in the role of the holiest of the holy, let us suppose an altogether reasonable event occurred

*Mr. Pentecost, in editorially commenting in the *Twentieth Century* on the present aggressive action of the censors, makes the following timely observations: "I am surprised that the great dailies do not make a mighty protest. They should consider that a step or two more will bring them under the iron hand of Comstock & Wanamaker. First the Vice Society took to suppressing really obscene books. Then it made bold to imprison reformers who for purposes of purity published heretical literature. Now it attacks the great works of great geniuses. Where will it stop?"

at this time. We will further suppose that prior to this a band of individuals had associated themselves together for the purpose of suppressing all really obscene works, without reference to prejudice or superstition; men who had determined to secure equal, all round justice without religious or fanatical discrimination.

Now we will assume that this new anti-vice society had been even more vigilant in its endeavor to protect the dear defenseless public than Mr. Comstock and had caused to be arrested a number of well dressed individuals, as well as had seized some thousands of volumes. These newly made prisoners in the custody of uniformed officials and followed by a motley crowd of street urchins, encounter Mr. Comstock as he is journeying home from the scene of his recent defeat. To the horror of the one-time autocrat of the morals of New York he sees a number of intimate friends and some of his own agents and counsellors among the prisoners. After pausing a moment in an undecided state of mind he follows the vanishing procession to a neighboring hall of justice, resolved to ascertain the cause of this procedure, novel to him only because the shoe is now on the other foot. "We have arrested these men, your Honor," explains the officer, addressing the Judge, "for selling this book to girls and boys and urging them to read it. You will judge whether or not it is obscene by examining the marked passages." The Judge takes the work. We notice him turn to Genesis xix. 30–36, then to Genesis xxxviii. 7–26. Then passing over numerous marked passages we notice him pause at 2 Samuel xi. 2–17. Next he reads 2 Samuel xiii. 2–18. Finding, however, that it would consume far too much time to even glance at the marked passages, he knits his brow a moment and then meditatively murmurs, "If this work had been the product of a citizen of this country to-day, it would not only be suppressed, unless it were carefully expurgated, but the author would unquestionably be incarcerated by the State. If it were a translation of a sacred book of India, China, or Egypt, the whole Christian world would cry out against the publication of some of the passages I find here marked, but as it is the Bible it must not be touched." "But, your Honor," the agent of the new anti-vice society protests, "is not much of that which you have read, in the universal acceptation of civilization, considered obscene?" "They

are a part of God's holy Word," Mr. Comstock nervously interposes. The Judge nods assent. Then turning to the agent of the new society, he asks how long it took to mark the book. "Oh!" replies that gentleman, "I am a busy man and could not have found time to indicate a tithe of the questionable passages you will find underscored. That book was one of a number of marked Bibles some teachers who are friends of mine, took from the desks of boys and girls in their schools. It was marked as you find it by some child." *

This imaginary case illustrates the manifest hypocrisy of this solicitude on the part of the censors who compass land and sea to suppress the works of liberal thinkers, or persons who do not think along conventional lines. The Bible is not only tolerated but forced into the hands of children, and if any clergyman demands its expurgation, he is denounced in unmeasured terms through the religious press and from the pulpit. Yet if one who does not think along the lines of orthodox thought unmasks evils or exposes the rottenness of society; if he draws aside the covering and reveals some of the loathsome cancerous sores that are to-day eating into the vitals of the social body, he is fortunate indeed, if he escapes with the suppression of his work, as he is certainly in danger of incarceration for a term of years unless he is shrewd enough to sprinkle considerable Calvinism and some cheap piety through his work.

In calling attention to the action of Mr. Comstock in appearing in court for the suppression of the "Kreutzer Sonata," I desired to illustrate *how closely censorship of the press treads on the heels of postal supervision.*† A still more

* More than one teacher has informed me that they have frequently found in the desks of their pupils, both girls and boys, copies of the Bible with the most lewd and obscene passages marked from cover to cover; a sad commentary, truly, on the wisdom of placing the unabridged Bible in the hands of the young.

† The censorship of morals so far as it relates to persons who seek the position from natural inclination, or still worse who are self-appointed, is pernicious, inasmuch as it places unwarranted power in the hands of men who are, in all probability, as incompetent to pass opinions that are broad, just, equitable, or in conformity with the highest interests of the people as a coolie to appreciate a Darwin. Those who from choice are ever rooting in the moral sewers are not the characters that should be clothed with any censorial powers, for if we grant they are in a certain sense good or well-meaning men, the chances are that they will not be large-souled, broad-minded, or catholic-spirited individuals. They moreover will rarely be great enough to neglect an opportunity to persecute and harass to the fullest extent possible any publisher who might incur their displeasure, and in this manner free speech is seriously menaced. It is well to remember in connection with the question of irresponsible censorship such as holds

significant illustration is found in the recent action of a certain Joseph Britton, at one time a subordinate of Mr. Comstock, but who for some reason fell out with his former employer and has since established an anti-vice society of his own.

Whether the anti-vice society business is lucrative or whether it is for glory alone we have no means of knowing. Certain it is Mr. Britton desired to parade as a censor of public morals and deeming the hour a peculiarly auspicious moment to fall in line with the Postmaster-General, he seized something over twelve hundred books, which he in his self-constituted office of censor of the morals of society deemed immoral. Among these books were copies of "Kreutzer Sonata" and one of Balzac's novels, which were promptly conveyed to the Tombs, while Mr. Farrelly, the President of the American News Company, and two clerks were arrested. In commenting upon this alarming assumption of power by self-appointed censors, the New York *Herald* utters the following warning note: —

"We have had too much of this meddling business — rummaging the mails for the books of a conscientious writer like Tolstoï, suppressing the poems of one of the gentlest and noblest of writers, Whitman, and now taking a gentleman to the Tombs for having on his shelves a copy of Balzac. *American readers are not children, idiots, or slaves.* They can govern their reading without the advice of Mr. Comstock, Mr. Wanamaker, or this new supervisor of morals named Britton — a kind of spawn from Comstock, we are informed, and who begins his campaign for notoriety by an outrage upon Mr. Farrelly."

It is well to remember that the censorship idea is of recent growth in this republic, especially as it applies to national laws. It is essentially a foreign plant whose noxious influence has retarded the growth of science in almost every field of inquiry, has fettered the brains of the people, making them for centuries suppliants at the feet of depraved monarchs who claimed to rule by rights divine; or at the still more merciless shrine of religious intolerance. Kings and priests alike have ever claimed to exercise this power for the good of the people. The side of the tapestry

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good at present that such a field and such a power will inevitably in a short time attract persons who will see in it immense opportunities to levy blackmail on publishers.

that has been thrown before the world has been fair to look upon, but under its cover the lamp of free thought has been extinguished; the wisest of the ages have been silenced or slaughtered; science made an outcast, and the people for centuries compelled to beg for what they should have demanded as rights. It is true our Puritan fathers brought from monarchial Europe the censorship idea; the blue laws attest it; the religious persecutions which form the darkest page in New England history are melancholy reminders of this grave error which died in our midst while liberty was yet young.

If, however, at the present time a censorship in morals can be re-rooted in our land, with the present unmistakable drift toward centralization,* with the rapid multiplication of offices and of laws, it will not only destroy to a great extent popular rights and perfectly legitimate liberty by placing unwarranted power in the hands of bigoted, intolerant, and fanatical individuals as has already been illustrated, but it will be the stepping-stone to a censorship in religion. The one logically follows the other, for if it is once admitted that the government should arbitrarily determine just what the individual may and what he may not read; that the free and intelligent citizens must be treated by the State as though they were idiots, not possessing sufficient judgment to select their own literature; once establish by a series of arbitrary precedents that it is the duty of the State to take charge and direct the

* A recent illustration of this tendency toward centralization and the placing of arbitrary power in the hands of the Postmaster-General was witnessed in the passage of the recent Anti-Lottery bill. That the Louisiana lottery is an unmitigated evil few will deny. It is perhaps almost as great a curse as Wall Street, where an army of gamblers live by fleecing their victims and where yearly great fortunes rise on the wreck and ruin of the homes and lives of hundreds who through false reports and "rumors" have been deceived. But, great as is the evil of the lottery, it is a serious question whether the arbitrary power lodged by this bill in the hands of the Postmaster-General may not some day prove a far greater evil than emanates from the lottery. This new danger was trenchantly explained by Congressman Hayes of Iowa in the minority report on the bill, from which we make the following quotation: "The provisions of the bill are bad and even absolutely dangerous, in that its tendency is towards centralization and interference with the proper functions and powers of the States. It abridges freedom of the press; it gives a power of espionage to public officials as against the citizens; it provides for condemnation without a hearing and makes the whim, caprice, or opinion of the Postmaster-General — good, bad, or indifferent as it may be — the final judgment upon which the rights of citizens may depend,—makes him in fact, judge, jury, and executioner without a pretence of hearing or necessity for legal evidence, and actually extends this dangerous and vicious power with all its machinery for enforcement, to any other 'scheme or device' that 'upon evidence satisfactory to him' may not suit his exalted ideas of propriety."

morals of the individual, and it will be no difficult task by the same reasoning to convince the majority that it is equally the duty of the State to look after the religious life of her citizens, first, by the establishment of a mild censorship together with the enactment of Sabbath laws and the suppression of the Sunday newspaper, after which the ascendency of religious censorship would step by step move toward those heights of arrogance where the rights of the minority would be forever lost. A point, which when remembered in connection with the fact that the minority have always been the world's pioneers and torch bearers, assumes a gravity that forbids a flippant dismissal.

There is another thought to be remembered in the discussion of this problem, and that is the diversity of sentiments in regard to what is pernicious, injurious or immoral.

For instance, if the censors were Roman Catholics, they would most assuredly adjudge the Rev. Justin D. Fulton's "Why Priests Should Wed" and other popular Protestant works dealing with the church of Rome and the alleged immoralities practised by priests as highly pernicious and obscene. On this point the great mass of the Catholic church would cry Amen; for they conscientiously believe that such suppression is all important. On the other hand, place the Rev. Justin D. Fulton or the Rev. Dr. McArthur in the censorship with arbitrary power, and Roman works would fare as badly; for these gentlemen have become so imbued with the belief that the Catholic church is rotten to the core; that a large per cent. of her priesthood are depraved libertines, that they would doubtless find in Catholic works what to them would appear immoral or pernicious in the extreme, while to others, not viewing Rome through their glasses, the same passages would seem innocent. Yet they would be as conscientious as Saul who thought he did God's service when he slaughtered the early Christians. Prejudice so often blinds the eye of reason that we must not allow ourselves to view a great problem like the one under discussion, in a narrow, superficial, or partisan manner; thus these illustrations may aid us in understanding how difficult a thing it is to attempt a censorship of morals without being unjust. There is nothing more relentless, more intolerant or destructive of every right of the minority than religious fanaticism enthroned in power. Yet I think no

student of history, nor any one who has, during the past generation, watched the catlike approach of paternalism in our country, will deny that this result will sooner or later inevitably follow, unless the general agitation of this question at the present time produces a healthy reaction.

It is clearly the duty of all citizens who realize the danger lurking behind pernicious and arbitrary precedents and the great injustice which sooner or later will result from the establishment of a censorship of morals and religion, to offer the most strenuous opposition to every step taken and to agitate the question. "Agitation," as Wendell Phillips once declared, "prevents rebellion, keeps the peace, secures progress, while every step gained is gained forever." The possibilities of this great republic are too grand for it to be quietly resigned to the despotism of pseudo-moralists, bigoted theologians, or political demagogues.

For true religion I cherish the profoundest reverence. For every moral impulse and spiritual aspiration that enter the soul of man I am truly grateful; while every effort that promises to elevate humanity or further the cause of true morality challenges my earnest approval. But at the same time that mock modesty which sees immorality where a pure mind beholds only beauty and grace; which would shroud the exquisite statues in tawdry drapery, thereby suggesting to every beholder the indecent thoughts that must have entered the minds of those who thus debase art, inspires in me an indignant contempt. While for that pseudo-morality which would exclude from the mails a work prompted by the highest sentiments of morality, not because its motive is impure, but because it mentions impurity and immorality as it is found in life to-day, I feel sentiments of disgust, coupled with humiliation, as I remember that in this land to-day men of such narrow vision are honored with positions of dignity and power.

The time has come when it should be clearly understood that *those who raise the cry* against every book written with a view to elevate morals by a merciless unmasking of the great wrongs, the corruption and immoralities which are festering under the surface of society, *are the real enemies of true morality*, as well as freedom, progress, and equal justice.

AN ENDOWED PRESS.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

It was sure to come—this discussion of American journalism. Now that it has come let it be thorough. Let the subject in its entirety be laid bare to the eyes of the people and our legislators, and especially to our journalists themselves, that the seat of the disease, its nature and virulence, may be clearly discerned and an efficient remedy applied.

What we need is a journalism that is accurate in statement, reliable in its news, discriminating in its editing, free from vulgar personalism and slanderous attack, and held strictly within the lines of what honorable and right thinking journalists the world over recognize as journalism.

The question is often asked, "What is the news?" and the tone in which it is asked is very like what we may fancy Pilate's was when he exclaimed, "What is truth?" But there is no likeness between the two interrogations, viewed in the light either of the motive which prompts or the comparative difficulty in the answer required. It is often hard to say what is truth,—and many have grown gray in vain seeking to know, and died seeking not having found. But it is not difficult to know what news is, nor hard to answer the interrogation as to it. Whatever has not been heard by one is news to him hearing; and as to this there is no doubt, nor can there be any. Whether the thing done is fit or unfit to be told; whether it is a thing at the telling of which decency shrinks and modesty is insulted, or is proper, instructive, and entertaining to hear, it is news to him who hears it for the first time.

If it is the duty of a newspaper using its vast and far reaching machinery for compilation and publishing, to gather up all that has happened within the circle of its almost world-wide inspection, good and bad, instructive and non-instructive, decent and indecent, pure or vile, and spread the strange medley, the dreadful *melange*, out on broad sheets for the public

to read, then journalism is only a species of gossiping run mad, of ill-bred rehearsing in public and private circles, before men, women, and children, of what its all-devouring eyes, lensed like a carrion-seeking bird for all distances, beholds in this God's and devil's world of ours. To call such an employment a profession is to travesty human language and insult the noble practice of men to distinguish and ennoble by honorable classification, the worthy endeavors of mankind.

If to engage in such a dreadful business is the duty of journalism, then what self-respecting man might ever be a journalist? If the evil happenings of the world, the murders, the rapes, the adulteries, the seductions, the wretched exhibitions of its wretchedness, the portraying of its vile ones and their vileness, the vivid photographing of its festering corruptions and immoralities, if these are to be raked up and scraped together from the four corners of the earth and spread out in type in broadsides of concentrated and accentuated foulness under the name of news, then were it better that type had never been invented, and the world were relegated to that state and condition it occupied when knowledge, however limited, was comparatively innocent, and virtue and decency had, at least, the happy and sure protection of ignorance.

It is in vain to say that the people like what they get and demand that the worst deeds of the worst men should be daily spread out in type before their eyes. This is a slander against the people. The people do not want this stuff. You can hear murmurs against it on all sides. The majority of the American people, rich or poor, high or low, are right minded. They talk, they act, they dress modestly. They will not tolerate impurities of thought and suggestion in their authors, or of speech in their companionships. Even in convivial moments and gatherings the unclean anecdote or pun is received in silence, or with protests so patent that the raconteur is abashed. There is a minority of another sort; but it is a minority. Is it good journalism to publish a newspaper for the minority of its readers and for a minority of the lower sort?

Another count against our "progressive journalism" is that it is *untrustworthy*, and this is supreme condemnation. It is bad enough to be told of badness, but what can we say of a practice of telling of evil which never existed! Is that

news? It is bad enough to have a scandal spread out before us; but worse yet to discover that the scandal was created for our entertainment! We are all politicians in this country, and hence we all want to know just what the opposition say and do. But what partisan paper will tell its readers the actual truth in its "Washington Reports"? Verily does it not make one feel mad to be treated thus, as if he were a child or a fool? Is it good journalism not only to tell what never happened, but also to conceal what did happen in important affairs and interesting connections? Is it good journalism to convert half a reportorial corps into detectives and spies of the baser sort; to teach them the habits of the mole without being able to endow them with the mole's protection against dirt? To reward them with extra pay who can wax their ears closest to a keyhole or climb most noiselessly to a full view of a woman's chamber through the transom above the door? To decide on the guilt or innocence of a man before he has been tried by a jury, nay, before he has ever been arrested by the duly appointed officers of the law? To thrust themselves into the presence of a public man and there put two columns of words into his mouth not one of which his tongue ever knew? If this is good journalism in the opinion of American journalists, then all that we, the people, ask is that it shall be avowed, that the baseness of it may at least be slightly palliated by the courage of its avowal, and we who have the power to make the laws may know just what we have to do.

Is there any reason why the English law of libel should not be enacted and put in force among us? If there is, it has never been published. That law adopted in this country would give ample protection to property and character, here, as it does there. Make it possible for every man to hold by due and strict process of law, every editor and publisher responsible for the truth of what they write and issue concerning him, and the foul tide of exaggeration, misrepresentation, innuendo and slander, that is now poured forth from the revolving presses of the country, would be clarified in a week. The liberty of the Press is and should be held sacred in every free community, but the license of the Press should be put under ban, and without a day's delay.

The evil is not one connected with the individualism of the Press, but is in the *system*. In the majority of cases, the

editor is an employee. He writes what he is told to write, and has to do so or surrender his place and salary. Personally, the editors of our great papers are not only talented but honorable men. The reporters are bright and manly. But they act under orders. The age of blows is past, and the age of words has come. As the free Lances of mediæval times sold their swords, so these now sell their pens. The terms of their engagement forbid them to have a conscience or individual opinions. They write what and as they are commanded by the man or management that has hired them, and dare not do otherwise. And the power which commands them is *money*!

Money has no conscience, no honor, no patriotism, no sympathy with truth, right, and decency, and never has had. It loves and seeks but one thing, — profits. Whatever will make the paper sell, goes into it, right or wrong, true or untrue, slanderous or just, clean or unclean, it is all the same to money. Whatever will make the greatest sensation; whatever will fetch the most dirty pennies from dirtier pockets; whatever will make the most sensational publishment and call for a more sensational counter statement in the next issue, goes in. And this is called good journalism among us!

The power of the press is often made the subject of eulogy. That is one side of the theme. There is another. It is also an object of dread. By it a lie can be nationalized in a day; a vile slander made continental; an honorable reputation — that noblest reward of right living, — blasted forever; and a mean suspicion against the noblest of men popularized to a hemisphere. If a public man dare defend himself, his very defence is turned against him. If, maddened at the outrage, he shows his anger, he is jeered at, and misrepresented the more. If the attack drives him from public life, he finds no protection in privacy. The arrows of innuendo, of sneers, and insult, still rain upon him, and only the interposition of the grave into which he sinks at last, can protect his anguished bosom from their poisonous points. And this is good journalism!

Ask any public man if this picture is overdrawn. Ask Hayes, ask Colfax, ask Blaine, ask Cleveland, ask Conklin in his grave, ask Lincoln and Grant, ask living and dead alike, if this is an overdrawn picture of American journalism, and

the reckless slanderous manner in which its power has been used over them, and on them, and as they make answer, am I ready to stand condemned or acquitted of slander myself. Let the law which now binds the hands of the injured and the insulted, either check this outrageous exercise of irresponsible power, the outgrowth of a false system of journalism, or else let it restore Nature's liberty to us to protect ourselves. If it would but do this, I think so well of my countrymen that I will warrant that the license of American journalism would speedily be corralled within the pickets of a reasonable liberty.

The project of endowed journals is the natural suggestion — one among many — which occurs to the vast number of thinking men who are tired of and disgusted at the characteristics and tendencies of a large portion of the American Press. The almost utter absence of accuracy and fairness in the reports of Congressional doings and sayings; the mean and slanderous attacks on our public men, which stop not short of suspicioning their own and the virtues of their wives; the utter lack of discrimination in editing the newspaper of the day, which prints the drivel of a drunken prize fighter, at greater length and with larger display of head-lines than a speech of Mr. Gladstone, an encyclical from the Pope, or a message of the President; the absence of all moral conviction from the editorial page, that noblest opportunity for sincere and wise expression the world has ever provided for earnest men; the growing habit of converting reporters and correspondents into a gang of paid detectives and amateur spies, against the entrance of whom the jury room itself is not protected,— these and other deplorable conditions and tendencies patent to all, in American journalism, have produced a conviction far deeper and more prevalent than many think — that a radical change in the methods of journalism must be effected, and that, too, speedily.

When the suggestion looking towards the endowment of journals among us was recently made, many of the newspapers, we noticed, received it with a show of hilarity, as if it stirred the risibilities of their respective owners; but there was a hollow sound in their merriment, as when one in order to put on a brave appearance opens his mouth in vain effort to laugh, because there is a far different feeling from jollity in his soul. And the arguments feebly put

forth to prove the fallacy of the suggestion, were of a sort to stir the pity of one who reflected on the feebleness of the wit which would advance them, and the weakness of a cause which could urge no better in its defence.

The fact is, there is not an argument that can be urged against the endowment of journals, which cannot, even with greater force, be brought against the endowment of colleges. Both are national necessities. Both are sources of popular education. Both are mediums through which the learning, the patriotism, and the moral conviction of the best minds of the nation, can be communicated to the people who support them. Both are immense educational agencies, with the advantage in favor of the daily journal as contrasted with the college. The college reaches the few; the journal the many. The college is of the past, the remote, the indirect. It teaches languages that are dead, and tongues that are foreign; sciences that are for the few, and knowledge that is occult; while the daily journal speaks to the many in the vernacular; teaches from the text-book of current events, and gives to its reader the knowledge that is actual, and supplies him with present instruction, entertainment, guidance, and inspiration. Over against Cambridge, we can place Franklin, the printer; beside Yale, stand Garrison, with his *Emancipator*, and at the right hand of Agassiz, put Greeley, and no one who knew the forces which have developed our civilization could say that the three who type the influence of the college, outweighed the three who type the influences of the Press.

But how could political parties be served under this system of endowment, may be asked? Even as the different religious denominations are served now, and well served, by the same system, we reply. As Methodist wealth endows a Methodist school or college, and Baptist wealth its favorite institution, so Democratic or Republican wealth could endow the organ it loved and whose political opinions agreed with its own. And thus whoever will examine this subject thoughtfully will quickly realize that the plan suggested is not one either to awaken hilarity, or be treated as if it were inherently impracticable. On the other hand he will find that it is both practicable and practical.

The advantages to be derived from such endowed journals, are many and vast. Among others are these. It would lift journalism to the level of a learned and noble profession.

To be the editor of a great journal would be an honor equal to be the President of a great college. It would give to the people a thorough editing of the news of the day, which would ensure proper discrimination as to values, and accuracy of statement. It would lift the editorial pages to the level of high culture, deliberate expression, and convincing statement. It would give to its correspondence the finish and elegance of cultivated and gifted pens. It would shut the gates against the inrushing floods of coarse sensationalism. It would deliver the pages from ungentlemanly personalities. It would secure us, as a nation, the respect and applause of foreign peoples, and it would bring to the discussion of every public question, the best thoughts of our best men. Shall we have endowed journals? If not, why not?

THE RACE PROBLEM.

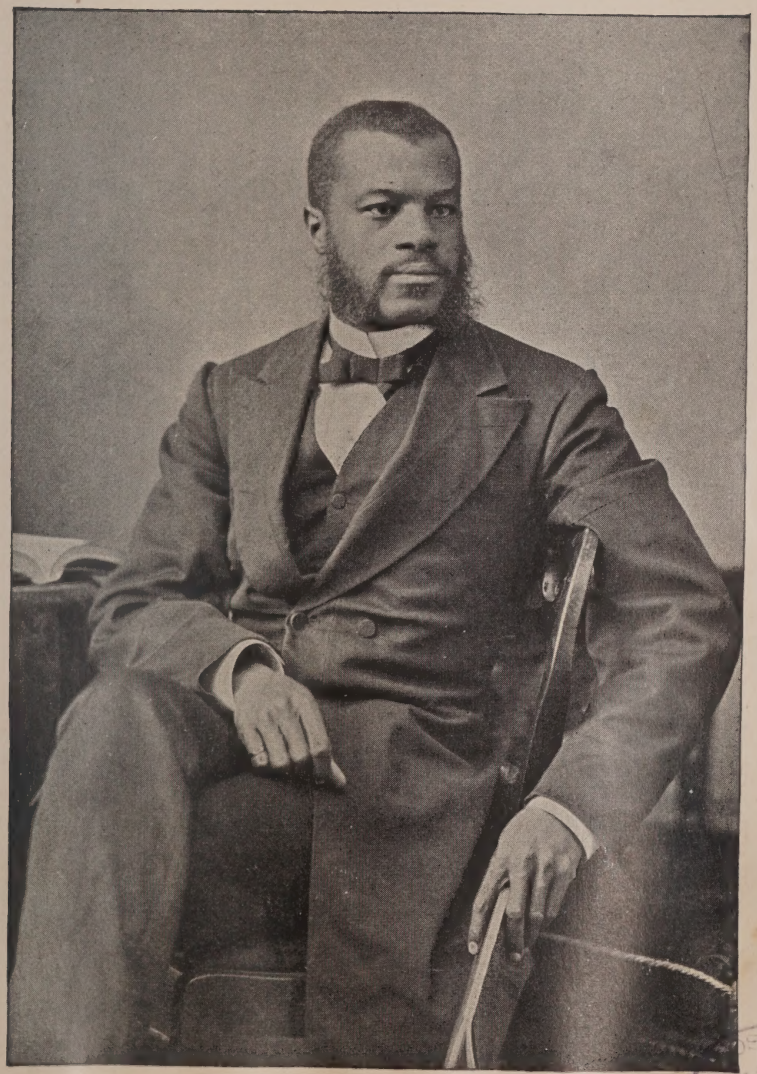
BY PROF. W. S. SCARBOROUGH, A. M.

THIS question, improperly styled the "Negro problem," is in reality the white man's question. From the negro's standpoint the conditions that usually enter into a problem are absent and therefore the wonder is why all this discussion in regard to the blacks, why this confusion, these sectional differences, this bitter strife concerning the negro's rights, — his citizenship?

The blacks are quietly disposed and inclined to accept any amicable terms of peace that may be proposed by either North or South in the interest of the common good. They are not aggressive, nor vindictive, nor are they hostile to national prosperity. Negro supremacy or negro domination is a thought entirely foreign to their plans, and those who would insinuate that the demand for fair play is a cry for this or social equality surely do not understand the negro or his desires in the matter. His demand for fair play is not unreasonable, and why should the whole country be so stirred up over the subject?

But when we stop to think about it, it occurs to us as not being so very strange, for intolerance is largely a characteristic of the American people, — especially intolerance of race. So many have flocked to these shores, driven by persecution, that intolerance has become implanted in the minds of all as the sign of superiority. In no other way can we account for this among people of high civilization; for the rule is, the higher the civilization the more tolerant of races, creeds, and all else that may be attacked by the least civilized.

Take the Jews for example — a quiet, inoffensive people, many of whom are the monied kings of the world. Note the discrimination against them. Are they not ostracized? Is not the spirit of intolerance so strong against them in many parts of the world that it is impossible for them to remain and have any interest in the soil or learned profes-



Yours most Sincerely.
W. J. Scarborough.

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sion, or even remove elsewhere? What can be worse than this? It is certainly not on the ground of color that there is such clashing. *It is race.* The Chinese constitute another familiar example of race prejudice which has led to prohibitory legislation. In all these we have a variety of race distinctions, attributable, as it is claimed, to some one or more objectionable racial characteristics said to be possessed by those who do not belong to the more favored race, — "the fair-haired Saxon," or rather the American Caucasian who is largely a mixture of nationalities and races. What a commentary upon our boasted American civilization when in the face of all this we read what economists affirm: the more civilized the country, the more tolerant it becomes.

Senators Hampton, Butler, Eustis, Morgan, Colquit, and other southern statesmen, have declared it to be their opinion that the two races can never live here together in peace, and further that there will never be an amicable adjustment of affairs as long as the negro essays to exercise the rights of citizenship. He must be satisfied with the place assigned him, however humble, however menial, despite any ambition to rise above the sphere laid out for him. Is this tolerance? If so, then such condition alone can never solve the race problem to the satisfaction of either party. Twenty-five years of school privileges have changed the negro, virtually making a new creature of him; and it is just as impossible to remand the mass of growing intelligence to former ways of thought and action, as to change his color. From the standpoint involving such a condition, the deportation of the entire race of color is the only alternative by which we may hope for solution of this most vexed question, and it might be as well for the race to rise *en masse* and petition Congress to pass the Butler bill to enable them to go to their fatherland (?) where they are supposed to live in peace and amicable relations with all men.

I have never looked with much favor upon emigration, whether forced or voluntary. I have believed that colonization of any kind meant death to the negro, and therefore would prove to be more serious in the end than all the abuse and insults that may be heaped upon him here; but I do favor removal from the South to the West. A scattering of the population over these United States would, in my opinion, do him untold good within the next twenty-five years.

Then if it is found to be impossible to live there, I would favor migration as a whole to Africa, or any point beyond the American influence and government. American prejudice is now almost greater than the negro can bear, — North as well as South. There is very little difference as to quantity.

Judge Fenner, in a recent paper, makes the following pungent remarks : —

"We have had innumerable suggestions as to what the people of the North should do, as to what the white people of the South should do, as to what the Federal and State government should do. We have been told that we should educate the negro ; that we should provide for transporting the negro to Mexico, to Cuba, to Central America, to Africa, or to some unsettled portion of our own vast territory ; that we should do this, that, or the other, for the negro, or with the negro. In all these schemes the negro figures merely as a passive, inert, irresponsible factor who is to have something done to him, or with him, or for him, and who is not called on to consider, or decide, or to act for himself according to his own judgment of what is best for his own interest."

If our friends would act upon this principle, then they would be able to arrive at such conclusions as must bring about the desired end more speedily than by the present alienation process. The recent Mohonk Conference called to consider the moral, intellectual, and social condition of the negro, with the negro *in persona* left out, convinces me that there is a great deal of insincerity on the part of many so-called advocates of the race, and that much of the zeal that we see is the outgrowth of a desire for notoriety rather than for the actual improvement of the condition of the race in question. What makes the affair appear more absurd is that the negro's views of the "negro question" were given by a white man. If social equality were feared by these, then there is little hope for the future. Catering to the prejudices of men only prolongs the conflict, and if the negro's friends expect to really aid him in his struggles upward, they must change their *modus operandi* and adopt a different system of tactics. The blacks are not seeking social equality and if the promoters of that Conference supposed that, they evidently utterly failed to comprehend the negro and had little conception of what such a conference must be to carry with it weight and influence. Why not give the negro a hearing, — let him plead his own cause and give his own views relative to these issues which are as vital to him as to any American citizen?

There must be a common understanding between the two races as to what is desirable and as to the best method of reaching that end. There is certainly something to be done on both sides. The whites should exercise forbearance, the blacks, patience; the whites should exercise justice, pure and simple, in granting the negro all his civil and political rights, the negro should make the most of his opportunities, winning respect and confidence by his intellectual and moral attainments and his financial worth.

A significant and pertinent remark is made by Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper when it says of this "perplexing problem": —

"It may possibly work out its own solution, but it is incumbent upon all to treat it with circumspection, with justice, and with regard for the rights of all concerned."

The Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, in his able paper on this question in THE ARENA for June, makes an observation that strikes the thoughtful man as being, in truth, the common ground upon which all must take a stand in this discussion: —

"The only justifiable postulate for the Christian religion and for free institutions is that God created men of one blood, and that in His likeness, and, therefore, Christ, as the Son of God, is the Brother of all mankind, and men, as the sons of God, are necessarily free, and, with equal necessity, equal. If this be not true, there is no substantial and unshakable foundation for either the Christian religion, or Christian philosophy, or free institutions. And we must accept this as the fundamental truth in all our attempts to reach the exact nature of the problem which now confronts us, and by this truth we must measure every proposed remedy for whatever evils we may suffer under."

If Mr. Breckinridge had made his deductions from these premises, instead of switching off on tangents exhibiting more prejudice than calm reason, the following tone of the article would have been in a very different vein. After such a preliminary statement, one cannot judge otherwise when he finds the admission of cruel rigor and injustice in the treatment of races that "have become colored," coupled with its justification on the ground that it is a duty to keep the races separate and "protected in those habitations which God had appointed unto it," while admitting that it is also a duty to be "just and humane." One thing is certain, if both are duties, there is no question in Christian ethics as to the claim of the latter over the former. According to the same writer there is no negro, the "vices of two hundred and fifty years"

having produced various degrees of color and "variation of character;" yet, in the same breath, the assertion is made of his being of an alien race, and of his incapacity to control because he is a negro. We are told these things and find ourselves confronted by the statement that assimilation — "the very contemplation of it — was unendurable," side by side with another which affirms the existence of "strong, mutual affections." "Incapable of control," and when consolidated, "more subject to doubtful if not actually vicious influences," it is argued that the "more numerous we could make these families in Africa, the more hopeful the outlook for the redemption of that country." We are told that "you cannot continuously keep any part of America in subjugation," that the "worst possible use you can put a man to is to proscribe him and make him hopeless," and yet seven millions of Americans are to be kept in their habitations which the South has appointed unto them — a state of servile subjugation with which there must be no outside interference.

And then, in the face of all this, "we look forward to being judged on the same judgment day, by the same Judge upon precisely the same principles,"— all of us, of course, if we are brothers according to the writer's first "postulate."

What is the negro to expect in the face of such inconsistent and fallacious argument? Nothing; for it all points one way,— a cry for non-interference of federal authority when home protection is a farce. All arguments from Southern statesmen seem to point to this as the only remedy, and the discussion about the settlement of the problem seems to be mainly to prove how in the wrong the North has been in its attitude upon the question from the days of the Civil War, as well as how dark were reconstruction days, how unwise, to say the least, the Republican party was in all its movements as regards the South and the negro. As in Senator Hampton's article "Bygones" and "Dead Issues" occupy the most of the discussion. He, too, attributes all the "ills" to the enfranchisement of the blacks and what he calls their incapacity for self government, but his statements are not justified by the facts in the case. He cites Hayti, Liberia, San Domingo, in proof, and supports his statements by directing our attention to Froude and Sir Spencer St. John, neither of whose testimony can be deemed reliable, as they, too, were

guided by their prejudices rather than by good judgment. Of the former the *Critic* for March has this to say: "Mr. Froude, as is well known, learned his political and social philosophy and his literary art from his Gamaliel, Carlyle," and, like his master, "in his secret soul he despised pretty much all the human race." This accounts for the coloring he gives to the negro's "incapacity" which he tries to *prove* by the reckless statements made by enemies of the colored race who persist in presenting a study of low types as indicative of the race.

That individual denominated the negro to-day, has shown his capacity for the exercise of virtues for which even his enemies give him credit; he has representatives in every profession doing honor to the race; he is being counted among the prosperous men financially; he has for years administered well the affairs of Grenada, which, despite Mr. Froude and others, proves capacity for government. The turbulent spirit in Hayti proves no more against him than the same spirit in France proves against the white race. He gave Senator Hampton's State his voice and vote for education, and in this line he has risen marvellously.

But after all, these things are not the question. They are only advanced to prove that the South must be left to manage this as it desires; that it is dangerous to allow the blacks to exercise their constitutional rights, and to rouse resistance against Federal supervision. Right here let me say the bill for this last makes no provisions for usurpation of power such as is claimed by its opponents, and if it did, such usurpation could not take place. It is true that it alone will not solve the problem, though it will eliminate some of the perplexing political features. The main question is *How shall we adjust the present relations between the blacks and the whites, so as to promote the general interests of all?* To this question we should stick, but in passing let me reaffirm what I have said elsewhere as to the matter of suffrage referred to by Senator Hampton.* To have failed to give the blacks the right of suffrage or to deprive them of it even now, and at the same time to permit them to remain within the state yet not of the state, without voice or vote, would precipitate far more serious trouble than would the so-called

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negro supremacy. *The solid South might be broken, but the solid negro element, with a gathering enmity intensified by this great wrong, would prove a most formidable force against law.*

It is not the segregation of the negro that is intensifying his race prejudice, so much as it is the injustice done him in depriving him of his rights, and the cruelties to which he is subjected in forms varying from the mildest ostracism to murder; though I believe with Mr. Breckinridge, that it would be far better for these millions to scatter over this country, and that until this is done, America will be in a state of unrest. As this is not probable, at least at present, the trouble must be met and disposed of in some other way. To accept the inevitable, forget the past, overlook present mistakes and provide against further ill-feeling and friction, seems to be the only wise and discreet policy which can be carried out.

We must all look largely to the future, letting justice, wisdom, education, and the accumulation of wealth combine with time. "The race problem is the natural outcome of environment, and a change must be made in the environment," says Dr. J. C. Price, the negro orator. This is true and this combination will produce the change. In a professional way it is best for the negro to eschew politics, but justice and wisdom must grant him all the civil and political rights of a citizen and a man, then education, moral and intellectual, and the accumulation of wealth will work together to insure respect and bring about a different state of affairs.

But to assert arrogantly, not only the present superior advancement of the whites as a race, but the determination not to allow the negro to rise to equal heights, is only to sound continually the tocsin of war, to throw down the gauntlet which a rapidly growing intelligence will pick up and prepare to measure arms in achievements. Let the "subtile" and "irresistible powers" work in each race and let the best win. To quote Mr. Breckinridge again, "Intelligence in the long run will conquer ignorance, even if from the hands of intelligence are taken all physical weapons and to ignorance is given every form of brute force." The negro must work out his own destiny, and as Judge Fenner asserts, "from the standpoint of his own self-interests:" he must "form a just and definite conception of what the race problem

is." But he is not to be hampered by all these varying, conflicting statements which affirm that he should say, "Hands off. This is my problem, I will solve it," and then set vigorously to work to declare what he shall do and what he shall not do — in short that he must solve it by a solution proposed exclusively by the whites for their own self-interest. This assumption is as unjust as it is unwise. There are two parties interested in the solution of this great problem, and the views of each must be considered.

The present seems dark to the negro and that there is an increasing discontent, is perfectly evident, still I am far from despairing of his success in the future. In the language of Rabbi Gottheil, when referring to the condition of his own people in this land, I would say of the negro, I am of the opinion that his position will continue to improve in this great country. The old prejudice against him will gradually fade away. We shall, in no distant day, have the negro figuring not only in politics and literature, but in the fine arts and in every thing that unites to harmonize and elevate mankind, just as the men of other races.

America has been and will be, despite legislation, the gathering place of the nations and races of the whole earth. Its future must be worked out by a harmonious working together of its heterogeneous population. All must be uplifted together. It must be acknowledged by all who are struggling to solve this question, that selfish expediency never makes wrong right, that injustice reaps its own reward. In time, some way and somehow, these barriers will come down — it may be brought about by all this loud and constant discussion, as the walls of Jericho fell before the sound of trumpets in the hands of the marching Israelites. Let the thundering of right and truth come from friend or foe, and let the negro stand firm in the belief expressed by our minister to Hayti, Frederick Douglass, — "God and I make a majority." If the South and North, white and black, will unite on lines of justice and humanity to man, the race question will work out its own solution with the least friction and the best results.

SYMBOLICAL CHARACTERS IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

BY PROF. SHERIDAN P. WAIT.

In this advancing age, when the human intellect has delved so deeply in the earth, fathomed the sea, explored the heavens, and found everywhere a changeless law and order, if any written records are still to be presented and accepted as in *any* sense the product of that Supreme Intelligence whose workmanship the cosmos is, the contents of such writings must coincide in form and substance with the highest knowledge we can gain of the course of nature and the constitution of man. This, I think, the Hebrew Scriptures, when rightly interpreted, can be shown to do. Not that I wish to participate in the effort often made to read into these ancient books the results reached by the progress of modern thought along many lines; but to exercise a rightful privilege, perform a sacred duty, in presenting some measure of that vital truth represented or foreshadowed by the principal persons and events of the Old Testament, which I have been led to see and to apply.

In this discussion, we must bear in mind the fact, that, in order to a right understanding of the symbol, we must apprehend something of the qualities of the thing symbolized. Thus the key to the Old Testament is found in the New. The life of the man Jesus, as a typical human being, renders it of value for us to know what went before to make him what he was, that we may more consciously conform unto the type.

To present the subject in detail would, of course, require larger limits than those of the present article; but it is believed it is possible, even in a brief paper, to give a few examples of a rational and perfectly legitimate interpretation of certain scriptural characters, which calls upon us to consider, if it does not prove, the following propositions: —

1. The Bible is a history of the growth of the soul, from

its infancy in a state called Adam, to its manhood in a consciousness called Christ.

2. The allegories and parables, persons and events, recorded and described in the Old and New Testament scriptures, serve to illustrate, personify, and portray stages of development and phases of experience through which every human being is sooner or later destined to pass.

3. The root meanings of the words chosen as the names of individuals, who may not have had even an historical existence, and yet whose recorded lives are symbolical ones, define faculties of the mind, attributes or qualities of the soul. And, as in the demonstration of a geometrical proposition, the marks we make as aids to the mind have no place in the ideal figure whose points and lines require no space; so, with the persons and things described in the Bible, events are recorded and characters pictured in language best adapted to the solution of a problem in the intricate combination of forces involved in the progressive creation of man.

4. The account of creation given in the Book of Genesis, while having an evident literal reference to various stages and ages in the formation of the material universe, has also an inner, higher signification, prophetically descriptive of different degrees of evolution, or gradual upbuilding, through which all mankind must pass.

5. The life of nations and of individuals is marked by seven distinct periods, corresponding to the days of labor and the Sabbath day.

6. The creation of man has not yet been completed; but the typical line of descent, which terminated, through Joseph and Mary, in Jesus, individualizes a universal and orderly method, in which the laws of Heredity and Environment, and the Law of Laws, the Divine Overshadowing, co-operate and combine to foretell, in the Christ, what the perfected human race is to be.

7. The birth, nature, and mission of Jesus the Christ mark the fulfilment of natural laws and reveal possibilities within the reach of realization by all men, after the foundation has been laid, broad and strong, in physical, intellectual, and moral development, for that glorious superstructure, a spiritual consciousness.

The name of God is the first to which a symbolical character is given in the Old Testament. It has formed the

basis of an idea that has advanced from the simple fetichism of a barbarous people to the more refined symbolisms and elaborate theologies of Christendom. In no two minds will the mention of the word God awaken the same imagery or evoke the same feeling, because it does not come through the doorway of the understanding. Yet, in reality, the name Elohim, which is employed throughout the first chapter of Genesis as the exponent of creative power, is not a mere verbal symbol for an inconceivable abstraction. Its root meanings, when carefully collected from the best authorities and arranged in proper order, furnish us a framework upon which to form a rational conception of a Causative Principle and its orderly method in creation. It signifies a Power which in and by itself exists, which from itself proceeds, going forth, entering into, becoming for a time as nothing, setting up motion, causing revolution, ruling, directing, and finally bringing about relations of beauty, harmony, majesty, and perfection in that to which it has imparted life.

This gives to us a God-idea such as the felt necessities of right reasoning demand. It affirms the involution of the life of God as the causation of all so-called natural evolution. It takes up the thread of research where physical science leaves it, and postulates God as a seed-sowing Power administering germs of life as fast, as far, as fully as conditions of receptivity are established. It wipes forever from the mental tablets all conceptions of God as to form and personality enthroned afar in space and ruling, by an arbitrary fiat, the universe He has made. And in their stead it gives to us a view of creation in which, at every step, the power of Elohim is manifest in law and order. A world such as this we live upon is the outwrought expression, through evolution, of the involution of a planet-seed or soul. Primitive protoplasm was but a plastic preparation to be moulded by higher principles of life. The long line leading upward from the first appearance of the sea-plant to the birth of the polyp, and from the amœba to man, is but a chain of many links, each forged by the same process, each the expression of the same creative handiwork.

Thus, then, creation is not an instant act, but a continuous process; not the making of something out of nothing, but a re-arrangement, re-combination, re-formation of materials

already in existence. This is the meaning of the Hebrew words *bara* and *asah*, rendered *to create* in our accepted version of the Scriptures. And creation is marked throughout its entire course by the principle of continuity, so that we are never put to an intellectual confusion by the appearance of effects without adequate and lawful causes.

In the fourth verse of the second chapter of Genesis, there is given, in conjunction with Elohim, another name of the Deity, Yahweh, or Jehovah, which is afterwards particularly used in referring to relations of man with his Maker. The root of the word Jehovah conveys simply the idea of existence, being, life, that which is by reason of its own virtue, which was, and ever shall be. It is the germ of this nature innate in the soul that has, in all ages, quickened into life the hope of immortality, and gives rise to the consciousness that we will be what we *will* to be.

There is still another name of the Creator, used in certain portions of the Hebrew scriptures, which it is important for us to consider,— El Shaddai, or Shaddai, translated, God Almighty, or Almighty. El is from the same root as Elohim, and carries with it all the force of that word. Shaddai signifies, primarily, to shed or pour forth energy, or that which nourishes and sustains life. From the same root are derived words which denote the act of a mother in nursing her offspring; the office of the earthly maternal parent being a beautiful and most expressive type and correspondence of the principle of motherhood in the Divine Nature. The words, "In the image of God created he him; male and female created he them," refer to the distinction of sex in humanity as the highest counter-partal form and likeness of the essential character of Deity. As without the union of these two natures no species can be propagated, no form of life begotten and brought forth, so, by analogy, do we know that these seemingly opposite attributes must inhere in the Supreme Causation of all that is, combining to form the unity of the Creator and Sustainer of Life.

The Hebrew word first used for man, *Ahdham*, Adam, is not the title of a person, but a generic name, descriptive of the qualities of the genus to which it is applied. Its root, and kindred ones, indicate,— 1, to be red, to bloom, to unfold, to vitalize; 2, the earth, the ground; 3, to liken, to compare, to think, to reason. It thus defines the three-

fold nature of man,— spiritual, physical, intellectual; or, soul, body, mind; soul being the human seed or life principle; body, the manifestation of soul-power through physical organism, or objective form; mind, the manifestation of soul-power through psychical faculties, or subjective consciousness.

The Hebrew verb-forms, from which all other words of the language are drawn, denote state and quality, principle and process, without reference to time, so that the so-called future tense is often used in what has been regarded as history, while the so-called past tense is employed in many passages deemed prophetical. Thus, then, the only sure reading of the record is that which grasps the ideal meaning of the words and separates the letter which killeth, by its many contradictions and inconsistencies, from the spirit or truth within, all the phases of which are in harmony with each other. In this way we will see that the supposed primal perfection of man was wholly prophetical. His advent upon the earth was not brought about by the setting aside or transgression of any law previously written in the nature of things. It was consummated in conformity to the same plan and process by which the heavens were fashioned and the kingdoms and orders of the earth begotten and brought forth. When that point was reached in the line of progressive creation where the species of brute was born most like in outward appearance to the human form, the time had come for the power of Elohim, acting in conjunction with the natural law of propagation, to manifest its nature and presence in a higher degree than had been shown before upon this planet. Forth from the Perfect Life came the soul of man as a seed bearing latent within it the attributes of the Godhead itself; but placed or planted in organic, physiological, and psychological association with a prepared physical body and animal soul. This descent of the soul from an unindividualized existence in the nature of God, down and into a prepared material environment, to gain therein a necessary experience, was the fall of man,— not his lapsing from a state of original purity here upon the earth. As the vegetable has to go into the ground to become rooted for its upward growth, so the human soul enters its material environment, gains its earthly experience, that by its own volition it shall finally arise with dominion and power, at one with

its Father and God, through the knowledge gained of His laws in every department of being, and a conscious conformity thereto.

In the beginning of man heaven and earth were created, the human and the animal were joined. Yet the earth was without form, and void and darkness was upon the whole mental abyss. The spirit of Elohim brooded for ages over this unformed state of the soul, inserting from generation to generation, in the tree of Life, the shoots of a higher mentality. The prophetical fiat, Let there be light! went forth with the primitive man; but its fulfilment was not realized until the Sun of Righteousness arose in Palestine.

The line of descent from Adam to Jesus is a typical one, and is perfectly applicable to the life of man, whether he has been upon the earth six thousand years or six hundred thousand. The names given represent degrees of growth, and not mere individuals. Arranging it in epochs corresponding to the days of creation we have,—1, the Adamic; 2, the Noachian; 3, the Abrahamic; 4, the age of Jacob or Israel; 5, the Law; 6, the Prophets; 7, the completed cycle or Sabbath day, the Christ.

Our space will only allow us to consider a few symbolical characters embraced in these divisions, emphasizing that which they represent to us here and now.

In the account of the making of woman from the rib of man, the words used describe a new condition reached in the development of human consciousness. *Tsalah*, rib, signifies an extension. *Neqabhah*, female, and *Hhavah*, Eve, indicate *receptivity*. As through woman outwardly the race has increased from age to age, by family, tribe, and nation, so, through the female receptive condition of the soul, without distinction as to sex, has all mental growth been brought about. As every masculine type, patriarch, priest, and prophet, elder, judge, and king, was fulfilled in Jesus, the Christ, so the female principle, first foreshadowed as Eve, received its highest name and symbolization as Mary.

The first product of the mental receptivity, personified as Eve, is the result of its contact with a material environment, and is called Cain, which word is from a root descriptive of the selfishness and passion of the natural state of man, it meaning to beat, to hammer, to acquire, to hold, heat, anger, jealousy. Abel has the same meaning as the

Hebrew and Greek words for spirit, i. e., the breath. Thus, then, the killing of Abel by Cain represents the higher, spiritual nature of man deprived of life or power of expression, by the predominance of the lower appetites, desires, and propensities. It not only refers to that early stage of human existence, when the whole outward aspect of mankind showed that the Cain within had slain its brother, and which condition, even to-day, so many tribes and nations represent; but it also defines what takes place in every soul whenever a higher inspiration or desire is not actualized because of some ruling earthly passion or ambition. At all such times the kingdom of heaven within us suffers violence, and the blood of righteous Abel cries for vengeance in the condemning voice of an outraged conscience.

The name of Seth, who takes the place of Abel, means to be set, fixed, firmly founded. It indicates the establishment, in the mind, of that spiritual train of thought and motive which Abel foreshadows. Hence the ultimate of the line of Seth is the Christ.

Eden signifies delight, pleasure. Man's banishment therefrom is not *ex*pulsion from one place to another, but *im*pulsion from a lower state to a higher. There is a power in his soul to urge him upward from the garden of sensual enjoyment, that in it he shall have no lasting satisfaction, but shall press forward, through the ages of his evolution, to the attainment of that perfect paradise, the exercise of his higher faculties in wisdom and love for his kind, when all that was foreshadowed in the ancient allegory shall in spirit and in truth be realized.

The name Noah signifies to rest, a station reached, a new stage in the soul's travail.

Shem is from the same root as the Hebrew word for heaven, that kingdom which the Christ declared is within us, — the Spiritual.

Ham indicates, in the sense of heat and darkness, those passions, and that ignorance first personified as Cain,— the Physical.

Japhet signifies to be broadened out, enlarged, extended, describing the development and education of the third department of the mind of man,— the Intellectual.

The word used for Ark, *tebah*, means to hold. It indicates the complex organization of human nature, into which has

entered the elements and characteristics of every created thing which moves in the water, flies in the air, or lives upon the land.

Water represents *motion*, formative action. So, then, the flood indicates a period of transition, a process of preparation, a time of becoming.

We find in the subsequent history of the higher branches of the human family the perfect fulfilment of what was prophesied in the names attributed to the sons of Noah.

The offspring of Shem, through the line of Arphaxad and Heber, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were set apart for the purpose of giving to the world the imagery of types and signs, forms and ceremonies, precepts and prophecies, pertaining to higher religious or spiritual things.

The descendants of Ham settled in Egypt, and also laid the foundation of the Canaanitish and Chaldeo-Babylonian empires. The building of cities, monuments, and pyramids, the perpetuation of dynasties from age to age, and the establishment of codes of government and systems of law, proclaimed the progress and typical perfection of man in physical relations.

The line of Japhet was carried onward to its highest type through Javan and his sons, who peopled the Ionian isles and became the parent stock of the Greeks, whose poetry and philosophy, literature and art made known the symbolic perfection of the intellect.

Abram, or Abraham, whose name and typical life mark the third epoch or day in the line from Seth onward, represents the attribute or faculty of *faith*. Abram signifies the father or cause of elevation or advancement upward; Abraham, the father or cause of increase. Although so little understood, faith has been recognized in all religious teachings as the fundamental factor in the soul's experience of a higher life. The Hebrew word *emun*, faith, signifies *a firm foundation*. It does not denote credulity or belief, nor the intellectual acceptance of any formulated creed or doctrine, nor any state of mere emotion. It defines the exercise of a function by the soul of man, corresponding, in its relation to his spiritual nature, with seeing and hearing and other sense-perceptions which form the basis of his knowledge of things pertaining to the world of changing forms and fleeting phenomena. Hence, faith, true faith, is a state of conscious-

ness, a perception of the relations of things as they are in the realm of the real, a knowledge of the moving within and upon us, to inspire, to guide, to direct, to sustain, to uplift, of an intelligence and power surpassing in degree and kind, all that the unaided self can think or do, and which will make provision for us, according to our lawful needs and efforts, whatsoever the exigency that may arise.

The next epoch is represented by the patriarch Jacob or Israel. Jacob signifies *an arch* or *vault;* Israel, that which is set in order by the power of Elohim. Applied to the great universe, the arch or vault denotes the blue dome of space which marks the boundary of our field of vision in the world above, and which is set in order with shining tokens of creative power. In their application to the little universe, to man, the microcosm, these words prophetically portray the mental curve or arch of perfected mind and brain-structure, whose faculties shall show forth, like the resplendent orbs on high, an orderly arrangement by the Power of God.

In the names of the twelve sons of Jacob, a more complete chart is given of the mental powers, showing that each individual personified a faculty, and collectively they foreshadowed a principle that was carried onward by their descendants, and which reached its highest objective type in the twelve disciples chosen by Jesus.

Our space will not allow us to give the etymologies in detail, but simply to sum up in one word the attribute represented by each of those symbolical characters who were the fathers and founders of the tribes of Israel, viz., Reuben — Perception; Simeon — Understanding; Levi — Association; Judah — Faith; Dan — Judgment; Naphtali — Combativeness; Gad — Memory; Asher — Will; Issachar — Selfishness; Zebulun — Socialty; Joseph — Constructiveness; Benjamin — Conscientiousness.

When all these faculties are brought forth and rightly functionized, the lower governed by the higher, then man is finished in the image, according to the likeness of his God. Then no man's hand shall any more be raised against his brother, but each shall do by each as he would have done unto him, knowing that no lasting individual good can come but through the common good of all. For every man is the miniature of society, and as individuals attain an inward harmony will they enter into and maintain the larger rela-

tions of life as members of one body. This is the truth foreshadowed in the organization of the typical tribes of Israel. Their subsequent career symbolized the travail of the universal soul, out from the bondage of ignorance and appetite, led by the law and the spirit of prophecy to the truth in organic form, the Christ.

Up to the age of Moses, symbolical individuals serve to point out the upward path of mind. But from that time onward the Jewish and other nations carry forward and fulfil the principles before personified. As the typical line of descent approaches its completion in Jesus, we behold, in the Roman empire, its outward correspondence. From an origin shrouded in obscurity, and by a growth for many generations insignificant, Rome had risen, step by step, to be the mistress of the world. At the coming of the Christ her dominion embraced the highest representatives of Hamitic, Japhetic, and Shemitic development. Egypt, Babylon, and Persia, Greece and all her colonies, were included in that vast empire of which Judea was deemed an unimportant province. All the law and literature, religion, philosophy, and art, of the past, were mingled in Rome. The typical perfection of physical, intellectual, and spiritual growth which had been achieved in Egypt, Greece, and Palestine, was here united to form a mental matrix for the reception of that seed of truth which shall, in process of time, bring forth in human life those heavenly things by prophets seen and poets sung.

At this point in the world's history its central fact occurs, the begetting, birth, and life of Jesus the Christ, son of man through evolution, child of God by involution, whose nature and mission, rightly understood, solve every problem connected with the origin, nature, and destiny of the soul. In the record of his conception the law of laws is revealed, and the missing causative link supplied which makes science religious and religion scientific.*

Because of the weakness, the ignorance, and earthiness of

* The divine overshadowing, as a law of laws, was first apprehended, some fifteen years ago, by Dr. Horace Bowen, now at the head of the Remedial Institute, West End Alameda, Cal. It has been my privilege to assist in the generalization of this law, and in tracing its corroborations in the book of nature and of revelation. The results of this generalization will, in due time, be fully published, nothing having as yet been printed in reference thereto, only in synoptical form for private circulation among those who have attended lectures given upon the subject.—S. P. W.

unfinished man, the action of the overshadowing Power of God was set forth in the Gospels of the New Testament in the same parabolic, allegorical language as the account of creation given in the book of Genesis, that it might be adapted to the necessities of the human mind in all stages of its development. The ideas so long entertained of the making of something out of nothing, the formation of the earth and all that dwells upon it in six literal days of twenty-four hours each, the creation of man out of dust, of woman from the rib of man, and their fall from a perfect state by giving heed to the sophistries of a snake, belong to the same category as the conception that Almighty God held intercourse with a Jewish maiden and brought forth a son. But, as we have seen that underlying the literal narrative of the Old Testament there is conveyed by the original sense of the words a statement of laws and principles, so is the same truth made apparent by a similar analysis of the New Testament.

The account of the appearance of the Angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary, and the announcement, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee, wherefore, also that which shall be born shall be called holy, the Son of God," is an objective picture of the working of creative forces in the human soul. The Virgin Mary represents the female, *receptive*, state of mind first personified as Eve, through which all higher mental power has come. Virgin, *parthenos*, *bethulah*, *almah*, signifies that which has been set apart, consecrated to a special purpose; Mary denotes *fulness*, *rebellion*. Thus, we have defined that receptive state of the soul which in the line from Seth downward had been set apart, consecrated to the special purpose of bringing forth types and prophecies, statutes and commandments, pertaining to spiritual things; and now that the fulness of time had come, and the work of preparation was accomplished, the soul rebelled at the rule of symbols and signs, and refused to receive the generative action of any but the highest order of intelligence, which should finish its creation. Through physical, intellectual, and moral conditions, high, higher, and still higher it had passed, and now the spiritual, the highest plane of consciousness was to be gained. And what took place then must, sooner or later, become the experience of every soul.

Joseph, the husband of Mary, represents, as his name indi-

cates, the masculine positive, organizing, constructive power of the human intellect. Although the highest product of ages of growth and progressive creation, this state of mind does not *know*, cannot understand, that interior receptivity, which Mary personifies, until after it has brought forth the fruit of its union with a Higher Power.

Joseph and Mary, as individuals, were the highest offspring of the two lines of descent from David, the one through Solomon, the other through Nathan; and in body and mind they represented the best results reached through the ages of culture bestowed upon their families to the end of fitting them, physiologically and psychologically, for a mission of a greater importance than had ever before been performed by human beings. Owing to the work of special preparation that had been accomplished by their direct lines of descent, they possessed natures radically different from that of the masses of the Jewish people, and were fit instruments to co-operate with the action, in its highest capacity connected with the soul of man, of that Overshadowing Power from which all life has come and which moves ever in conjunction and in harmony with natural law by it ordained.

The creative method for the propagation of physical forms is written in the constitution of the male and female of every species. The New Testament was not given to tell how the *body* of Jesus was begotten. He did not come into the world to show a physical strength greater than that of the gladiators of Rome, or to overthrow by superior argument the schoolmen of Greece. His distinctive power was SPIRITUAL; and as like causes always produce like effects, its origin was spiritual, although his physical, intellectual, and moral states were begotten by Joseph and Mary, in the same way that every other child is begotten, and carries with it the organic development reached by its parents. Hence the story of his birth was written to inculcate spiritual truth, as is also every portion of the record of his words and works. And as we come into conformity to the precepts he propounded, will there be wrought out in our experience, in change of character, disposition, and habits, in transformation from ignorance, selfishness, and disease, the reality of all the wonders told of him.

The realization of this is made possible, because, through nineteen centuries of gradual growth, the Messianic leaven

has worked in men and nations. Building, as God ever builds, in an orderly way, we find, first, a physical or Hamitic Christianity, with signs and symbols appealing to every sense-perception, moving the unenlightened mind through hope and fear. This is expressed in organic form by the magnificent ritual and elaborate institutions of the Roman Catholic Church.

The second stage, the Japhetic or intellectual manifestation of Christianity, is shown in the varied sects of Protestantism.

The third, the Shemitic or spiritual, has already been begun in the consciousness of many. It is to be the distinctive mark of this and the coming age. It is the universal Christ to be born in the souls of men, to make them free through knowledge of the truth, which is the perception of the relations of things as they are, as distinguished from belief in illusory appearances.

THE PROROGATION OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

BY GENERAL MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

DURING a visit to London in the summer of 1889, I was enabled, through the courtesy of our Minister, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, to witness the ceremonies of the prorogation of the British Parliament by the Queen's commission. The prorogation occurred on the 30th of August.

The members of the House of Lords began to assemble on that morning about twelve o'clock. Neither the House of Commons nor the House of Lords were as full as usual, but this did not deprive the ceremony of its quaint and interesting character. In the House of Commons the few questions, of which notice had been given, were not answered, on account of the absence of ministers. Even if the ministers had been present in full force, the House of Lords would have given but little attention to any serious business, because they regarded the work of the session as over.

The House of Commons met punctually at twelve o'clock, and the usual prayers were offered up. In the House of Lords the members began to assemble before twelve o'clock.

The first one to appear was the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, in long black gown and white surplice. Next came the Lord Chancellor, followed by others, when prayers were said asking the blessing of Heaven for her Majesty the Queen, and all the royal family. The Lord Chancellor retired, but soon reappeared and with him came the members of the Royal Commission, Lord Lothian, the Earl of Coventry, the Earl of Limerick, and Lord Knutsford. These were all dressed in long loose robes of scarlet, with white sleeve bands. They all wore the traditional black cocked hat.

Soon after their arrival, the yeoman usher of the black rod made his appearance. He was an old gray-haired man, feeble of step, with ancient and eccentric dress, with sword hanging

from his side. He stood, with reverential look, before the bench occupied by the Lord Chancellor, and his colleagues who were there as representatives of her Majesty the Queen. He bowed profoundly, with a solemnity which is indescribable. The Lord Chancellor returned his bow with due gravity, and said, "Notify the members of the House of Commons that the Lords require their immediate presence." The yeoman usher bowed to the Lord Chancellor, at the same time lifting his gold knobbed-stick to his forehead, and marched with stately step to the door of the House of Commons.

He passed without let or hindrance through the outer hall, and into the inner lobby. On his arrival at the main entrance of the House of Commons, he found the doors closed. He drew from his side a number of keys which he rattled together, and tapped them against the lock. This was answered by a tapping from within, when the bolts were withdrawn and the door opened.

The sergeant-at-arms of the house made his respectful bow to the yeoman usher, and invited him to enter. In a tone of superiority he commanded the members of the House of Commons, in the Queen's name, to immediately attend the House of Lords. The members of the House at once formed in procession, headed by the Speaker, and the sergeant-at-arms bearing the mace on his shoulder. These were followed by members of the House in two's, Unionist, Liberals, Tories, and Parnellites, moving like soldiers.

The Commons were compelled to rap at the door of the House of Lords and go through with some ceremony before being admitted. On their admission they were assigned to seats which had been prepared for them. Then the Queen's message was read to the two Houses assembled, in which she addressed them as "My Lords and Gentlemen." The first sentence of the Queen's speech was: "It is with much satisfaction that I release you from the labors of a protracted session." The speech then referred to the relations with foreign powers, and special reference was made to a conference upon the affairs of Samoa, consisting of representatives of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States, which was assembled at Berlin, and which agreed upon a convention for regulating the government of those islands. This statement concluded with the words: "This instrument has been ac-

cepted by me, and by the German Emperor, and now awaits the assent of the Senate of the United States." After referring to other relations with foreign powers, the speech recited, "Gentlemen of the House of Commons, I gladly acknowledge the care and liberality with which you have provided for the wants of the public service." Concluding, addressing "My Lords and Gentlemen," the Queen thanked the Parliament for its general measures, and concluded the speech as follows: "In the hope that under the operation of your wise councils, it may be strengthened and prolonged by the hearty concord of all of my subjects, I commend you reverently to the care of Almighty God." On the conclusion of the reading of the Queen's speech the Hon. Slingsby Bethell, the reading clerk, arose and read the titles of the bills passed during the session. On the conclusion of the reading of each bill, the clerk of Parliament arose and bowed to the chair, and then gave notice in old Norman French, "Le Rein le veut" (the Queen wills it). This is the mode of the approval of acts of Parliament by the Queen.

An exception is made in the approval of a bill of supplies, or as we call it in our Congress, an appropriation bill. The words then used are "La Rein remercie sees loyal subjects, accepte leur benevolence et aussi le veut."

Blackstone says of this mode of approving bills that the old Norman French words serve as a reminder that the liberties of England were once lost by a foreign force, and vigilance is required to prevent a recurrence.

Under the government of Cromwell, this mode was discontinued. The mode then adopted was to say on the reading of any ordinary bill, "The Lord Protector doth consent," and to a bill of supply, "Understanding it hath been the practice of those who have been chief governors to acknowledge with thanks to the Commons their care and regard for the public, I do very heartily and thankfully acknowledge their kindness therein." At the termination of the Commonwealth the old system came into use, and has continued down to the present day.

The ceremonies being ended in the House of Lords, the Commons returned to their chamber in the same order of procession as they came. The Queen's speech was then read by the Speaker, and the business of the house ended.

The members flocked around the Speaker and engaged in a

hearty handshaking and leavetaking, and soon the chamber was deserted.

On this occasion and for this time only, ladies were admitted to seats on the floor of the House of Lords. This was confined to ladies of the nobility, wives and members of the families of members of the House of Lords, and certain privileged persons. As an exception to this rule I give the following incident: A lady came to the door of the Lord's entrance desiring admittance, but found she had lost her ticket or card. The stern usher refused her admittance. She was of course quite embarrassed and about to retire, when one of the Lords came to the usher and asked him to admit the lady to the floor. The usher replied, "My Lord, she has no ticket." His Lordship replied, "She is an American lady and has lost her ticket; admit her on my order." She was at once admitted and comfortably seated.

When the Lord Chancellor enters the House of Lords to open the sitting, he is preceded by the bearer of the seals and mace, who lays them down when his Lordship has arrived at the woolsack, and then the chaplain reads prayers.

The Lord Chancellor is *ex officio* president of the House of Lords. As president, or moderator, he sits on the woolsack, but when acting in his judicial capacity he occupies a chair.

In both houses of Parliament the ministers and their supporters occupy benches on that side of the house which is to the right of the speaker or Lord Chancellor. When there is a change of government, the parties change sides. The front seat is occupied by the ministers, which is called the Treasury Bench. There is one exception to the rule of changing places on change of government in the House of Lords. The Lord's spiritual archbishops and bishops always remain on the right behind the treasury bench. Many members sit with hats on, but the proceedings are conducted with great gravity, quite out of keeping with the proceedings of the lower house.

There are five classes of peers in Great Britain. 1. Peers of England. 2. Peers of Scotland. 3. Peers of Ireland. 4. Peers of the United Kingdom, and 5. Peers of the Episcopal Bench. All peers of England are entitled to seats in the House of Lords; so also those of the United Kingdom, though their locality be either in Scotland or Ireland. Every peerage has a locality, though the possessor may remove and

reside elsewhere. The peers of England in some cases hold an equal or superior right in the peerages of Scotland and Ireland. The peerages of Ireland and Scotland are entitled to seats in the House of Lords only by representation, both being limited. The two archbishops and bishops of England are peers in right of certain ancient baronies which they hold under the crown.

The House of Parliament, or Westminster Palace as it is called, is situated immediately on the bank of the Thames, one street removed from Westminster Abbey. The present building was erected on the site of the one destroyed by fire in 1834, and was begun in 1840. It is said to be the largest Gothic structure in the world. It covers an area of about eight acres, and the river façade is nine hundred feet in length. The materials of which it is built are chiefly iron and stone, the river terrace being constructed of Aberdeen granite. The exterior shows elaborate statues of all the reigning sovereigns from the conquest to the present time. At the southwest angle is the famous Victoria Tower, which is 75 feet square and 340 feet in height. The arched entrance is 65 feet in height, and the central tower is 60 feet in diameter. The clock tower near Parliament Street is 40 feet square and 320 feet high. The clock in this tower runs for eight days. The quarter hours are announced upon a chime of bells, and the hours are struck upon a bell called "Big Ben," which weighs thirteen tons.

The hall of the House of Peers is one of the most magnificent in the world. It is 97 feet in length, 45 feet wide, and 45 feet high. It was opened April 15, 1847. On the south end of the hall is the royal throne which is decorated with a richly gilded canopy. On the right and a little lower is the throne of the Prince of Wales, and on the left that of the Prince Consort. The bar of the house is on the north end, and here communications from the House of Commons are delivered.

Above are galleries for reporters and strangers, quite limited, however, as compared to like accommodations in our capitol. On the sides there are gallery accommodations for foreign ministers and distinguished visitors.

The woolsack on which the Lord Chancellor sits is nearly in the centre of the hall. The woolsack is a huge pillow encased in red cloth. The benches are all of the same color.

Within this building there are one hundred staircases, over two miles of corridors, and eleven hundred apartments. It is heated by sixteen miles of steam pipes. The gas bills for the building amount to eighteen thousand dollars per annum. The entire cost of the building amounted to fifteen millions of dollars.

Adjoining and a part of the Parliament House is Westminster Hall, which is a noted historical place. This hall is 290 feet long, 68 feet wide, and 92 feet in height. The roof is supported without the aid of columns. This hall was a part of the palace of the Anglo-Saxon Kings and was used by them to the time of Henry the Eighth. In 1291 it was nearly destroyed by fire, and was rebuilt by Edward the Second. In 1398 it was remodelled and enlarged, and further repairs were made in 1820.

The early English Parliaments were held here, by one of which Edward the Second, and by another, Richard the Second, lost their crowns.

Here Charles the First was tried and condemned and Cromwell acknowledged as Lord Protector. Here William Wallace was condemned to death, and Sir John Oldcastle, Sir Thomas Moore, the Protector Somerset, Robert Devereux (Earl of Essex), Guy Fawkes, and the Earl of Strafford were sent to the block. In this hall also were tried Lord Byron for the killing of Chaworth in a duel, Lord Ferrers for killing his valet, and here was held the historic trial of Warren Hastings so graphically described by Macaulay.

I was the bearer of a letter of introduction from an American Bishop of the Episcopal Church to a very distinguished English clergyman. On presenting my letter I was received with the greatest cordiality and invited to dine two days afterwards. The dinner party consisted of six persons. Next to me was seated at the table a member of the House of Lords who asked me if I knew any of the descendants of the Hon. Richard Rush, of Philadelphia, who was the United States Minister to Great Britain in 1817. I told him that I regretted I did not, and ventured to ask the reason for his question. He replied that his grandfather was connected with the British Foreign Office while Mr. Rush was Minister, and knew Mr. Rush and Mr. Gallatin (who was sent as special minister), and had the highest regard for them. He said that the execution of Arbuthnot

and Ambrister (two British subjects) by order of General Andrew Jackson caused the greatest excitement in England, and nearly led to a war. These men led the Seminole Indians to warfare against the United States, and they were guilty of the most inhuman cruelties and murders. General Jackson captured them and had them tried by a court martial, by which they were found guilty, and they were summarily executed. This gentleman further said that Lord Castlereagh, who was then the premier, had told his grandfather that nothing but the firmness and outspoken frankness of Mr. Rush averted a war.

BEHIND THE MASK.

BY REV. EDWARD P. FOSTER.

THE article by William Lloyd Garrison in the April number of THE ARENA, in which he speaks of the Nationalist movement under the title, "The Mask of Tyranny," is admirable in its spirit of fairness and candor towards the views of those whom he opposes, and in its tone of kindly criticism, unmarred by contemptuous or sarcastic flings.

There is in it much food for thought, and yet it will not convince the Nationalists or Socialists of the supposed error of their ways.

The point in which they will disagree with him is in his representation of government as a power by which the people will tyrannize over themselves. State Socialism, as of Germany, with the power concentrated in the hands of the emperor, may become unlimited absolutism, when the conviction of the ruler is "Ich genüge" or "L'Etat, c'est moi," but the "mask of tyranny" will be torn into harmless shreds so fine as to be invisible before it can be stretched enough to cover the face of an entire nation such as the republic in which we dwell.

Socialists might shiver with dismay under "the irony of the proposition that a government which has strangled its foreign shipping by suicidal tariffs, should be allowed to direct all commerce," if they had made any such proposition "gravely" or otherwise. The "one grand monopolist" which "it is complacently assumed by Nationalism" will make all well, is not "the government," as so persistently assumed by individualists, but the people acting in their collective capacity. Nationalism protests that it is precisely our present system of government that conceals tyranny under the mask of liberty. They do not ask more, but less, of such "paternalism," for it is not the equal care of a father for his children, but favoritism.

Socialism would not destroy originality or individual free-

dom. It would increase it, by removing the restrictions that are now placed upon it. Who will argue that the child, that by stress of hunger is driven into the factory at the age of six, and by the time it has reached maturity is dwarfed and stunted both in body and in intellect, has been granted soul-stirring freedom? That is the result of our present Ishmaelitic state of society. The nation will surely do a wise thing if it can provide for each child opportunity to develop every faculty. To make that a possibility its physical wants must be supplied, food, shelter, clothing. Shall the nation purchase these things from some individual producer, and give him a profit, or be its own contractor and producer? As a mere business arrangement, the latter course would be the proper one, but it is something higher than "business" for which the nation is caring. It is for the welfare of its children, and it must be assured that the food is not adulterated, and is properly cooked, and that the clothing is not shoddy. Then come dwellings, and they must not be crowded tenements, cheap in competition, but ruinous to life and power, and so too dear for the nation to build. Then school-houses, books, and instructors must be provided. For the teachers, also, such provision must be made as to insure their giving themselves not to money-making, nor to the cultivation of political influence with school-boards, in order to retain their position, but to the proper training of the scholars. That much, at least, is necessary to individual development, and by the time it is reached we shall be well on the road towards Nationalism.

Mr. Garrison thinks that the management under which great trusts have flourished might not be secured for a "government trust," and that it would consequently be liable to failure. "Great captains of industry," he says, "are not to be had for the asking."

It is fair to ask who our "great captains of industry" really are. Is that title denied to the girls in the laundries, who stand in a hot room fourteen hours, or on Saturdays, eighteen to twenty hours? Is it denied to the man who stands on the front platform of a street car fifteen hours, three times as long as the horses are permitted to work, and keeps that up for seven days a week? Is it intended to apply only to the men who can restrict the industry that would dig coal from the mines of Pennsylvania or Illinois; to the man who

can permit industry to build a thousand houses on Manhattan Island, and himself month by month pocket the proceeds of their rent; to the men who will allow engineers and brakemen to transport corn from the prairies of Nebraska or Kansas, but still put such restrictions upon the business as to make the industry that raises the corn think it better sometimes to burn the corn than to ship it; to the men who manipulate legislatures, and judges, and congressmen, and senates, and presidential conventions, in their own interests; to the men who shackle productive industry, and attempt to defend their action by the plea of "over-production," the word that in itself is an unanswerable argument for a people's trust as opposed to the selfish individual trusts whose greatest danger and fear is exactly that they may supply the people's needs?

That the copper trust came "to grief" is used as an argument against the possibility of a nation organizing industries successfully. The argument is far stronger when used against Mr. Garrison. What brought the copper trust "to grief," as he expresses it? It was over-production, or the production of such an enormous amount of copper that the price of the article fell in the market. That was a calamity to the trust, but it could not possibly harm the users of copper. Cheapened copper would be a blessing to the people. The object of a people's copper trust would be to produce copper. The object of the selfish copper trust was diametrically opposed to that, as is conclusively proved by the fact that it was precisely the production of copper that swamped the trust.

Mr. Garrison speaks of the "degeneracy of character bred by dependence." But is not that at least offset by the degeneracy caused by the wolfish struggle for existence, that makes the haggard forms we meet upon the city's streets; that drives thousands of girls to choose between dishonor and starvation; that stirs up envy and hatred among the poor, and ossifies the heart of the rich in haughty pride? Moreover, it is the present system that causes the feeling of dependence. That would not be possible in brotherhood realized, except in the family sense in which we are all dependent upon each other.

Mr. Garrison says that "in spite of the Nationalist's protest, his plan must include a power from which there is no

appeal, and which is despotism, call it by what soft name you may." That power must also be included in the individualist's plan, protest as he will. The ancients called it Fate; theists called it God; materialists called it Nature. It has evolved the universe into its present condition. It teaches that love is better than hate, that union is stronger than disunion. It makes absolutely impossible the individualist's dream of independency. No one of us was consulted beforehand as to whether or not he should be brought into existence. Was that tyranny? We were not consulted as to our mental endowments, or our hereditary tendencies. We were fed and cradled by others. We had nothing to say about our nationality. We were not permitted to choose our brothers, or sisters, or neighbors, or our father's business, and all had its influence in making us what we are. Between the ninth century or the nineteenth, it was not ours to choose. Selkirk, on his desolate island, did not escape from his relations to the human race. It is not mere words but the logic of events that to-day is teaching resistlessly that humanity is an organism, the "body politic." The nations muster martial millions, and arm themselves with mightier weapons than the thunderbolts of Jove. Are they thereby resistless? No; they begin to see that the choice is either universal disarmament or universal annihilation. The international law of God says that they that take the sword shall perish by the sword. The same thing is true in the business relations of mankind. In the marvellously complex interdependence of our industrial relationship, to talk of a "private business" is to be guilty of a contradiction in terms. It is a condition, not a theory that confronts us. Commercial competition compelled business men to organize into corporations, and syndicates, and trusts. Competition among laborers compelled them to organize into guilds and unions. The two organized hosts now confront each other. There is but one choice permitted them. It is either to wage destructive warfare with each other, or to join their ranks in the common battle against the foes of humanity, hunger, and cold, and nakedness. They have racially and logically, common ground on which to stand, and they must have it also literally, as the single tax reformers teach. Finding that, however, they must still remember that they are brothers, and not enemies, partners, and not competitors.

DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER IN SCHOOLS.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

As character is the saving and ruling element in the individual, and individuals compose the State, it is plain that the salvation of the State depends upon the individual possession of the essential (saving) attributes,— truth, honor, justice, fidelity, integrity, purity. Whoever loses these is lost indeed. According then as its people have or have not these is the State saved or lost. Should any ask if the State is now in danger, they will find the answer staring them in the face from newspapers everywhere. "Fraud!" "Rascality!" "Villainy!" "Corruption!" are daily served out to readers too familiar with the terms to feel surprise. It is a very open secret that money secures office, controls legislation, and influences the proceedings of our courts. Those well acquainted with legislative proceedings in Washington and elsewhere, declare that no measure is ever carried on its own merits, and that any movement for the suppression of any wrong is hindered by those whose interests would thus be endangered. The fact that the general adulteration of goods and the continuance of various kinds of badness are considered matters of course, shows a lowering of the moral standard far more dangerous than wrong-doing recognized as such. As to religious restraints, a prominent religious newspaper has spoken regretfully of "the connection of professing Christians with dishonest railroad speculations, with stock gambling, with financial jobbery, with knavishness in business management."

The situation as openly acknowledged forces upon us the conviction that we the people are losing the saving attributes of character, and that the State is thereby endangered. If another conviction would but force itself upon us, namely, the conviction that the State is neglecting what can be made a means of its salvation, and that in striving to suppress wrong-doing by penal enactments, it is misdirecting its ener-

gies and wasting its substance! Conduct is simply character working out into appearance, and even plain common sense might teach the folly of dealing with results when causes are within reach. If a clock fails to keep time, we do not meddle with the pointers; we regulate the inside works. So with people; their actions are but indicators, and if the State would prevent irregularities of conduct, it must bestow its energies on the motor-power, character, and in order to be effective this character-work should begin in childhood, the formative period. Even trainers of animals declare the success of their efforts to depend on an early beginning; and Horace Mann speaks in this connection of an "arborist working on stooping and distorted trees, striving with tackle and guy-ropes to undouble their convolutions and to straighten flexures in trunks, whose fibres curled as they grew, . . . when, could he have guided and trained them when they were saplings, he could have shaped them into beauty." Let the State apply this practical wisdom. The means are at her command. She owns the public schools, let her run these institutions in her own interests. Let her develop the essentials of character in their pupils, so that as citizens these shall be her salvation. The mere mention of such a work will be sure to raise

OBJECTIONS.

Bring religion into the schools? Bring in the Bible? Have systems and text-books? This work is not practicable. School hours are already crowded. Moral training is for the home. The trained intellect is sufficient guide. Schools are now accomplishing this work.

As to systems and text-books, there are better methods, let us hope, of reaching the heart of a child; and no one supposes that sectarian religion should be introduced, or any teaching in this line except what can be done on common ground. It is but fair that instruction in the various religious beliefs should be given only by their respective churches, and with means furnished by church revenues. But there is a united belief in the fundamental principles, such as honesty, integrity, love, justice, and the inculcation of these could excite no opposition, neither would it bring up that theme of contention, Bible reading in schools; for the ideas necessary to be enforced, are held in common the world over,—as these

taken from the Persian, Hindoo, and Chinese scriptures — "Justice is the soul of the universe." "Poverty which is through honesty is better than wealth from the treasures of others." "Not in the sky, not in the midst of the sun, not if we enter the depths of the mountains, is there a spot in the whole world where a man might be free from an evil deed." "More lofty than a mountain will be the greatness of that man who controls himself." "Silence for the remainder of thy life is better than speaking falsely." "Feel toward others as you would have others feel toward you." "Bear even when you can retaliate?" "Overcome anger by love." "Are you free from shame in your own apartment, when exposed only to the light of heaven?" These principles have our desideratum,— universal acceptance.

PRACTICABILITY.

In a public school not remote from Boston, the system of discipline made the controlling power to work from within, out. Conscience ruled. All were upon honor. There was individual responsibility. The various restrictions and regulations were settled by the teacher and pupils in council; thus the successful working of the plans became a matter of common interest. Except at recess and at the appointed "two minutes," there was no communication between pupils, even by sign or pencil mark. The "two minutes" came twice in each session, and the hush following the bellstroke which marked their close was instantaneous. By turns some of the older pupils had charge of the bell; and the teacher's watch hung near by, with a programme of the recitations, each of the latter being ended by a bell-stroke. In the teacher's absence the same quiet prevailed. Mark, here, that owing to the teacher's skilful efforts, these pupils were controlled by what Matthew Arnold calls an inward "necessity for righteousness." People speak of the compelling power of badness, seeming not to know that goodness is equally compelling. As a clock whose inner workings are in good order must, of necessity, keep time correctly, so is a man inwardly righteous compelled to righteous conduct. If teachers and parents would but aim at this "inward necessity" rather than at mere outside obedience! Compelled goodness is not good. By wise means a child can be so trained that to him dishonor would be an utter impossibility. For in

every one of these little ones is a divine principle, a germ awaiting unfoldment. If children seem to hate goodness, it is because they are forcibly driven to it. To combat evil by scoldings, by threatenings, by anger, or by that brutal relic of barbarism, blows, is a confession of incapacity. It is meeting badness with badness and these two negatives can never make an affirmative. The *good* shepherd leads, not drives.

In another Massachusetts school there were frequent discussions conducted by the pupils. With well chosen subjects such discussions could be made exceedingly effective in character work. There might be also occasional talks on such trial situations as especially demand fidelity to principle, or in which plausible doubts might arise. Shall not moral problems, as well as mathematical ones, receive attention?

In no work of this kind should the object be made apparent. Says Dr. Worcester on the same subject: "It is wonderful what insight into the nature of the being he has to deal with, what suggestions, what practical hints . . . will come to any one who with this end in view will acquaint himself with these studies."

It must be borne in mind that we are not now considering the practicability of accomplishing this character work under our present school system, but of its being done in schools at all. Our present system expresses the thought of past generations. We are not bound by the limits of that thought. On the contrary it is the duty of every generation to think in advance of the preceding one; otherwise there can be no progression. The question is not shall the system endure; but does it effect in the human being that development of the highest and best which alone can be called education; and, it may be added, which alone can save the State?

One cause of wrong doing is a lack of that kind of truth known as exactness. In all business relations we desire an exactness so exactly exact that never, through self-interest, shall the parallel lines of mine and thine converge and meet, though running ever so close and ever so long. Says Dr. Johnson: "If your child, in relating an incident, say that it happened at one window when it occurred at another, cause the mistake to be corrected. You cannot tell where deviation from the truth will end." Children can be trained to exactness. As one means, relate a simple story, requiring them to repeat it until it be told without one variation from the

exact truth. This differs materially from a lesson recitation, or from memorizing a printed story; for in repeating the incident as heard, there would be a moral quality involved, a personal responsibility.

The success of Fenelon in training the young Duke of Burgundy is matter of history. "But what incessant vigilance," says the historian, "what art, what industry, what skill, what variety in the means adopted, and what delicacy of observation must have concurred to produce such extraordinary alteration in the character of a child, a prince, and an heir to the throne . . . whose unhappy traits of character were . . . more dangerous by being found in combination with very considerable powers of intellect." Chief among the "means adopted" were "Fables, Dialogues, and Narratives," written with a special view to these "unhappy traits." Thus we see that Fenelon reached his pupil chiefly through the heart and the imagination. This working ground, so effectively made use of by novelists in their efforts at progress and reform, gets as yet too small recognition in our systems of education. It is a pity that attempts at reaching character in its formative period should be made through the unwilling intellect, — by precepts, commands, restrictions, reproof, when the more effective way is right at hand. Let a teacher relate to her young class a story illustrating truth, self-sacrifice, honor, fidelity, courage, heroism, and their cheeks will flush, their eyes moisten, and the whole class will be touched as by an electric thrill. With this thrill the heart is reached and a purpose accomplished. We might repeat to a class the Golden Rule, the Ten Commandments, and any number of maxims every day in the week, and their lessons be not half so surely conveyed as by a few simple stories.

Character influences character. Keeping this in view make children familiar with the lives of noble men and women. Feed them with nobleness. Accustom them to a high moral atmosphere, and they will never breathe freely in any other.

It is true that character work of the kinds mentioned will demand a

SPECIAL PREPARATION

on the part of the teacher. Those officially in charge of "education" should give prominence to this matter of character, should call special conventions for its consideration.

It should be the frequent theme of every educational journal and of the press generally, and of the pulpit. And if the wisest men and women of the nation were to bring the whole light of their wisdom to a focus on the point most affecting the nation's welfare, no more important question could be placed under that focus of light than how to prepare teachers for the work of moulding and developing character. For this is a matter which lies behind all reforms, all reformatory institutions, all penal institutions, and all charities. This is working at the very roots of humanity. The true work, the thrifty work, is not to re-form but to right-form; not to supply needs but to prevent needs; not to punish wickedness but to remove its causes; and the test of any system of education — a test which will be applied in the *light ages* — is that it send forth human beings each with an inside force impelling to right conduct, and with all the faculties in full and harmonious development. Such work does indeed require preparation. In the words of Horace Mann: "Each soul has a pinion by which it may soar to the highest empyrean, or swoop downwards to the Tartarean abyss. In the feeblest voice of infancy there is a tone which can be made to pour a sweeter melody into the symphonies of angels, or thunder a harsher discord through the blasphemies of demons. To plume these wings for an upper or nether flight; to lead these voices forth into harmony or dissonance; to woo these to go where they should go, and to be what they should be,—does it, or does it not, my friends, require some knowledge, some anxious forethought, some enlightening preparation?"

Such responsibility should not be placed in the hands of immature girls, who can be hired at cheap rates and are lacking in special preparation and in other requisites. Those in charge of this higher education, heart-education, should possess the highest, broadest, deepest culture; they should be culled from the best. The very choicest spirits among us, the most sympathetic, the sweetest, the wisest, those most excelling in every desirable quality, are needed by the State for the training of its young children. They should be skilled workmen, and they should be worth, and should receive, salaries such as would draw to this work the highest ability.

"A workman," says Mr. Mann, "should understand two things in regard to the subject of his work: first, its nature, properties, qualities, and powers; second, the means of modi-

fying these with a view to improvement." When and how and where are our character workmen to be trained to their work? The system which will make such training its supreme duty, and the public opinion which will demand such a system, and the general enlightenment which will create such a public opinion are in the dim future.

THE INFLUENCE OF OUR SCHOOLS

is largely for good. Their value is incalculable. If in the direction we are now considering there is room for improvement, it is not our part to denounce them, or to withdraw our children, but to insist on the improvement. Few will deny its need. It is true that the importance of exerting a high moral influence is impressed upon the graduates of our normal schools. But let us ask these, as teachers, do you consider the development of character equally with carrying out the study programme as the work you were hired to do? Did the questions of the examining committee show that they so considered it? Were you instructed in special ways of accomplishing this work? Do not some of your methods of securing order and good scholarship tend to foster propensities in the pupil which we condemn in the citizen? Do you think of the possible effect upon character of your sometimes ill-considered words and acts, caused maybe by sudden stress of circumstances, your (perhaps) ill temper, injustice, petulance, ridicule?

While recognizing the character work already being accomplished in our schools by means of the enthusiasm and devotedness of teachers, let us ask ourselves, are we satisfied with the results? Cannot our educators plan and carry out a work in effectiveness and completeness far beyond the present? Can they not be made to feel, more than they now feel, that the work of saving the country, through the ennobling of the people, is largely their work? A work, it may be added, which denominational schools can never accomplish, and are likely to hinder.

If the plea is urged that

SCHOOLROOMS ARE ALREADY CROWDED

with the ordinary routine of studies, it should be replied that this matter is far above the ordinary. Character is not only the saving but the controlling element of the individual. Whatever he may have of influence, opportunities, talents,

money, capabilities, the uses made of these depend on the kind of person he is, and the State should secure the right kind of citizens; upright, honest, unyielding in integrity, even if the training process leave them in ignorance of — let us say it with reverence — the very equator itself. Yet, a city teacher has declared that she could not take advantage of the incidental moral issues constantly arising in the schoolroom, because the study programme filled every moment. Another said that the sense of what she might do in this direction, were opportunity allowed, weighed heavily upon her.

School hours are already crowded. Well, if the streets are crowded when Royalty passes, "Give place!" is the cry. But it is not Royalty which gives place. The crowd gives place to Royalty. Character is the royal or reigning part of a person. Let the highest in rank have the right of way, and if there is no way, a way must be made.

It is evident enough that, at present, school hours and schoolrooms are so crowded as to allow small chance for additional work, or for the close acquaintance and individual relations between teacher and pupil so necessary to our purpose. These hindrances can be removed by placing very many less pupils in a school, and largely increasing the number of teachers. Should any object to the money cost, let it be asked if the State can better spend its money than in the making of good citizens. The State practically answers that it prefers to spend its money in the punishing of bad ones. A few years ago the statistics were given as one hundred million expended in education; two hundred millions in the punishment of crime. As if some stupid farmer were to spend money scantily for his seed-sowing, reserving plenty for the weed-pulling of by and by. Nay, would advise the wiser culturist, spend freely for grain and let the wholesome plants stand so thickly and strongly as to leave no room for weeds. Let the State devote the larger sum to a schoolroom culture which will ensure the wholesome and sturdy elements of character, and the smaller will be all too large for our deserted jails and almshouses. The same earnest writer previously quoted declares that "all the expenditure for the maintenance of courts, salaries of judges and of prosecuting officers, expense of jurors, grand jurors and witnesses, amount of costs and counsel fees, the

vast outlay for prisons, jails, and houses of correction," is to "adjust mistakes and punish offences, nine tenths of which would have been wholly prevented by a degree of common knowledge easily taught, and of common honesty to which all children with scarcely an exception could be trained." Said a man, who, after spending his life in various prisons, came at last to the gallows, "If they had done as much in educating me as they have in punishing me, I should have come to a very different end." Paupers might make a similar statement, substituting the word "supporting" for "punishing." Could tax-payers but see the shiftlessness and extravagance of dealing directly with pauperism and crime, rather than with their causes, they would demand that strength and nobility of character be secured by well directed efforts in the schoolroom, even if the school tax were trebled thereby.

Many refer to the

STATISTICS OF CRIME

as showing that our criminals come mostly from the uneducated (unschooled) classes. But even were this true, the statistics do not include the wickedness which keeps inside the law, or that which is considered a matter of course. Our corrupt legislators, our fraudulent contractors, dishonest bankrupts, manufacturers of adulterated goods, makers of corners in what is necessary to life, owners and patrons of disreputable houses, — these are not from the ignorant classes, neither are our princely forgers and defaulters. They have plenty of knowledge. But "mere knowledge" as our wise writer says, "is ready to combat either in the ranks of sin or under the banner of righteousness," and "its possessor is only a more splendid as he is a more dangerous barbarian." Statistics deal chiefly with the repulsive and poverty-stricken badness which has no shield of social position, and fail to show up that other kind, far more dangerous to the State, — respectable badness.

Many say that

MORAL TRAINING IS FOR THE HOME.

But in how many of our homes is this duty made paramount? The training of children is declared to be woman's special work, yet few mothers know how to accomplish it, and many do not even know that they do not know. They grope

blindly among the complex mind and heart machinery under their charge, touching a spring here and a spring there with careless and uncertain hand, finding, often too late, that they have undertaken to control the most powerful of created forces, the human will, passions, and propensities, not having the secret of power. Love they have; but love without enlightenment is a mighty force working at random, marring where it would make, destroying where it would save. Whether we consider mothers in the whirl of fashionable life, devoted chiefly to inferior aims; or those lower in the social scale, striving for the greatest amount of comfort or luxury, or gentility, or advantages at the least possible cost, saving coin by care, or those whose lives are given over to grinding toil, everywhere do we find pressure and the hindrance of circumstance, very rarely the requisite leisure, tranquillity, enlightenment, and sense of parental responsibility; and down among the slums of repulsive vice and abject ignorance, surely no moral training can be looked for there.

Now, the children of every rank, those of the respectable classes with their more or less false views of what constitutes superiority, and more or less actuated by worldly ambition; and those of the ignorant and repulsively vicious classes, their worst developed, their best blighted, — all these will in due season rule the State. They will be the State. During the school period they are largely in her power; a few years and she will be in their power. Is it not wisdom, is it not policy, to use her advantage while she has it? Parental training cannot now be relied on for securing a saving kind of citizens; neither can this ever be the case until the young of both sexes shall be educated with some special reference to their parental vocation, — a subject considered in regard to fatherhood in Herbert Spencer's Treatise on Education. Allowing that home is the place for that character work so essential to the State's salvation, yet in view of all the thoughtless, careless, foolish, forceless, aimless, ignorant, and injudicious mothers and fathers, and of the abjectly degraded and vicious ones, it must be acknowledged that this home work needs to be supplemented by other endeavors.

THE JUSTICE OF IT.

It is not wisdom only which demands this of the State; justice demands it. If she punishes her subjects for going

astray, justice demands that she set their feet surely in the right paths. But instead of this how does she treat them? At the most impressible period of their lives she gathers them in crowded rooms, and says to her teachers — "I give my embryo citizens into your hands. You are expected to exert a good moral influence over them, as time and opportunities may allow, but they are here mainly to acquire knowledge." Each child has the possibilities of becoming to her a blessing or a curse. She takes little practical care, sure care, that these wavering possibilities incline to the right side, allows scant time, devises few effective methods, leaves the matter largely to chance opportunities.

And now, mark the injustice. When these pupils come to maturity, she requires of them what she has not given. Having trusted her spring planting more or less to chance efforts, she expects and demands a satisfactory harvest. Does she blame herself that it is unsatisfactory? Not at all. Her displeasure is visited upon the wrongdoers. Urged by ambition, or yielding to temptation, they forged names, they raised notes, they appropriated funds, or they fell, drunk, in the gutter. Now, then, is the time when the State begins to take character into consideration. She denounces her erring children, sets her officials on their track, brands them as bad characters. "By what right," may ask these erring ones, "do you thus seize and punish us?" "By the right of ownership; you belong to me." "But if we are yours to punish we were yours to direct. You gave us our preparation for citizenship. It proved insufficient. Who is to blame? By using the right means at the right time, you might have developed in us the nobler traits of character. This was not done. Who is to blame? The schools you bade us attend encouraged rivalry and an ambition to outshine others. These caused our fall. Who is to blame? We obtained high averages; we "passed;" we are swift accountants; we can bound every country on the globe, tell how many were slain in the battles of thousands of years ago, with names of officers on both sides; we know a great deal about grammar and geometry and algebra and about the stars; we are smart; we are quick; but we are not good. Who is to blame? But goodness is now in demand. All those acquirements are considered but side issues, as the State points sternly to her gloomy prison house. And some there are who may say, You knew our homes were the abodes

of vice and crime; that we were children of sin, nurtured in depravity; you knew our evil passions were strong within us, yet took little pains to restrain those passions; we have committed murder. Who is to blame? To this last appeal she answers with her hangman and her gallows.

And thus the State goes on, striving to save herself by means which do not and cannot save still using her resources to maintain a scowling avenger at the end of the wrong path, instead of a smiling guide at the end of the right one. Let us ask her to try some other means. Let us ask her to see that in her schools every child shall be trained in the foundation principles of character, and in the harmonious exercise of all the faculties; and that means be furnished for securing the higher ability requisite for this higher education, together with the necessary time and opportunities, whatever may be the money cost. Let us ask for compulsory school attendance throughout the country so that not one future citizen shall lack this ennobling preparation; also for such extension of the school age that children shall not be cast forth upon the street, or brought under the blighting influences of factories and work-rooms at an age when they should be acquiring useful knowledge and fitting themselves for the duties of life. Let us ask that the wisdom and enlightenment of the whole country hold council to devise a scheme of education grander and more complete than as yet has been scarcely dreamed of,— one that shall make humanity reveal its highest possibilities, physical, mental, spiritual. Let us ask all this in the name not only of common sense and of justice, but as a measure of political economy,— a measure which will tend to free us from pauperism and crime, and, to sum up the whole, as something which we the people must do to be saved.*

* It is objected to extension of school age that impoverished parents need the earnings of their children. A wise and complete education would have hindered this impoverishment. But they were allowed to grow up without such education, so that, instead of adding to the prosperity of the State, they are very likely a burden, perhaps a disgrace. Under the let-alone system their children will grow up under the same conditions, the children of those under the same, and so on, each generation swelling the ranks of the incompetent and the depraved. Surely it is time to make a new beginning. For even on the ground of economy it is better that the State extend present help to needy parents, if by this means their posterity may become to her an element of strength, rather than one of weakness.

OUR UNCHURCHED MILLIONS.

BY THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.

"The Proper Religion for an American Citizen is the United States of America." — JAMES PARTON before the New York Nineteenth Century Club.

IT is not generally recognized, as it should be, that the large majority of our people are unchurched. Not a third of the population of the United States attend public worship, or could be accommodated if they desired so to do — but they do not desire to attend. They have unchurched themselves.*

The churches boast of their growth, but it is a growth left further and further behind by the general increase of population. The time must, therefore, surely come when but a small fraction of the masses of the people will be church-goers, and yet upon these masses the government institutions, character, and welfare of the great Republic must rest.

Whether this state of things will be regretable; whether a "godless" and "irreligious" people ought to be or not, it is hardly worth while to inquire. It is enough that such will be the immense majority of our people before the close of this century, if the old definitions of "religion" are to prevail, which commonly identify religion with some form of ancient supernaturalism. It may be that the people know what is best, after all, and that the evil consequences, often predicted as the result of the general neglect of the old creeds, may not ensue, but benefits rather. The reason that people do not go to church is, evidently, because there is no

* According to the last census the population of the States is 64,000,000. The New York World Almanac (pp. 154 and 209) gives the total population of United States Jan. 1, 1890 (including Indian and other Territories), as 66,360,525. All denominations CLAIM, according to the N. Y. *Independent*, 21,757,171: but these claims are doubtless excessive; for instance, the Roman Catholics claim 8,277,039, but this claim includes the whole Catholic population, of which a large part have left the church forever. The rate of increase of the secular over the church population is very large — nearly double; but accurate figures are not obtainable.

longer an impelling motive. Something of greater interest and importance takes the place of churches. There is in all this simply an illustration of the great law of evolution and progress, viz.: every disintegrative change comes about, because a new and a higher integration has called away the forces, interests, beliefs, and feelings which sustained the old. When Sinbad's ship sailed by the magnetic mountain, all the iron was drawn out by attraction, and the vessel fell to pieces.

The old arks of the supernatural seem to be drifting into a new world so much more vast, real, true, and *necessary* than the old world in which they were built, that they seem like antediluvian curiosities which it will not pay to repair, and are, therefore, often regretfully left, but *left*, nevertheless, to the natural and disintegrative chemistry of time. In a word, Uncle Sam's people have concluded that it does not pay to go to church, that there is not much necessity for going, and so they go less and less.

There is a general feeling that the old creeds are not surely true; that they have been discredited by the astronomy of Copernicus, by the evolution of Darwin, and by the progress of history beyond the state of things contemplated in the old "revelations." In short, the sky now above us is no longer the old "heaven," but infinite space glowing with countless suns; the space below is the centre of the earth, and no "hell." The earth's surface, with its teeming peoples, is no "state of probation" for the above or the below. The old, three-story tenement-house of heaven, earth, and hell, has vanished forever, and with it the creeds which were simply its description, and the adjustment of human fate here and hereafter to it. Even where the belief in "spiritual" manifestations is retained, the modern variety calls itself spiritualism, or theosophy, and claims harmony with science. The supernatural and miraculous are dropped, and natural immortality of the human soul or consciousness in or about the earth, is substituted. Such a natural evolution of the spirit into another form of life is in itself a powerful disintegration of the beliefs founded upon ancient and miraculous manifestations, and it replaces them. Thus to the modern mind the new, true, and higher integrations of science have silently, and often unconsciously, discredited and replaced the former general belief in the supernatural

religions, and left the masses of the people intellectually outside of the old churches. If we ask, What is the creed which alone satisfies the modern American? the answer is, That which he knows to be true,— and that, in one word, is *Science*. The majority of the American people are already *practically* secularists — people of this world.

If we turn to "the heart," or the emotional nature of young America, we find similarly, that the "touch which makes the whole world kin," *the human*, is the touch to which he responds. It is not something which has happened or is going to happen in some other inconceivable, unlocated, ghostly world, but that which affects him and his *now* in this world. That human touch makes it utter folly to try to *feel* that a heaven can be at all, as long as there may be a single *human* being in a hell; and without a hell where is the foundation for a heaven?

The common sense and hearts of the masses therefore say to the priests of the supernatural and the metaphysical,— We are no longer able to understand your dogmas. They do not agree with what we see and experience to be true, nor with what we feel to be human, good, and right. Some of our women, children, and weak or fashionable brethren, may from habit, fear, fashion, or social attractions, or special interests, patronize you for a while, but the great business and realities of this world will go on for the future with less and less regard to your ancient notions about spooks or ghosts, gods or devils, angels or fairies, churches and creeds. Because the census proves all this to be true, shall we say with Schiller's hero, that the "beautiful race has emigrated," and lament that the "fair humanities of old religions are gone"? Shall we take refuge in the memories of old superstitions, and like Wordsworth find solace in "Proteus' changing form," and "Triton's wreathed horn"? That depends whether we continue to look backward or turn our faces to the dawn. For, when read from that direction we find that the disintegration of the old by inevitable law, means the integration of the new. Nothing can kill an old religion but the incoming of its greater successor. Our people are unconsciously welcoming the incoming sway of Science and Man; and this is proved by their absence from the churches.

The unchurched millions indicate a growing and healthy

faith in things, and the laws of things, as they are. They find health in Emerson's prescription, that "the cure for false theology is mother-wit." Even the churches cannot escape this influence. The Presbyterians are voting their creed into a new and a humanized shape. Beecher's successor knows nothing of hell. Even Cardinal Gibbons abandons all hope of "coercion;" and the church which cannot enforce the law of its God, lives chiefly to announce His practical abdication in the practical world. Whether this new faith in the actual, real scientific world — or the *true*, and in the present human practical world — or the *good*, shall be called a "religion," is a matter of realization, definition, and taste. The votes of those outside of the churches who seem most entitled to decide, are in favor of the continuance of the use of the old and often hated word, "religion," — with the explanation, that the religion of the new, natural, real world is the reversal of the old. Thus Thomas Paine in No. Seven of his "Crisis" charges the enemies of America with employing savages in warfare, and thus violating "THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY," and compelling war to the knife. He uses this happy phrase as though a natural and common one; but who used it before him? Auguste Comte, the great positivist philosopher of France, as all know, made this Religion of Humanity, as cast into form by him, the outcome of the grandest elaboration of the sciences and of history ever made. In Germany, David Strauss, following the inspiration of Goethe and Herder, gives us the "religion of the new faith" instead of the old. While Johannes Range, in Germany, had long before organized the "free congregations," to put into practice similar conceptions.

In England "Secularism," as a religion, is the result of a line of free thought that has come down from Hobbes, Hume, Cobbett. It was reformulated by Holyoake, and continued by Watts, Bradlaugh, with the two Mills, Miss Martineau, Lewes, and George Eliot as side sponsors.

In America the attempts to form secular religions and religious societies, churches, ethical societies, etc., have been, and still are, multifarious. It is hardly a year ago that Mr. Charles Watts, the English secularist, formerly of London but of late years the editor of *The Secular Thought* at Toronto, Canada, appealed to Col. R. G. Ingersoll for his view; which appeal resulted in the approval by that arch

freethinker of the use of the word religion with the usual reversal and enlargement of its meaning and a disavowal of all supernaturalism. Thereafter in his famous reply to Dr. Field, the poetical colonel joined the new "church" in far-reaching words which have become the motto of the Boston Ingersoll Society, and which thousands are learning to repeat as a sort of secular confession of faith, thus: —

"I belong to the great church that holds the world in its starlit aisles; that claims the great and good of every race and clime; that finds with joy grains of gold in every creed, and floods with light and love the germs of good in every soul."

The sublime oration of Victor Hugo on Voltaire is filled with similar secular religious sentiments. While in the almost equally grave and more epoch-making oration Prof. Bovio, in consecrating the monument to *Giordano Bruno* at Rome on the 9th of June, 1889, in speaking for the whole world outside of the churches of the supernatural, distinctly makes the new religion the foundation of the new era of man in these memorable words: —

"The nations assembled here are clearly aware that, as the year 313 was fixed by imperial decree in Milan as the era of the Christian religion, so this ninth of June is fixed in Rome, by the consent of free peoples, as the era of the 'Religion of Thought.'

"Is it, then, a religion? And is this its age and this its place?

. . . . . .

"This faith has no prophets: it has thinkers. If it seeks a temple it finds the universe: if it seeks an inviolate asylum it finds the conscience of man. It has had its martyrs, it insists from this day on that reparation shall not be post-humous.

"Rome may make this proclamation. Here have been celebrated the millenaries of the successive religions. All the gods of the earth met in the universal Pantheon — here, where law had become universal, and a church bade fair to become Catholic. Here, too, it is now possible to fix the new millenary, which shall replace the Catholicity of one man by the Catholicity of human thought." . . . .

"This is the time forecast by Bruno: O Rome, world-wide, universal, to-day thou dost truly reconcile thyself with the

word *Catholic* pronounced not by dogma, but by the concordant thought of the nations!"

The new era thus referred to before assembled thousands by Prof. Bovio, in contrast to the Christian era established at Milan in A. D. 313, is none other than that of the NEW FAITH dating from A. D. 1600, the date of the martyrdom of Bruno, of the publication and public recognition of the Copernican Astronomy, the founding of the East India Company, the first steps towards the settlement of America, and of the founding of International Law by Grotius,—an era which actually gave to mankind a new heaven, a new earth, and a new brotherhood of the race, entirely independent of the old supernaturalism. If the reader receives a letter dated May 15, 290, let him remember that the "290" is instead of 1890, and represents this new era dating from A. D. 1600, as the era of Science and Man; i. e., from the death of Bruno and the recognition of the true solar system, with the attending historical events above noted, which gave the human race the first conception of its own extent, and of its solidarity and continuity.

From the above instances it is quite evident that the new "religion" or "faith" has made its appearance upon a solid, secular, scientific, and human basis; but it is equally clear that it is still in the process of being worked out, and that its era and fundamental conclusions are in actual formation about us. It is due to this fact that the older creeds and faiths are disintegrating. So rapidly is this the case that it is difficult to follow the meanings of the words used in theological controversy, such as, Infidel, Deist, Theist, Atheist, etc. Who of the last generation, for instance, would have understood the article on *Theism* in the last Encyclopædia Brittanica, although written by a clergyman?

Take as another instance of thought-change the word "Monism," which has been brought to the front by *The Open Court*, a scientific *religious* weekly published at Chicago, as the last and best name for the new faith or religion. This term, Monism, was adopted by Prof. Hæckel, the well-known German biologist, as avoiding the limitations that seem to inhere in the words Materialism, Positivism, Secularism, Cosmism, etc., which had been previously used as names for this new birth of time. *The Open Court* has gone into the business of spreading the new and scientific solution of the world

under this name, and is throwing a new light over the whole subject. It fights for and applies the new "religion" through the whole range of existence, from star-mist, through the protozoa, and up to MAN, and to the angelic "invisible choir" of the new faith described so grandly in George Elliot's exquisite poem.

We have so far referred only or chiefly to those theoretical and vocal *secularists* who publicly declare their new faith. The fact is, however, that the larger part of the two-thirds of the American people who do not molest the churches are silent but practical secularists; that is, they, in fact and in practice, attend to this world's and their own affairs, and let the affairs of the other world go as they may. Their dissent is practical and even largely unconscious. Very generally no reason in words for their conduct is or could be given. The religion of this world becomes sufficient, and that is of the silent kind. They have no religion to "brag on," and they compromise by letting everyone have his own. They will agree that all sensible people have in substance the same religion; but what that is, it is better never to say. This feeling lay back of Schiller's often-quoted Zenion: —

MEIN GLAUBE.

Welche Religion ich bekenne? Keine von allen,
Die du mir nennst. Und warum keine? Aus Religion.

"Of what religion?" Of none you may name.
"Why none?" Because of my religion.

Yet both Goethe and Schiller could talk the new universal religion fast enough when sure of the proper audience. Thus Goethe's play on the word religion is a fine contrast:—

Who science has and art
Also has religion;
Who of them neither has,
Let him have religion!

Wer Wissenschaft und Kunst besitzt,
Hat auch Religion;
Wer jene beiden nicht besitzt,
Der habe Religion.

Here science is faith according to knowledge, and founds life upon what man does or can know instead of what he does not. The art which adds to and supplements nature by the higher nature of human beneficence crowns the

universal religion of man, which the great poets, Shakespeare and Goethe, more than any others have helped to found.

Thus the religion of the churches gradually and generally is silently passing into the Religion of the World and of Man. The old names of religious ideas are either dropped or acquire new meanings. The old church with its anthropomorphic God, heaven, and hells, and creed have become symbols and are to be read with a scientific glossary, somewhat like this.

Instead of the old *personal God*, we find the "Not I," the infinite world or universe; the sum of its laws, activities, and powers, which, when properly heeded, "make for righteousness."

The Christ has become the ideal man, or Humanity, and the historical Jesus vanishes from "definite history" as a person, to reappear as an Ideal of the best in human nature and history.

Heaven is no longer a place in the skies. Even "the firmament" has vanished into infinite space. St. Peter, or his papal successor, still holds the key, but the door is gone! In place of those "mansions" we dream of the heaven on earth, the ideal of the human race and its triumph.

Hell, which was the foundation of the old three-story tenement-house of theology,— hell, earth, and heaven,— has no place in the Copernican Solar System, nor in the modern human heart. The evils and misery of existence, and the remorse, obloquy, and reproach of evil-doing have taken its place. We have now a natural hell and a natural heaven, instead of the old supernatural.

The *Holy Spirit* flits no more between earth and sky. The only Holy Ghost recognized is the soul of man in communion with the world and its brother soul. Its assured immortality is in the future of the human race. If there is another state of existence, by natural law and all analogy, the only worthy preparation for it is the best and completest life here and now. Calvin was right: The beliefs and wishes of men cannot change the laws of God or of Nature here or hereafter. But by learning, conforming to, and using those laws, may we not, in Bacon's happy phrase, conquer all nature and fate by obedience? Thus man has acquired unbounded confidence and hope of progress. Heaven is

re-located by science not in the *above* but in the *beyond*. Scarcely can an American audience be assembled, but to consult about some political, social, or other matter looking towards this new natural *millennium*. Even the churches have as much or more to say of this heaven than of the old; while the end of this world, and the day of judgment which was to introduce their old heaven, have dropped out of the theological almanac altogether, and nobody believes they will ever come except a few half-demented Millerites.

The reader may continue this glossary at will. We can only note the general result. The sacredness of the old supernatural has happily begun its transition to the new natural world replacing it. Even common things and relations are fast becoming sacred and earnest beyond the old conception. So was it with Goethe and Schiller, so is it becoming to the great exponents of the secular faith of every phase. The new reverence is often silent, but thoughtful and deep. Religion becomes the sense and sum of our relations to the All, to the World, and to Man. The duties imposed by those relations are the highest possible. Health is a personal virtue; the duty of unity with nature. Patriotism the duty of union with our country as a part of humanity, the true country of mankind. The State becomes the true Church. In the words of James Parton, *our* biographer of Voltaire, at the head of this article, the Republic is the grandest church known. The dual existence is at an end. One life with its infinite consequences is enough. Who can meet its requirements? None by dreaming of another.

The welfare of the great Republic as the ideal and leader among civilized nations is the supreme interest of our earthly life. In that the religion of humanity concentrates. Its future is the ideal of the world, the heaven of humanity, to realize which, each generation must provide that a better shall take its place. In this view it is a healthy sign to see how fast the ghostly hells and heavens are dropping out of view. They are believed in not at all, or in an incredible way. For this reason the advanced peoples are full of "reforms" which are the steps towards the earthly, human heaven.

This idea of progress is the great achievement of modern times. It did not exist, as we have it now, among ancient

peoples or during the Middle Ages. It is the inspiration, the life, and the hope of our New World. The law of evolution is its discovery and its formula. The collective human will is the supplement and complement of that law, and by co-operation, acting in harmony with that law, and based upon it, our unchurched millions are taking hold of a new life and hope as much grander than the old, as the known universe of to-day transcends that of Ptolemy.

A MODERN ESAU AND JACOB.

BY REV. T. ERNEST ALLEN.

UPON a bright Sunday afternoon in June, Esau and Jacob Chambers, twin brothers in spirit as well as flesh, were sitting in the library of their home, looking listlessly into such books as attracted them. They seemed to be enjoying that sense of freedom which so many of us experience at such a time, the feeling as of pressure removed, that, to use a mechanical figure, they had been thrown out of gear with the busy world and could soar, fancy free, into the realm of the heavens above or the earth beneath. I do not mean to imply that the burdens of life yet rested heavily upon them. Young men of seventeen, with a comfortable home, good situations and prospects, the ambition of manhood beckoning to them and friends to advance their interests, they had little occasion to feel otherwise than contented with the present and hopeful for the future. The sombre side of life lay in their having lost their father five years before; a great misfortune, truly, for father and mother can each impart to the environment of a child what the other cannot. Then, too, their mother had been an invalid since they were eight years old. Notwithstanding these serious drawbacks, they were, in the main, manly, noble, and in every way promising boys.

Jacob was employed in the Chambers Bank of Boston, of which his paternal uncle, William Chambers, was president and chief stockholder. The favor with which he knew himself to be regarded, furnished a substantial foundation for his dreams of promotion, which, nevertheless, he felt both competent and determined to win for himself. Esau was doing well in the counting room of his father's best friend, Benjamin Seaver, and looked not for rapid advancement, but to a thorough comprehension of every department of mercantile business as the sure method of attaining an enduring success.

The father had been a merchant, respected for his integrity by all who knew him, at one time wealthy, but so reduced by

reverses as to leave his family but a moderate competency. The Presbyterian Church had been the major part of everything to him. His acceptance of the Westminster Confession was so complete and sympathetic, and he had so long and carefully studied and reflected upon it, that, in any germain matter, one might almost infallibly rely upon his opinion being coincident with what the most logical Scottish theologian would propound after critical comparison with that venerated symbol of faith. Indeed, so commonly recognized was this characteristic, that an acquaintance declared him to be an incarnation of the whole Westminster Assembly, and all wondered how he could live outside of the pulpit. But he did and thrived; only, however, by closely identifying himself with his church, reading much from the works of John Calvin and associating intimately with his pastor. The latter, if doctrinally sound and strenuous, was always his delight; but woe betide the luckless minister of latitudinarian tendencies, who came within range of his keen and relentless doctrinal probe, for such an one was certain to be cited before the presbytery for heresy. His wife, the daughter of a clergyman, had but little interest in the subtilties of theology. She was willing to follow her husband in such matters and never opposed his views.

But to return to the young men in the library. After a silence of half an hour, in which both seemed lost in reverie, Jacob arose from his chair and going to an old secretary in the corner, a family heirloom, opened the large top drawer, which by letting down the front formed a desk, and began rummaging aimlessly among the papers contained in the pigeon-holes and small inner drawers. He could not have told why he did this; perhaps because when a child he had wanted to explore all of its contents and had not been permitted to do so. Perhaps a remembrance of this had flitted through his mind in his reverie and had prompted him to the act; for surely, there could now be no objection to his satisfying his curiosity, when all it contained must eventually become the property of his brother and himself! He slowly examined the many papers, consisting of expired contracts, insurance policies, statements of business for years long past and old letters. At last he came upon a small diary.

"Diary for the year 18—," he read on the title-page. "Why that is the year Esau and I were born; I wonder what

father wrote at the time of that event?" He turned over its leaves to March 10, and read: "My first children were born at six o'clock this morning: I say children, for there are two of them, two fine boys. I am all aflame with ambition for them, that they may become noble, God-fearing, Christian men and not be led away by the infidelity which is so common in our age." "Esau," he said, "here is an entry made by father in his diary the day that we were born; listen," and he read it to him. "Let's see if he says anything more about us."

"'March 11. I had a terrible vision last night which makes me shudder every time I think of it, and I have done nothing but think of it from the time it occurred. An angel appeared to me and said: "Two male children have been born to thee; thou shalt call them Esau and Jacob; the first-born shall enter into the eternal bliss of the elect; his brother shall be damned. I am Gabriel." He said not another word. I stretched forth my hands in an agonized appeal that he would explain further or tell me that he had only spoken to try my faith; but he heeded me not and immediately disappeared. How vivid and real it all was! I was wide awake; it could not have been over five minutes after the clock in the steeple of St. George's struck two. To confirm my impressions, I at once threw over a heavy chair and heard it strike the floor; then I got up, struck a match and looked at my watch. It was ten minutes past two. I locked the door into the hall and left the chair on the floor to witness to me in the morning the reality of what had happened. But this was useless; I did not close my eyes again that night. I went through the scene in my mind repeatedly; recalled every lineament of his face, every fold of his garment, every inflection of voice. While the vision lasted, he was so palpable that I have not been able to believe otherwise than that, had I put forth my hand, I could have touched him. And that voice! stern, measured, authoritative; striking terror to my heart and forcing upon me the conviction that from that judgment there could be no appeal. Is there no appeal? I must think and pray and get some relief from the intense strain of the last twenty-one hours. Whatever decision I arrive at, however much suffering I may be called upon to bear, I shall tell no mortal what I have experienced: not my boys when they are older, it would shadow their lives; not their mother, it would impose a great sorrow and could do no possible good.'"

"Well," said Jacob, "that *is* an agreeable outlook for a young man. Father may have been deeply moved by the vision immediately after it happened; but surely, this horrible experience could not have made a lasting impression upon him; he must have felt differently about it after a few days."

"Horrible, indeed," said Esau; "he must have felt differently about it, or else have gone wild. One of his children to be damned! What a consoling thought for a parent! Look further, perhaps there is something more about it."

Jacob turned over page after page, scanning each carefully to see if he could find anything, and read: "'Sept. 2. That dreadful vision still haunts me. I have thought and thought; sometimes I have feared that I should go distracted. I weigh fifteen pounds less than usual, and my wife has said to me repeatedly, "George, what is the matter with you? You don't look like yourself. You are thin, and seem troubled all the time." I have had a hard time to satisfy her without divulging my secret; but she shall never know it, even if it kill me or send me to the insane asylum. Never for one moment, have I been able to doubt the reality of the vision. Then, I have asked myself a thousand times, was it the angel Gabriel after all? And every time, no matter how hard I tried to persuade myself that it was not, that some supernatural being was trying to impose upon me, that face and voice have risen before me, instantly sweeping away all my reasonings in the one bitter and overwhelming conviction that it was Gabriel. And if Gabriel, then it necessarily follows that he spoke the truth, and that the name of my precious boy, Jacob, is not written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

"'Then I have read over my confession of faith, time and time again, to see if I could glean the slightest hope from that, to see if, after all, it meant what I believe it does, and always I have laid aside the book with the thought, my poor boy is doomed. Here are the sentences, word for word; I need no book to write, they are burned into my memory.'" Then followed this *verbatim* quotation from the Westminster Confession: —

"'By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. These

angles and men, thus predestined and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished. Those of mankind that are predestined unto life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to His eternal and immutable purpose, and the secret counsel and good pleasure of His will, hath chosen in Christ, unto everlasting glory, out of His mere free grace and love, without any foresight of faith or good works, or perseverance in either of them, or any other thing in the creature, as conditions, or causes moving Him thereunto; and all to the praise of His glorious grace. . . . The rest of mankind God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of His own will, whereby He extendeth or withholdeth mercy as He pleaseth, for the glory of His sovereign power over His creatures, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of His glorious justice.

"'Others, not elected, although they may be called by the ministry of the Word, and may have some common operations of the Spirit, yet they never truly come unto Christ, and therefore cannot be saved: much less can men, not professing the Christian religion, be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature and the law of that religion they do profess; and to assert and maintain that they may is very pernicious, and to be detested.'"

Here the passage ended, and he continued: "I have looked the confession through and through to find any means by which my son could escape; but every exit has been closed and sealed. Not faith, not good works, not the most moral life can save one of the non-elect from damnation; while, on the other hand, not the greatest crimes, cruelties, immoralities can prevent one of the elect from entering into eternal bliss. My poor boy is doomed! Doomed! What a terrible word that is, and what a different meaning it now has for me! Formerly, I saw in it only a fitting expression of God's sovereignty and justice; but now, when I know that my son has fallen under condemnation, how differently I feel. My God! why was I not spared this knowledge. I might have gone through life content, happy, not asking concerning the ultimate destiny of the members of my family and of my

friends; living in hope and trust that all would be well with them, even if I ever seriously asked myself the question at all. But now, with hope all gone, I am prostrate in utter misery. What has my boy done that this horrible fate should await him? Nothing; he is only an innocent babe, looking up into my face with great wondering eyes, filling his little fists with my whiskers and plunging daggers into my heart when I think of the future. Where is that God who once filled my heart so completely? Where is the God of love? Where — " Here the writing ended abruptly, and the page was stained with tears, showing that he was too overcome by his emotions to longer formulate and express coherent thought.

"Poor, poor father," said Esau, with the tears running down his face, "how he must have suffered"; while Jacob had with difficulty choked back the sobs which had almost stopped his reading.

"What a hateful thing this old religion is anyway," replied Jacob, "that people should have to suffer so! What did father ever do that he should be treated so, and what have I done that I should be damned?"

"Jacob! what would mother say," expostulated Esau, "if she should hear you talk so?" But his brother was too lost in a flood of tears to reply. After a time feeling spent itself and curiosity prompted Esau to take up the diary to look further. He read:—

"'Sept. 4. The crisis is past. The fires of hell raged about me the other night. May God forgive the rebellion I felt after I stopped writing! It seemed to me that I could do nothing but blaspheme His holy name and die. I even questioned whether those writers, some infidels and others arrogating to themselves the name Christian, some of them, it must be confessed, good men, judged by the world's standard,— whether those who claim the God of Calvin and the Westminster divines to be an immoral monster might not be right; whether Jesus exemplified and taught such a God; whether a man is any better off in the hands of such a "loving Father" than when possessed by a belief in the fatalism of the Mohammedans. Satan even whispered to me, that perhaps I was worse than those I have always called infidels, because they did not accept the God of Calvin; that perhaps I was blaspheming God by thinking of Him as so limiting His

love to a part of His children; that to so foreordain any of His creatures to absolutely eternal wrath and wickedness, necessarily made God, in the last analysis, the Creator of eternal evil and, therefore, not an infinitely good God; but one partly good and partly evil. What am I writing! Satan must, indeed, have been trying to seduce me from saving faith. But I put the wicked thoughts aside, knowing that I had been treading close upon the edge of the pit.

"'The next morning I determined to force my mind to a settlement of the problem presented by the vision and to hold to it ever afterwards. Office and home were intolerable to me; I went to a hotel, locked myself in a room for two days and a night, and agonized. I feel better, not because I have lifted the wall of adamant which seemed to be pressing upon me; but because something has given way. I am no longer rebellious; but virtue has passed out of me. I have submitted to the will of God; but in some inexplicable manner it seems to be at the expense of my manhood. I feel broken, that the sense of power in which I once rejoiced is all gone.'"

Here the account ended and nothing more could be found. The brothers, overcome with anguish, gazed into each other's eyes and were silent. At length Jacob said: —

"I have been wondering if father really did lose his power as he said."

"Yes," replied Esau; "about a year after father died, I heard Uncle William talking to mother, and he said that he had never been able to account for the way in which father seemed to lose interest and ability in business, some six or eight months after we were born; that he never was himself again; and that had he been, he would not have lost so much of his property. So, you see, he kept his secret to the last." A few minutes later Esau startled his companion with the question: "What are you going to do, Jacob?"

"I don't know," he answered, "I'll take the diary and think it all over and tell you next Sunday. In the meantime and always, we will keep the secret as faithfully as father did."

"Yes," assented Esau, "we will never, under any circumstances, mention it to any one."

The following Sunday they met in the library. "Well, Jacob?" said Esau, in an inquiring tone of voice.

"I have decided," replied the condemned one, in measured

tones—"I have decided to follow my own inclinations in life, to eat, drink, and be merry. To the world, I shall be respectable and a gentleman—I have no patience with boors—but, in private life, my desires shall be my guide, and as there is nothing but misery for me in the next world, I shall try to get all the enjoyment I can out of this."

Esau sighed. "I cannot blame or argue against you," he responded, "but somehow I feel that you are all wrong and that even in this world, you would experience more true happiness by living a moral, than an immoral life."

"I thought of that repeatedly during the past week," answered Jacob, "and had almost decided at one time to pursue that course; but, like the robber kitten I finally determined to never more be good."

"Yes," quoth Esau, "and like the robber kitten, to come to grief; but I am powerless to oppose you. Your state of mind is a reaction against a hard theology and a hard fate. For myself, since I am one of the elect, I might do just as you propose without losing my inheritance in the kingdom of heaven; but both to do the will of God, who has been so gracious to me and because, independently, I think it the happier life to do right even with damnation or annihilation as the end, I shall do as near right as I can. But whatever your lot, my dear brother, you will always have my love and sympathy. I know you as well as I do myself. I know that but for the unfortunate discovery of that diary, you would have been as good a man as I."

"My mind is made up," said Jacob, "for better or for worse, the die is cast."

At the age of twenty-five Esau went to Chicago with a few thousand dollars, a thorough knowledge of business, and in the opinion of Mr. Seaver, the ability to succeed and to win an honorable place in the mercantile world. Forty found him wealthy and well known as a religious, public-spirited, and philanthropic man, in a beautiful home with a growing family and one of the most enviable of men.

Jacob never married. "I'm bad, I know," he said, "but not bad enough to raise up children either to damnation or the possibility of damnation. Then, too, I don't wish to be bothered with a family." He lived in bachelor apartments, frequented the clubs and theatres, played cards and billiards, drank wine and associated with a fast set. Faust was his

hero and his fate was as mocking and as suggestive and stimulating to new *diablerie* as Mephistopheles himself.

One morning, about this time, Esau took up his morning paper and the first heading that caught his eye, was, "Big defalcation in Boston. $300,000 gone." He trembled and dreaded to read further, feeling almost certain that he should find his brother named as the criminal. Sure enough, the next heading read, "Jacob Chambers, cashier of the Chambers Bank, the defaulter." The account stated briefly that the paying teller, upon going to his cash box in the vault the day before, Monday, had found all the bills gone, that the cashier did not appear at a quarter before ten as was his invariable habit, that a hasty examination of the cash and securities showed the bank a loser by about $300,000. Later in the day a Pullman porter recognized Mr. Chambers' photograph as that of a man who left Boston with him, accompanied by a lady, upon the previous Saturday evening. His destination was Montreal. Esau groaned. "Well, I can't help it," he said. "At one time I feared that it might all end this way; but when I found how punctual and conscientious he was in the discharge of all his duties, I had come to hope that it might be otherwise. What a fearful curse that knowledge has proved!"

The excitement soon subsided; the bank could recover nothing and Jacob lived in luxury and flaunted his infamy in the face of Montreal with impunity. His paramour died a year after under suspicious circumstances; but no investigation was made by the authorities and whatever gossip there may have been was soon buried under the fresh deposits of crime and scandal which are ever being made upon the minds of the people. Esau heard from him rarely and then scarcely more than a statement that he was alive, in fair health and getting as much out of life as he knew how.

Both brothers died when between fifty-five and sixty, Esau first. Jacob found his father and brother waiting for him in the world of spirits. The greeting of the virtuous pair was affectionate and hearty, though perceptibly dampened, perhaps, by their knowledge of his sin. Yet, both knew that in spite of his wickedness, there lay beneath a goodly nature; his sins, manifold and grievous as they were, seemed a veneer which one could easily peel off, or a hideous and ill-fitting mask which he might cast aside at any moment. And the father,

chastened by long suffering, thought: "Is not this the same with all human beings; did not God make them all; are they not all His children; must there not necessarily be an admixture of pure gold betraying divine origin, which will ultimately free itself from dross and shine forth in its native purity and beauty?" Then his Calvinistic thinking returned in a flood: he sighed and thought, "He is doomed."

"Father," said Jacob, "have you seen Gabriel yet? Have you examined the Book of Life to find out whether your vision was correct or not?"

"No, my son," he responded, "but we will all go together now and find out the truth." They went to the place where the Book was kept. As they drew near, the father grasped Jacob's arm. "See," he said, "Gabriel, the face I saw in my vision; it was true, too true."

The angel readily granted their request, opened the Book to the record of the Chambers family and read: "George Chambers, Julia Chambers, Jacob Chambers."

"You mean Esau Chambers, not Jacob," said the father.

"No, it is Jacob, look for yourself."

The father gazed in amazement. He could scarcely believe his eyes; but there it was, written in letters of gold. "But, but," he cried, "you said 'the first-born shall enter into the eternal bliss of the elect,' and Esau was the first-born."

"So you think," replied Gabriel, "but the children were exchanged in their cradles when a few days old, so that the first-born finally received the name Jacob and his younger brother Esau."

"What," almost shrieked the father, "do you tell me that Jacob is the one to be saved! He is my son, and I have watched over and loved him in spite of his sins; but he is a thief, an adulterer, a poisoner. His sins have made him scarlet, and do you tell me that he is to be saved and my son Esau damned — Esau who has lived as good and as spotless a life as any man of his time? No, no, it cannot be. Erase Jacob and write Esau. By years of suffering which carried me to my grave before my time, I have become as nearly reconciled as I ever can be to having one of my sons cast into the abyss; but surely you cannot justly spare Jacob and send Esau!"

"What is written is written; who questions the justice of God?" said Gabriel, with a majestic wave of his arm.

"But—" began the old man, and then a glance from the angel deprived him of speech. After a few minutes of inward conflict, he bowed submissively and retired. "O my sons!" he pathetically exclaimed, "after all my weary years of suffering to have this complication arise; woe is me, woe is me!" A painful silence followed, and then the father continued, "I will leave you for a while and seek composure."

"Poor father," said Jacob, after watching his diminishing form, "it will take a goodly measure of the bliss of heaven to compensate for the hell that vision has been to him."

"It will," responded Esau.

There was a pause; their minds flew back to the astounding revelation which was destined to so reverse their positions throughout eternity. "I am dazed," said Jacob. "I know not what to say. I expected no other fate than hell, and you had been assured of your salvation. Were I to speak to you, Esau, in the cynical spirit of my last years upon earth, I should say, it is better so, that you had become more resigned to the will of God than I, that you can submit more graciously to being damned for His glory than can I."

"And I," replied Esau, "in the same spirit, might retort, You have stolen my birthright and I have never received even the mess of pottage."

"But," resumed Jacob, "my mind goes back to our boyhood days, to those dear unclouded hours before the curse had fallen upon us, when we were everything to each other that earth-born brothers could be, and my heart almost leaps from my breast to lose itself in yours as drop of mercury in a neighbor drop. It cannot be, it shall not be; the decree which shuts you from heaven shall determine my fate, come it from whatever source it may." The spiritual exaltation from which he spoke these words and his radiance of countenance died away, leaving him calm and resolute. He kissed his brother tenderly, then held out his hand and said, "Come, let us go and face our destinies like men, trusting in the God of love whose children we are, never separating until His love assuredly shines round about us and in our hearts."

"Yes," replied Esau, taking his hand, "we will go."

THE VENGEANCE OF DESPAIR.

BY ELIZABETH CARTER GROVER.

BEWARE the hands that beg in supplication now;
Their time will come, and then God help us! God help all
Who through their years of plenty paid not all they owed
To Want. Want's hands are pale and thin; but there's a force
That's stronger far than flesh and blood — it is a pow'r
That's slow to concentrate; but crushed, it strengthens as
It grows, and hardens through long years of pressure — years
Of cold, and sweat, and hunger — years of children's tears!
And when its time is come, Pity will not be near,
Nor Fear, but set hard lips whence tremblings have all fled,
And eyes in whose dry depths the light of hope is dead.
Ay, cruel as the tiger's claw from out the lair
Is hopeless hate! Beware the vengeance of despair!

NOTES ON LIVING PROBLEMS OF THE HOUR.

TRUSTS.

Trusts are the trade unions of capital. They are organized to kill competition. Once it was said, "Competition is the life of trade." This is an erroneous statement of a fact. It should have been "Competition makes trade lively." So stoning the cat makes the cat lively,— for a time. Ultimately it ruins the weaker of the competitors, whose businesses are swallowed up by a few with large capital, who can live well on a three-per-cent. dividend on their capital, where the men with small means would starve on 6 per cent. Hence bankruptcies are now more common and less dishonorable.

The trust does for capital what the trade union does for labor, in so far as it prevents competition. That is the object for which both are organized. The trade union seeks to control the labor market, by limiting the number of laborers through apprenticeship laws, and by getting all working at any certain industry to join the union, to raise wages by a threatened corner in the labor needed in that trade, or an actual strike. When the union fixes a standard or a minimum rate of wages, it does it to prevent a competition among the laborers, which unchecked, would have the effect of reducing wages to the lowest sum necessary to support the life of the individual and his family. In some occupations where no labor organization exists, wages have been reduced to such a point as will not permit the raising of a family, marriage decreases, and immorality increases. Trusts are the zymotic or "filth" diseases of our present method of production. Anti-trust laws are useless, yes, worse than useless. They will be used against the poor labor organizations while the rich trust evades the law. Such laws are like a doctor treating a patient with the measles, by painting over the spots instead of removing the causes. The causes are inherent in our present system, and the effects were predicted by a certain school of sociologists forty years ago.

As long as one individual has a right to buy and sell those things which are necessary to sustain the life of his brother man, any number of men have that right. Any number of men having that right, also have the right, under our present system, to combine for the same purpose and carry on the same business.

They may appoint an agent who may or may not be president of the trust. The trust has its history of evolution. First, the individual buying and selling; then the partnership, first of two, then three, four, and five, as there may be departments to supervise. Then comes the corporation which marks a distinct advance. Those who would be partners under the old arrangement of partnerships are now only superintendents and foremen.

The corporation never had a soul and has begun to hire its brains. Corporations begin to swallow up partnerships and other small corporations, until only a few corporations of large capital are left. They virtually say: "We have eaten up the little fish and being now of the same size it would be hard work to swallow each other. Let's combine. We'll form a trust, capitalize it for double what all our plants are worth and make the public, by high prices, pay a big dividend on the wind in our capital stock as well as on the stock itself."

Tariff has nothing to do with the formation of trusts. Trusts exist in free trade England and in protected France. Copper produced in America is sold cheaper by the trust in protected Germany than it is in the United States. The flour trust sends flour to England and after paying the freight, sells it cheaper than it can be bought in Boston. The more fully to prove the absurdity of the talk that the tariff produces trusts, it is only necessary to instance international trusts that control contemporaneously, certain commodities in all and each of the so-called civilized countries of the globe.

The word "trust" as now used, means an organization of capital that controls the production and distribution of any one certain product. In order to be successful it must control both the production and distribution. Some begin by controlling the production and from that controlling the distribution. This is the more modern way. The Standard Oil Trust in the early days of trusts was obliged to work the other way. It controlled distribution by getting rebates from the railroads, and by crushing out competitors, secured control of production. This is perhaps the most roundabout method, but the surest. Those who only control production are liable to find competitors starting in with large capital, when their profits are large and idle capital is plenty.

This brings the reader close to one of the secondary causes of trusts. The avenues of distribution are the great railroads of the country. They made the Standard Oil and other trusts. Originally built, in great part, by the people through their town, city, State and national governments by grants of land, bonds issued or taken by these governments and other forms of State aid, the people have been deprived of their interest in them

through financial finesse. Although the people's control over them has slipped away, a title in equity still remains. It is time to reassert this right. The people should demand that they should be nationalized. If the people's money was good enough to build them, the people's representatives are good enough to manage them. The railroads once nationalized, one of the strongest buttresses of trusts would be removed.

The cause of trusts is the necessary death of economic competition. That phase of competition which can best be described as emulation will always live. Two centuries ago the artisan owned his own tools. The machine is only a combination of tools. The worker now has only his bare hands and his intelligence, the latter increasing every year under compulsory education. With the evolution of the tool into the combination of tools has come the increase of capital. The processes of industry are more and more dependent on machinery. Highly specialized machinery replaces the old and more primitive combinations of tools. With the increase of production or wealth incident on its use, comes the ability to set aside more of that wealth as capital for the production of more wealth.

Those who work are now dependent for employment on those who own the tools, machinery. They are compelled to work to live. In order to be allowed to work they must allow the owner of the machinery to take of their product all that he wishes, it being a well understood fact that he must leave enough for them in the shape of wages to allow them to exist. Strikes will be more and more unsuccessful.

Capital is unpaid wages, to be euphemistic. This is now clearly seen in the trust. The old theory of a big profit being the due reward of superior ability on the part of the capitalist, is now exploded. The trust hires its ability in the shape of managers, superintendents, etc. The capitalist, in many cases, lives in some foreign country and only puts in his money. That is all. The old notion of the "rent of superior ability" is thus shown to be fallacious as soon as the two functions of possessing capital and handling capital are dissevered.

It is thus seen that it is the ownership and control of the machine or tools that permits the formation of trusts. To recapitulate:

1. The machine permits its owner to compel those who work on it, to pay him tribute in the shape of unpaid wages.
2. These unpaid wages or profits make capital.
3. This capital enters one of two states; (a) fixed, in more costly machinery, or (b) mobile, in the shape of money in the pockets or banks of the owners of the machine.
4. Those having large capital swallow up their competitors

with small capital, either crushing them out in competition by (a) or buying them out through (b).

5. Those few who are left combine and form the trust.

Through all the various trusts the story is the same. Sugar, lead, copper, coal, tin, gold, silver, flour, bagging, twine, oil, beef, pork, and all through the list of the one hundred and twenty trust industries the story is the same. There is no need to recite the name of these industries at length. Every day new ones are being publicly or secretly trustified. The one essential feature is the control of the machine of production or distribution. In some cases the element of land ownership may enter, as in the matter of different kinds of mines, but even there large capital crystallized in the machines, forms the effective weapon to kill competition and form the trust.

The two trade unions of capital and labor now stand facing each other. The trust and the national trade union of labor will soon be pitted against each other, the middle class being swept away into the ranks of the wage workers or while nominally independent, still dependent on the few controllers of the trust, in one form or another. Bonanza farms have fixed the farmers as dependents and tribute-payers of interest on mortgages. The trade union is composed of men of intelligence, compulsory education being at work, which intelligence is reinforced by that of the former members of the middle class. The trust is managed by one man of salary, large or small, it makes no difference. Its responsible and component parts are probably residents of a foreign country. The members of the labor organization are citizens and, with their fellows, control the making of laws in this country. A new party arises and elects representatives who enact laws escheating all "trustified" production. Off goes the head of the trust! He becomes the agent of the people, as the director of that special department of the government, at the same salary as before during transition times. He is responsible now to the people of this country instead of irresponsible money-lords in England.

The remedy for trusts is thus seen to be the control of the machine by the whole people, giving more particularly those who work on them, an interest in the management. To society at large the invention of the machine is due. To society at large must and will come the benefits. CYRUS FIELD WILLARD.

THE GREAT POLITICAL UPHEAVAL AT THE SOUTH.

OVERWHELMING majorities create mediocrity in the statesmanship of a commonwealth. They engender a spirit of apathy among the electors who, unmindful of being confronted by other

dangers, in time, pay little heed to affairs of party or state, permitting the chosen servants of the people to pursue their own policies without supervision or restraint. In a State where one set of party managers have held the reins of power through many terms of office, there will be found, with rarest exception, the lilliputians of the party occupying the most responsible positions in the gift of the people, who are often by their own inactivity, powerless to counteract the influence of the political machine.

With the ascendency of the small man in office, comes the quickening taint of corruption. Insidious and cautious at first, then bold and brazen, and at last reckless and defiant. Such a state of affairs must inevitably produce discontent among any people who keenly value the priceless boon of liberty. A murmur of dissatisfaction will arise, and as the iniquity grows in volume, the mutterings will become intensified into an unmistakable evidence of popular disapprobation. The grumble will be that of the mob at the outset, void of order and organization, but as the cloud darkens, Napoleons arise who assert heaven-lent leadership, and the opposition takes form and life, discipline and force. All popular unheavals, political or otherwise, have had their inception in this way, and the historian stands ready to corroborate the declaration.

When the southern soldiers marched home from Appomattox, after the surrender of General Lee, those chieftains who had won the greatest renown for their valor became the civic leaders of the people. Their dispassionate wisdom and sagacious executive faculty bridged the southern States over the perils of the reconstruction period. With the gradual disappearance of danger, a sense of relaxation took place, and the old veterans, feeling the weight of years, began to retire to the less tumultuous scenes of private life, surrendering the affairs of state and control of party to the younger leaders. Year after year, the war record ceased to have that potent factorage in winning emoluments of office. Untried men in many instances were elected to high positions; retrenchment found fewer advocates; extravagance, insidious-like, began to creep in, and corruption became revealed at intervals here and there. The great mass of voters who constituted the majority of the people, by years of indifference to primary deliberations of party, had lost their grasp on party machinery, and were powerless to assert their real preferences as to who should hold their highest positions. In one or more States of the South this arraignment will be called severe, but with the rest it is only outlining the situation in the mildest language.

South Carolina, however much some may rise up to indignantly deny it, affords a striking example of this condition. On the 5th of November, 1876, that State was convulsed with a desperate

political struggle which supplanted carpet-bag and negro rule, and restored to power "representatives of the intelligence and property of the State," that war and reconstruction had previously overthrown. After the smoke of this political struggle had cleared away, it was found that an adroit set of politicians were in possession of the State government. Nominated more to keep party organization in tack than with any expectation of election, they were surprised at their triumph. With the natural instinct of politicians, they lost no time in fortifying themselves, in order that they might continue to enjoy, uninterrupted, the unanticipated emoluments of their position. As the first step toward political fortification, they rallied around the central figure in that memorable contest, General Wade Hampton, then the newly created chief executive, who had succeeded Governor Chamberlain, the last of the reconstruction governors in South Carolina. Under the shadow of the new governor's name, the members of his council were making their political stronghold impregnable for their own good selves, and the faithful few who basked in their favor. At the next turn of the party kaleidoscope, Governor Hampton was made United States Senator. Lieutenant-Governor Simpson was given the highest place on the supreme court bench of the State, while Controller-General Johnson Hagood simultaneously stepped up higher, to the seat just vacated by Governor Hampton.

Before this, it had become apparent to the people of South Carolina that a sort of political trust had been formed among the party leaders, and in 1880, General Gary, one of the best men in the State, headed a movement to displace the strongly intrenched incumbents at the capital.

The latter held a consultation at Columbia, and plans for protection were decided upon. Governor Hampton was to declare war upon General Gary. Under cover of this political subterfuge, the power of the state-house party was evoked, and while General Gary and his friends were canvassing for the usual State convention, in August, the June convention to select delegates to the National Democratic Convention was utilized, and Controller-General Hagood was nominated for governor, and the entire State ticket put out before the people had time to voice their disapproval. There was no alternative but to submit to the few, and, under the crack of the party whip, they cast their ballots for the nominees of the August convention, who were, of course, elected. In due time, another segment of that charmed circle attained unto the governorship, and Superintendent of Public Instruction, Hugh Thompson, followed in the footsteps of his brethren of the council. Still another member of that fortunate '76 cabinet was put forward to taste the gubernatorial sweets,

and State Treasurer Richardson, who still occupies the governor's seat, having been given a second term, was made governor.

The long continuance in power of a single set of men, in South Carolina, has, in large measure, been due to the indifference of the people to their political duties. Senator Butler is authority for the statement that twenty per cent. of the Democratic vote elected seven Congressmen in 1886 and it has been charged in Charleston, that most of this twenty per cent. was obtained by writing in the names of absentees, and putting in a number of votes to correspond.

The democratic policy of rotation has not been adhered to, by adherents of that political faith, in South Carolina, and to a greater or less extent, this has been the case with every other Southern State, since 1876. The status of affairs in South Carolina has been such as to awaken the people to the importance of rising in their might and majesty and instituting a new and better condition. The farmers of the State, through the potency of oath-bound organization, have taken the initiative, and have waged a furious war against the faction in power, that is sure to result in its humiliating dethronement.

This new political movement in the South is not confined to lower California. It is sweeping its way with resistless force, in North Carolina, where several Farmers' Alliance candidates have already been nominated for Congress, and where the strength of the movement is yet underestimated. In Tennessee, the Democratic party has been compelled to choose its nominee for governor, from the membership of the Farmers' Alliance. In Georgia, the power of the movement is so great, that there is not the vestige of opposition to the candidate for governor, advocated by the Farmers' Alliance. In Alabama, in Louisiana, in Florida, and in Mississippi, the movement is making itself distinctly felt, and in Arkansas, Texas, and Virginia, it has the work of organization well under way.

Practically, the same influences everywhere have created this movement, and given it momentum, but in some States of the South, the causes that have brought it into being have not been so aggravated as they have been in South Carolina, where extraordinary political methods have ever been in vogue.

Mr. Blaine is credited with having lately offered the advice to the Republican party leaders, to drop the force bill, and assiduously cultivate the Farmers' Alliance. Discerning politician! wise soothsayer! No American is more fully capable of estimating the political strength of the agricultural masses, when thoroughly organized, than Mr. Blaine. Ambitious for his party's future, perhaps his own, he looks longingly at this rapid accumulation of class potency, and yearns to converge it toward his own

party. Idle thought, hopeless impossibility! Speaking only so far as concerns the South, the Republican party can extract little comfort from the progress and result of this great upheaval in southern politics. The upheaval has been a purging of Democratic impurities, and up to date, there has been no evidence that the new movement was other than a movement strictly within the lines of the Democratic party. To be a farmer in the South, has always been to be a Democrat, and the time is approaching when to be a farmer in any part of the country, is to be a member of that same party.

EDWARD A. OLDHAM.

NORFOLK, VA.

THE RACE PROBLEM. A CRITICISM OF SENATOR HAMPTON'S PAPER.

1. ALL those who will read history carefully, will learn that it was a *necessity*, and not a mere party caprice, that gave the negro the right of suffrage. When the war was over, legislation was so shaped in the Southern States as to re-enslave the emancipated race. For instance, laws were enacted, making "vagrancy" punishable by heavy fines and long terms of imprisonment, and under these laws, thousands of freedmen who, in the very nature of things, had not yet found employment, and for whom, in fact, there was no employment, were arrested, fined, and imprisoned, and under the "contract system," placed on plantations to work out their term of imprisonment and fine. This was simply a second slavery, — a slavery worse than that just escaped. What remedy could there be for such wholesale violation of rights? What remedy had these men in the courts of the South? Who was there to take their cases, and make active defence? Who was to appeal for relief, and what courts were they to appeal to? Where was the court with sufficient "running capacity" to decide all these cases, even if they could have been taken up? And then again, who were the judges of these courts, *and who composed the jury?* Under the then existing provisions of the constitution, the Federal Government could not interfere. If the proclamation of emancipation and the 13th Amendment were to be carried out in spirit and in letter, there was but one solution of the question thus presented, and that was to give the victim of these unjust laws an opportunity to become the legislator, and himself *repeal them.* In the face of these facts, it is as futile to say that the giving of the right of suffrage to the negro was a mere partisan measure, as it is to say that the Republican party is responsible for the enactment of our emigration and naturalization laws.

2. It seems to be taken for granted by some, that it has been demonstrated that the negro is not capable of self government. This I deny, so far as the negro of the United States is concerned— and with him only are we now dealing. Suppose he has been a failure in Liberia, in San Domingo, and in Hayti. How many failures has the Caucasian made in the same line? Are not the shores of the history of the world strewn with the wrecks of republics attempted by the Caucasian race? But we now boast that our efforts, under the peculiar conditions of America, are a success. Is not also the negro of the United States occupying a position, born into a condition, if you please, that gives him every opportunity over those of Hayti or San Domingo? With the chances for education this country affords, with the example of chivalry ever before, about, and around him like a halo of glory, being born into freedom through the scourge and fire of war, and *re-enforced by the best white blood of the South*, why, I ask, why should not the negro of this country be a success at self government? I answer, because he has never had a chance — because the lash or the shot gun has ever been too potent a factor in the neighborhood where he has lived, and have constantly intruded themselves upon his attempts for self government; thus giving no opportunity for expansion of his ideas, and the development of his faculties in that direction, while the subjection of their women to slavery and ignorance has dwarfed their manhood from and before birth.

3. What shall be done? Why, "the next best thing," of course. And what is "the next best thing"? *The equal enforcement of the law throughout the whole country.* The negro is a citizen of this country; and while it may not solve the question, still while he is a citizen, it is the duty of every honest man to see to it that he has all the rights of a citizen. Those who refuse to listen to this simple dictate of right and justice, do not wish to solve the "race problem" — their only hope being to banish or silence the negro, leaving them unfettered and free from the troublesome question. No longer their slave, these people have no use for him. They now insolently say to the North: "Take him and solve the question. We do not want him, and you do. You fought for him — now take care of him," turning thereby a deaf ear to the fact that for years upon years they of the South fought for him, legislated for him, imported him, bred him, nourished him, sold him, enslaved him, and finally insisted that they would have him, constitution or no constitution, and waged a fratricidal war for four years to establish a government, whose constitution made provision for his perpetuation among them. The "next best thing," therefore, is to enforce the law without fear or favor.

4. Enforcing the right of suffrage will, of course, not be a solution of the "Race Problem," but it will go a great way toward it. That problem, to my thinking, will be solved hand in hand with the labor question; at any rate, one will aid the solution of the other. It may not be solved in our day, still it is our duty to agitate and investigate, and by doing so intelligently and earnestly, we may be able to hand down to our children a "book of knowledge," that they may know good from evil, and from the pages of which they may work out the problem.

That which is of the most importance now, is *a true understanding of the present situation.* We all agree on that. How and where shall we obtain this necessary data? We cannot hope for it from Senator Hampton and his followers. That much is clear. It is evident that those who took part in the heated discussions of *ante-bellum* days, and who, since the war, have, on account of partisan measures, never given their blood time to cool, are not to be relied upon. The biased party men, who for years fought to destroy our constitution in order to maintain their own "peculiar" ideas on this same question, and who now, through chagrin and wrath, openly accuse the defenders of our government as being the destroyers and violators of the constitution, will hardly afford a reliable source from which to obtain data for so important a discussion. Congress will not afford it, for if the committee of investigation be composed of Republicans and Democrats, we will have two reports; if of Republicans, Democrats, and Prohibitionists, we will have three reports; and if a fourth political party be added, we will have *four* reports. Nor can we rely upon those who make "flying" trips through the South, for such too fully confirm the old adage, that "a rolling stone gathers no moss."

The question then presents itself — How shall we obtain trustworthy data on which to discuss the "Race Problem"?

C. A. Seiders.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH PENALTY.

"Capital punishment is the peculiar and undeviating sign of barbarism. Where capital punishment is frequent, barbarism prevails; where it is rare, civilization predominates." — *Victor Hugo.*

A LONDON daily declares that the recent execution of Kemmler sent a thrill of horror around the globe. Let us hope it has done more: that it has forcibly brought before the minds of thousands of conscientious thinking men and women, not only the hideous spectacle of the death writhings of the man in the electric chair, but the broader and more important fact that capital punishment administered in any form is essentially a relic of a barbarous age, wholly unworthy of our present civilization; that the spirit that clamors for the blood of any human being belongs essentially to the beast in man's nature. The surest token of true progress is found in the increased appreciation of the sanctity of life. So long as a State places so little value on human existence that for any cause she slaughters her citizens, she will find numbers of the most degraded of her people following her example, with this important difference, — the State always acts with coolness and deliberation, while ninety per cent. of her children slay their fellowmen in the frenzy of passion or under the baleful influence of liquor, which has in most cases been purchased in saloons licensed by the State.

Without entering into any lengthy argument against capital punishment, which I believe to be one of the foulest blots on the face of our nineteenth century civilization, I wish to briefly notice a few of the leading barriers that prevent the immediate abolition of the death penalty, the chief and most important of which is I think the popular but erroneous idea relating to the efficacy of capital punishment compared with other methods of treatment. We hear constantly that capital punishment is the only method of restraining murderers. This has been reiterated until it has grown hoary with age and has all the prestige of generations of accumulated prejudice. Yet as a matter of fact we all know that it does not prevent men from taking the lives of their fellowmen. A number of sickening murders followed closely upon the heels of the execution of Kemmler, and this is no exception to the rule, as is shown by Mr. Tarbuck, secretary of the Howard Association, who declares that "it has often been noticed that executions have been immediately followed by an unusual 'crop' of murderers; for example, in 1870, shortly after the execution of Tropmann in Paris, for a peculiarly atrocious murder, several similar cases of wholesale slaughter occurred, including the seven-fold murder at Uxbridge." Mr. Tarbuck, after citing other instances, calls attention to the significant fact that "when men were hung by the dozen for forging one pound bank of England notes, *the crime did not diminish* — IT INCREASED." The Rev. Dr. Roberts of England visited one hundred and sixty-seven convicts under sentence of death, all but three of whom *had personally witnessed executions.* A well-known executioner in Paris during his term of office hung twenty murderers who, to use his expression, had been "in constant attendance at gibbeting matinees." These are only straws, it is true, but they indicate the fallacy of the popular claim that capital punishment restrains murderers; while on the other

hand, a treatment of the guilty ones by the State, which while effective in protecting society at the same time answers the requirements of the most humane sentiments would, I believe, judging from the experiments that have been made in this direction, greatly reduce the number of murders committed, as well as work the redemption of a large per cent. of the condemned. On this point I wish to quote from the learned jurist and author, Sanford M. Green, late judge of the Supreme Court of Michigan, author of "Green's Practice" and other standard works, among which his manual on "Crime" is probably the most noteworthy. In his last named volume Judge Green says: —

"If there are any who still believe that life is more safe in those States where the murderer is put to death for his crime, a study of the effects of its abolition ought, it would seem, to be sufficient to correct the error. In Rhode Island, Michigan, and Wisconsin, where capital punishment was abolished from twenty-five to fifty years ago, human life has been as secure as in any other States of the Union, and much more so than in some of them where the death penalty is in force; and during the forty years since imprisonment for life was substituted for hanging in case of murder, in Michigan, but one case of murder by lynching under mob law has come to our knowledge. In Switzerland, that model and most peaceful republic of the Old World, capital punishment has existed as a legal enactment in but eight of the twenty-five cantons since 1879. . . . "In 1867," says Mr. Sparhawk (late consul at Zanzibar), "the death penalty was abolished in Portugal. It was not until the third year after that any appreciable change occurred, and since then, year by year, murders have decreased in number, till to-day there are not more than half as many as prior to its abolition, and are far below that of other countries, making allowance for difference in population."

These facts and hints are sufficient to show that the old-time claim does not rest on the bed rock of truth, and on it no longer can justification for capital punishment be urged.

Next, I wish to notice a point always raised by some zealous Christian [?] when this question is argued. The Bible, we are told, declares that "Whoso sheds man's blood by man shall his blood be shed." It is well to remember that the same Bible commanded the slaughter of all witches (Lev. xx. 27), and the attempt to carry out this mandate resulted in the frightful killing of the alleged witches as late as the tragedies of Salem. The same Bible declared that those who worked on the Sabbath day should be slain and later emphasized the terrible meaning of the law by giving a most graphic picture of the stoning to death of a poor man who gathered a few sticks on the Sabbath day. (Numbers xv. 32-36.) All of which simply illustrate the fact that the Jews in ancient times had few or no prison facilities, and, being far lower in the scale of civilization than they were in subsequent ages, were governed by a code of morals which, considered in the light of our present civilization, is essentially barbarous and oftentimes outrages our every sense of right and justice, while, nevertheless, it was undoubtedly as enlightened as their civilization *at that time* could brook.

The attitude of many professed Christians is to me a never failing source of surprise. With what tenacity they *cling to the letter of the Old Testament law*, paying no heed to Paul's declaration to the Jews of his time that their law was *a schoolmaster to bring them to Christ;* that is, an instructor directing their eyes toward a higher dispensation of light and civilization. Moreover, aside from all this it seems incredible that any professed Christian should defend capital punishment, seeing that Christ with one majestic stroke swept away forever the foundation upon which all these retaliatory measures rest.

The doctrine of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life, was all wrong or else Christ was mistaken. He came as the herald of a loftier civilization than the Jews had ever seen. Note the following words of Jesus: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. . . Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." That such authoritative commands, sweeping away as they did the whole superstructure of the savage and brutal code of retaliation, and coming from a humble appearing Galilean, were regarded as presumptuous and unpractical at that time, is not surprising; but how, after nearly two thousand years of pretended advocacy of his doctrines his professed followers should persist in flying in the face of their Master's teaching, and insist on going back to a comparatively barbarous period, there to pick out, amid the multitude of obsolete laws and commands, this one for the purpose of bolstering up a savage custom that outrages every sense of refinement, every humane instinct, every manly impulse, has ever been incomprehensible to me. Let us be honest and keep our faces fronting the light. Let us not go backward beyond Gethsemane or at most further than Bethlehem for hints for the treatment of our fellowmen, who, owing to circumstances over which they have had little or no control, are more brutal than ourselves. I have supreme confidence in the ultimate triumph of the humane and civilized spirit which forbids the death penalty. The trend of civilization lies in that direction just as surely as the trend of human thought is upward, but confidence in this result should not deter all who oppose the hideous legacy of a dark and vanished past from ceaselessly working for its abolition. What though we are but atoms, place ten thousand such atoms in a state and we have a nucleus that will soon grow great enough to beat back every threatened wrong and potent enough to wipe out all existing evils.

POPULAR CONTEMPT FOR LAW.

The daily press of New York a few weeks since knowingly and deliberately defied a recently enacted statute of that State in a manner unparalleled in modern times, and although the newspapers coolly acknowledged that they had broken the law, the authorities did nothing, while the people as a whole were unquestionably in sympathy with the press. We refer to the recent electrocution law which declares that "no account of the details of any such execution, beyond the statement of the fact that such convict was, on the day in question, duly executed according to law at the prison, shall be published in any newspaper. *Any person who shall violate or omit to comply with any provision of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.*" Here we have a suggestive spectacle. The Metropolitan press contemptuously defies the law, and the public, if it does not applaud the act, certainly sympathizes with the law breakers.

That the press is right in its claim that the people ought to be apprised of the method in which they kill their offending brethren is undoubtedly true; yet on the other hand the plea advanced at the time the ill-considered bill became a law, that the publication of the details by the press had a bad effect on the morals of society, had much plausibility. It is not, however, my purpose to enter into the details of this special case. I merely wish to point out a bad tendency which is, year by year,

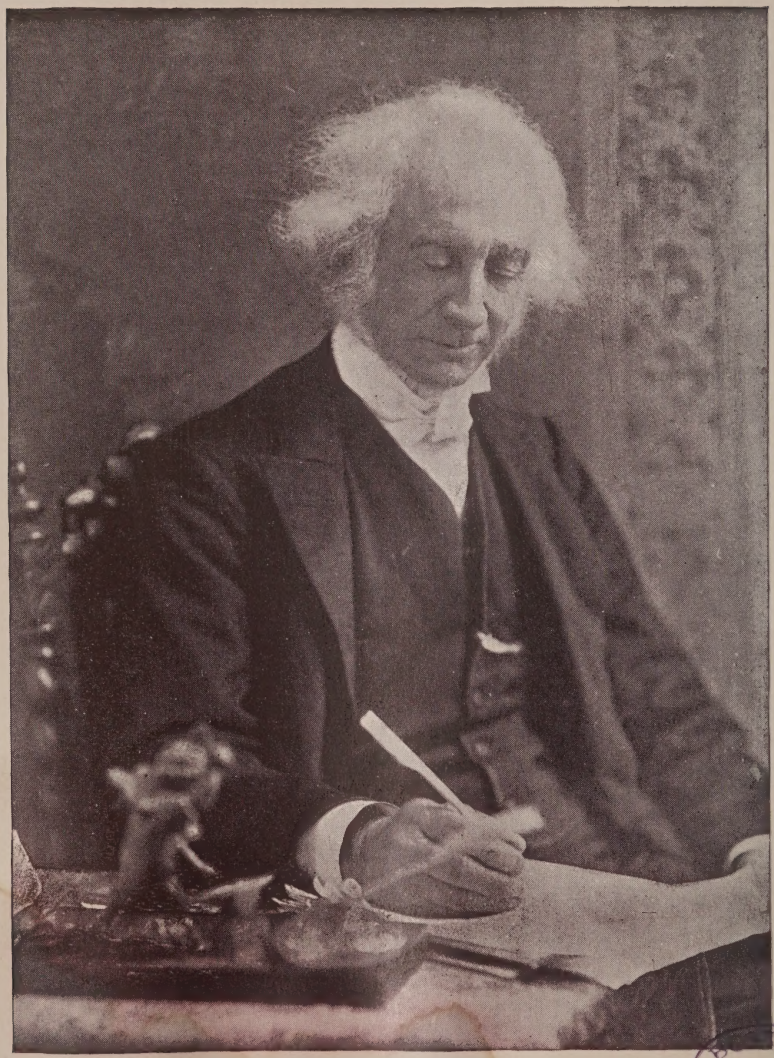
becoming more pronounced, and the causes which are producing the evil. There is no denying the fact that the old-time reverence entertained for law by the people is vanishing. There is growing up in every section of the country a contempt for our lawmakers and our judiciary, which I regard with the gravest apprehension; for the moment a nation becomes convinced that its laws are not based on justice and wisdom, or as soon as they lose faith in the judiciary, the zenith of that nation's glory has been passed, unless through some mighty convulsion, whether it be evolutionary and practically peaceful in its radical reform, or revolutionary and bloody in its result, the nation is reborn; as, for instance, was France after her baptism of blood. It is a fact worthy of note that while our people are naturally law-abiding, the old respect for statutory enactments which pervaded the minds of our fathers when laws were comparatively few, and when far greater deliberation was deemed necessary before any bill was enacted, holds far less sway over the public mind than in former days, and what is more significant, is becoming less and less with each recurring decade.

In former days liberty was accounted of the first importance and great reliance was placed on the inherent manhood and instinctive sense of right and justice that pervaded the masses. Few laws, and those based strictly on universally accepted principles of justice, were deemed necessary, while the greatest possible toleration characterized the policy of the early statesmen who laid the broad foundation for this Republic. Since then a great change has taken place. The baleful miasma of European paternalism has insidiously permeated the atmosphere of liberty. The old ideals have long been vanishing. That healthy confidence in manhood that was such a strong characteristic of our people has in a great measure given place to the pernicious doctrine of governmental state or municipal protection and intervention. The reaction of late years has taken the form of a craze — for everything we must have a law. The people are incapable of self-government; they must be treated as children. They must be looked after by the State. Usually behind the pleasing front of the protective law stands an interested party. The glove of philanthropy generally conceals the hand of tyrannical monopoly or selfish avarice. In other cases law-makers are anxious to make a name. They seize on every ill-considered suggestion advanced by the press or on the passing sentiment of the hour and promptly come forward with a bill to regulate this or that, quite reckless as to what it may injure or upon whose legitimate liberty it may infringe.

The case referred to above illustrates this case. A passing popular fancy, that the publication of the details of an execution were injurious, was seized upon and a law passed making the publishers of any newspaper which gave an extended account guilty of misdemeanor. The press defied the statute, thus adding to the general contempt for law, which has for years been gaining ground. If Congress fails to enact laws enough, the legislature can be depended upon to burden the statute books with a multitude of measures which in many cases are cruel, unjust, and discriminative. Then below the legislature we have the municipal government, almost as active as the superior bodies.

In this manner, as laws multiply reverence for law diminishes; for the people quickly recognize the difference between a wise statute based on the broad principles of equal justice, and petty, ill-advised or immature measures, prompted by prejudice, avarice, or a passing whim of public sentiment. Again our law-makers are not as a rule wise or far-seeing statesmen. They may be well-meaning but they too often fall under the blighting influence of a mercenary lobby and the people are coming more and more to understand this fact. A real danger threatens any nation when her people become convinced that

laws are being passed which are unjust and oppressive, or which are enacted through the influence of interested parties for private or personal profit. Another reason for the decadence in respect for law is found in the discriminations that are made when the offenders are powerful; when they have social or monetary prestige. When a people lose confidence in their judiciary and other officers who are elected or appointed to secure justice, and when the public lethargy is so great that no general reform movement can gain sufficient momentum to crush all opposition, a government is in the presence of a danger far greater than the armies or navies of hostile lands.



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THE FUTURE AMERICAN DRAMA.

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

THERE is not, and there never has been, a literary institution, which could be called the American Drama. We have produced no dramatists essentially American to rival such workers as Fenimore Cooper, Bret Harte, Hawthorne, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others of world-wide reputation in the realms of narrative fiction. So long as our stage could be supplied from the English or French theatres, there appeared no necessity for home-made material. The public cares little from whence it derives its amusement, and the managers of theatres saw no reason why they should pay the American author for a new piece, the success of which was always uncertain, when they could take the cream of the London and Paris theatres, after the success and fame of such works had been publicly assured, and for the use of which they paid nothing. This condition of affairs had already operated on the English theatre; its production had been paralyzed, since 1840, by the influx of French plays. The sources of Gallic invention and contrivance have recently dried up; so the British author appears again, timidly, in plays of modest pretensions. The poor material recently imported from Europe to supply the American market, has encouraged New York managers and authors to adventure; some, like the late Mr. Lester Wallack, adhered to the belief that anything coming from London must be acceptable here, and they fell victims to their fidelity to the past. What is good enough for London is no longer good enough for New York. Theodora, Tosca, Roger La Honte, the Gondoliers, left no favorable impression on the American public;

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Captain Swift and Aunt Jack were tolerated; London and Paris are no longer names to conjure with now and here in 1890, as they were in 1870. But, on the other hand and meanwhile, we find the "Old Homestead," "The Wife," "Held by the Enemy," the "Charity Ball," "Shenandoah," "The Henrietta," the "County Fair," the "Senator," "Pau. Kauvar," and other native American productions have eclipsed their European rivals. Thus within the last two or three years our home-made plays have asserted their value: partly because our playwrights have improved and advanced in their craft, but mainly because the French and English dramatic authors are played out, and so we are thrown upon our own resources. May this attitude so suddenly assumed be regarded as the small beginning of a declaration of dramatic independence on the part of our people? Is it the baby drama of the future? If so, do these works, or any of them, present new features or new form giving promise of a new issue?

Let us look briefly into the past. The Greek Drama was, so far as we know, an entirely original growth. We can trace its infancy under Thespis to its maturity under Sophocles and Menander. The Romans had no native drama, the Latin plays were modelled on the Greek, when they were not merely translations from that language. Skip we fifteen centuries of nothingness to discover the English Drama of the Elizabethan period. We can trace its infancy in the miracle plays, and its native growth to maturity under Shakespere and his fellows. This romantic and Gothic creation has nothing of the classic Greek form or design. It was the outcome of the new Teutonic world, weird, wild, and irregular as Gothic architecture. The French have had like the Romans no native drama; theirs was modelled on the ancient classic, of which it was a poor bastard. Racine, Corneille, and Molière were subjects of the ancient dramatic dynasty. While Greek declamatory drama was adopted in France, the drama of action was invented by the English playwrights.

Here let us correct a false impression that is thoughtlessly entertained, that the English stage has been mainly dependent on the French, that our dramatists had little invention or originality. This state of things has indeed existed but within the last few years only; in fact, within the present

century. As we recently have borrowed from the French dramatists, so they during a past century borrowed from the Italian and the Spanish. Thence the early drama of France was imported. Not so with us. The early drama of England was of native growth; we can trace its infancy. It was the legitimate offspring of the people. Take the list of English dramatic poets from Marlowe to Dryden and compare them with a similar list from Corneille to Voltaire, covering an equal period, and it will be clear that the English record shows an overwhelming superiority, both in originality of form and grandeur of treatment. Originality in drama does not mean the invention of new subjects, new intrigue or incidents: so little have these to do with dramatic merit that Horace advises the young dramatist to avoid new subjects and prefer such as may be familiar to the spectators, treating these in a new manner. For the important object of the dramatist is the exhibition of human character "to which fundamental law" says Macaulay, "every other regulation is subordinate." This is a very different matter from the ingenuity displayed by some French dramatists in the contrivance of a novel sequence of incidents, calculated to pique the curiosity and sharpen the interest of spectators in the issue of the circumstances, while the characters retire behind the action, in which they are simply agents. Dramas so composed are of ephemeral existence, and such have been, for the most part, the contributions of the French stage during the last century to dramatic literature. Has it exhibited one dramatic production that has survived in popular esteem, and has been cherished as have been "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal"? Let us be just to ourselves.

But the French stage has recently taken a new departure; it has received a new vocation. The drama is no longer an imitation of human passions and weaknesses; it is a philosophical school of sociology, for the illustration and argument of ethical problems! The incidents in this new form should be of natural, ordinary occurrence, without contrivance, the skill of the dramatist being that he should show none. The language may not transcend the commonplace colloquy of every-day intercourse.

It is true, the dramatists of the new school do not profess to compose tragedies or comedies. They write what we denomi-

nate domestic dramas, which are to dramatic literature what photographs are to the Fine Arts. No one disputes the correctness to be found in a photograph; it is a minute copy of Nature, but there are qualities in a painting which no mechanical result can supply. I deny that the drama is, or ever was intended to be, a copy of Nature, as the new apostles of naturalism have preached that it should be.

Is not Nature rather over-admired? Is not Art somewhat under-estimated? Man in a state of Nature is one of the weakest and meanest of animals. All that is good and noble in him, all that has raised and refined his race, has been the work of Art. Nature made him helpless, he made himself helpful. Nature that made him omnivorous, made him cruel. Other animals, when prompted by hunger, kill; it is the nature of man to kill for the love of killing — and his passion for bloodshed no process of civilization can altogether tame. Man is the only animal in which Nature has implanted the love of witnessing torture. All that is gentle, self-sacrificing, and noble in him is the work of Art; even from the art of speech, which is no gift, but the first invention of the biped, to the erection of the last hospital and orphanage, made and endowed by human tenderness and charity. For Nature I have little use, admiration, or respect. I reserve my homage and worship for the Spirit that, from the lowest of brutes, has evolved the civilized man.

But it is not our business, at present, to discuss the question of naturalism in literature, it concerns our subject only to discern how far it is likely to affect the drama, and especially the future drama of America. However, what is called naturalism as we find it exemplified in the works of Zola, his imitators, and followers, may thrive on public censure, when presented in a narrative form; it is otherwise when it challenges public opinion in a theatre. Could there be found an American audience content to tolerate the representation of scenes and the utterance of language so filthy? The drama has been stigmatized as the most profligate form of literature, the stage has been proscribed for indecency and libertinage. I ask, in all sobriety, if we could obtain a theatre full of spectators, all of whom had read Zola in private, would that crowd endure to have the scenes there depicted, presented before them; would they tolerate the language? Would they not drive the scenes from the stage?

If, then, "naturalism," as it is interpreted by these gentlemen, necessarily includes the exhibition of those operations and functions of nature which decency forbids, such naturalism on the stage is repugnant to the civilized sentiment of mankind. We know that autopsy is an incident of daily and necessary occurrence. The act of administering poison is an incident very common in the drama, the natural sequence of incidents, the interest of the spectators inclines to trace out the criminal, and autopsy is essential to that discovery. It is clear that we cannot put such a scene into representation. It follows that a line must be drawn somewhere. The subsisting dramatic canons drew it at terror, excluding horror. For horror is terror mixed with disgust, and things disgusting are not fit for dramatic exposure.

Many deep thinkers of the day entertain this new school of art. M. Zola in narrative fiction, and M. Ibsen in dramatic shape, occupy a position which calls for serious regard. M. Ibsen has not yet obtained acknowledgment by either the French or English public, and it is with Zola as a dramatist and not a novelist we have present concern. M. Zola as a dramatist disposes of himself; he has failed. But we must admit a certain measure of success obtained by the Norwegian dramatist in his own Scandinavian region. I do not take into consideration, nor do I weigh the opinions of the dilettanti, who, for the most part, are, and always have been cranky and unreliable critics. I believe in the public *en masse*; I believe there is in the mass of minds, when unified on the consideration of any matter, and provided they are free from prejudice on such matter, a mental power, and a justice of opinion that no individual in that crowd could exercise. We are told to despise "the groundlings," but to respect public opinion; no epithets are too contemptuous to revile the "brainless crowd," the "greasy artisan," the mob, — while we are assured at the same time that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

Let one who has daily met the hundred millions that speak our language from London across America to the far Australia, say in all humbleness, a few words about the English-speaking public, as it may be studied in a theatre. Ah! studied more deeply and truly there than elsewhere; for, to a political meeting, or to a church, or to any assembly whatever of minds, gathered for a purpose, the people come with determined opinions,

with minds made up. They are in uniform. But when gathered into a theatre, they are free from every prejudice, they present an assembly of human beings, with open hearts, and ready sympathies unembarrassed and unbound. It is there, and there only they reveal what Terence wrote of mankind: "I am a man, and deem nothing that relates to man foreign to my feelings!" When this line was first uttered in the Roman theatre two thousand years ago, the audience rose *en masse* and saluted its grand humanity. And thus English-speaking audiences, every time the dramatist touches their hearts, rise to salute human nature. Public opinion is the highest and sole court of jurisdiction in literary and artistic matters. I fail to remember a single instance where merit has been signally overlooked by one generation, to be discovered by the next. Temporary popularity is admissible by the side of the homage paid to genius. But the public makes no mistake between Offenbach and Wagner. Notoriety is the base coinage of Fame; we carry more of it, but it does not go so far. I have witnessed the exercise of the judgment of a select jury of critics, artists, and literary men on the dress rehearsal of a dramatic work: — they were unanimous in its praise, enthusiastic in their applause. The following night the piece was produced in the presence of the public, and was damned. And the public reversal of the opinion of the dilettanti was approved and accepted, even by those who had entertained a different opinion a few hours previously. How many plays like "The Honeymoon" have lain unrecognized by managers, when accident caused their production, and the public instantly recognized their merit! The history of the stage is so full of sudden surprises, that the unexpected is with us the rule of success. And what is success? It is simply the consensus of those wretched creatures whose opinions we are bound to despise; it is the fiat of the people. I am not to be misguided by Shakespere's contempt for them. Firstly, because there was no public in his time, — of course, I mean an educated mass. And secondly, Shakespere entertained a weak prejudice in favor of rank and birth; he was anti-republican every time.

If we press these circumstances on the attention of the reader, it is because the Future Drama of America is with our people, and with their voice, the Press. With the people

mainly because the publication of a play is made in their presence, and their opinions are formed and expressed before they can be influenced by press notices,— the newspapers can only repeat and circulate these opinions, or attempt to modify them by critical protest, but the public verdict is supreme and final. The jury is composed here, as it was composed in Greece, of the people, and the drama is, therefore, made by the collaboration of the people and the poet. And this is as it should be. It behooves us to consider what are the tendencies of the people, for the coming American dramatist will inevitably receive the germinating principle from the intellectual atmosphere he breathes, and not from any impregnation by an effete European source, which is confessedly done with. Is there anything in this new school of naturalism which can affect our future drama? We have discarded the artificialities of the old melodrama, and the epigram in modern comedy is out of fashion. Tragedy for the moment is retired from the stage, and it is very doubtful if in the next generation, say in the year 1920, a single artistic descendant of Booth and Forrest will be in existence. The transcendental drama will probably be regarded with as much curiosity as the unfolding of a mummy,— for such would be now the performance of "Comus," or of the "Mourning Bride." But as Nature never proceeds by leaps, let us endeavor to discern the direction and inclination of the people, and forecast, as well as the present may indicate, the form of the future.

The American community differs essentially from every other of which we have any record. A ready made, polyglot population has inflowed into this land. As Minerva was said to have sprung, armed at all points, from the head of Jupiter, so the United States may be said to have issued from the skull of Europe. Jupiter complained of a bad headache; it was relieved by Vulcan, who cleft his skull and the Goddess of Wisdom issued. Europe was similarly affected when Revolution broke her head and Liberty stepped out, looking very like Minerva. This new people has not had time to fuse thoroughly the races of which it is composed, and as the arts are the product of a mature and virile condition of the brain, they can find no residence here where there is no central organ, which can be recognized as the brain of the nation. In other words, we have no metropolis, no mother city. New York, in population and in wealth,

claims to be the third in rank amongst the cities of the world, coming next after London and Paris; but population and wealth do not constitute a metropolis. A metropolis is the mother city of a nation, from whose breast flow the arts and sciences; and in this respect New York comes far behind the puny capitals of European States, which are more important to the human race than we are. They represent something, we represent nothing — except size. The arts in the United States are foreigners that have never become naturalized. Those lovers who have moved around and breathed the air in Rome, Florence, Munich, and other great art centres, will recognize the æsthetic atmosphere in which they have lived. Life there seems to be a search for the beautiful in form and in spirit. Here, it is a sordid devotion to the material comforts of the body and a vulgar display of wealth. With all our power and commercial prosperity, how will this successful community appear when regarded from the standpoint of the future centuries? Will not New York present the figure of a well-fed, vulgar, selfish, respectable parvenu? The spectacle of Barnum importing Jenny Lind, affords an everlasting type of how the fine arts are considered here; that great artist came between Tom Thumb and Jumbo. Adelina Patti was a New York girl, I remember her in pantalettes; and so she would have remained as an artist, had she not left this, the third city of the world, to seek recognition in Europe.

There are two cogent reasons why the arts cannot hope for, much less expect, that national support which is extended to them on the continent of Europe. The first is that the shop-keeping English race from which we derive our being, have never regarded the æsthetic side of life as a serious matter, concerning the people in government. The second is the jealousy naturally existing between the States in Congress, when the question arises for the expenditure of any large amount of money to support an establishment to be located in one city. But if New York could afford to expend ten or fifteen millions upon a world's fair — a temporary show of questionable advantage,—why may we not spend a fifth of that amount in the erection of a university of the arts, — a building sheltering music, painting, sculpture, and schools of oratory and the drama? If the Central Park can assign a lot to a zoölogical garden, for the exhibition of beasts, surely

it would give a space for such a Conservatory. It might be made self-supporting, so its first cost might be its only cost. Looked at from a "business" point of view, it would attract from the various States students, male and female, who with their families would furnish an artistic quarter in the city.

To afford some idea of the artistic feeling that pervades our people, it may not be an intrusion to mention a crude fact. Eighteen months ago a school for acting was opened at the Madison Square Theatre in New York. Applicants were requested to submit to an examination before they obtained a card of admission. At the end of a month's instruction, if it was found that the student failed to exhibit the intelligence or the qualities likely to come to good uses, he or she was so informed and requested to withdraw. The primary object of this Academy was to "disillusionize" the stage-struck heroine or hero, and send them home cured of the histrionic distemper. We had over two thousand applicants; we passed about one hundred and ninety. Of these, seventy-two have been selected by managers and carried off into the profession, before they had graduated in the school. It is proposed to group all the arts in one University. It might be fairly anticipated that opulent citizens would support the colleges by founding scholarships and prizes, for the encouragement of those arts to which they are devoted. Among the many advantages extended by such a university is this pre-eminent one: women are the equals of men in every school. It enfranchises the weaker sex, and tends to equalize the conditions in the "Struggle for Life."

. . . . . .

The condition of the dramatic field in the United States is fully described by Shakespere in Hamlet's lines: "It is an unweeded garden that grows to seed—things rank and foul in Nature possess it merely." Such as the soil is, in intelligence and fine aspirations, — for the American people yield to none in these respects, — it is used to grow the most worthless and gaudy weeds. The prominent features of the theatre are burlesque operetta, and the kind of farce we used to call extravaganza. The money changers have displaced the priests in the temple. The burlesque operetta is a hybrid, produced by a mixture of the old English burlesque, the French opera bouffe, and negro minstrelsy. The prominent comedian is the "end man" who has washed his face,—the

leading soprano is the showleg prince of the fairy burlesque of our youth, and the whole is tossed in the French omelette pan, seasoned with waltz music. This piece of nonsense is offered for the serious appreciation of our public as the important subject and feature of our drama!

In the United States there are but four theatres devoted legitimately to the cultivation of the drama; of which three are in New York and one in Boston. And these theatres are the smallest in the cities; so little accommodation is required for the audience likely to patronize the better kind of play. Elsewhere and throughout this great country the Drama is a tramp. The theatres regard her as a transient guest, here to-day, gone to-morrow, or a bag man who brings on show samples of goods. Thus it is in New York, where its principal theatres let lodgings by the week to stars, and managers are merely janitors.

Let the condition of Paris or London be compared with that of New York. There is not in either European capital a single star theatre, that is, a theatre where the season is devoted to a weekly change of entertainment; this practice is reserved for the provinces. Each theatre has its special character and a company of comedians associated with it. But the American cities are provincial, and even in the few small theatres that entertain fixed companies, one depends on the German stage, another relies on English plays in preference to risking the production of American works, which have pushed themselves into notice in the theatres of less pretension, at the risk perhaps of the authors, or of some actor desirous of obtaining a "pedestal" play. He uses New York as a fence on which to post his bills and reap the profits of this advertisement in the provincial towns

When I visited the United States for the first time in 1853, the drama was in a more promising state. Three theatres, Wallack's, Burton's, Niblo's were representative, and admirably equipped for the performance of comedy and ballet pantomime. In the following year when visiting Philadelphia, I found in one stock company John Gilbert, Lizzie Weston Davenport, Joseph Jefferson, John S. Clarke, A. Davenport, and others of equal calibre, whose names I cannot recall. At that time there was a body of much better actors in the United States than I had left in England, but

the drama was imported; no attempt was made at independence in this respect.

The public has changed in this generation, and are eager now to recognize and support a native American drama. The managers fail to recognize this revolution, but they must come to it.

Tragedy and high comedy will always be held in respect on the future American stage, but it seems probable that the drama of modern life, the reflex of the period, will prevail over every other kind of entertainment. This drama will present a character or a group of characters, not a complicated or sensational action, affording a physiological study by way of illustration, not by way of description. The ingenious comedy of intrigue and the drama of incident, the artifice of which resembles a mechanical contrivance, rather than the simple outcome and result of incidents flowing naturally to their catastrophe, has surfeited the audience with dramas and comedies that are really more like tricks on the cards, than exhibiting the game of life. Of this legerdemain, the French stage of the present century affords numerous examples. We are done with it.

Let it be remembered that the faculty of detecting a subject, suitable for dramatic presentation, is, to a certain extent, a gift; but the successful dramatist relies mainly on art and acquired skill in the treatment of the subject, which is more than half the battle. The dramatist, unlike the poet, is not born a dramatist; he is made by experience. Wherefore we find most of them have been actors, like Shakespere and Molière. There is a technique in this department of literature, which does not exist in any other.

The drama of the future will be prosaic and positive. Its grandeur will be in its truth — truth in its purity, its delicacy, and tenderness. Pathos will assume the place of passion. The plot, a subject simple and perspicuous, will be designed with one object, not to surprise the spectator with startling incident. The incidents will be merely contrivances to exhibit the characters.

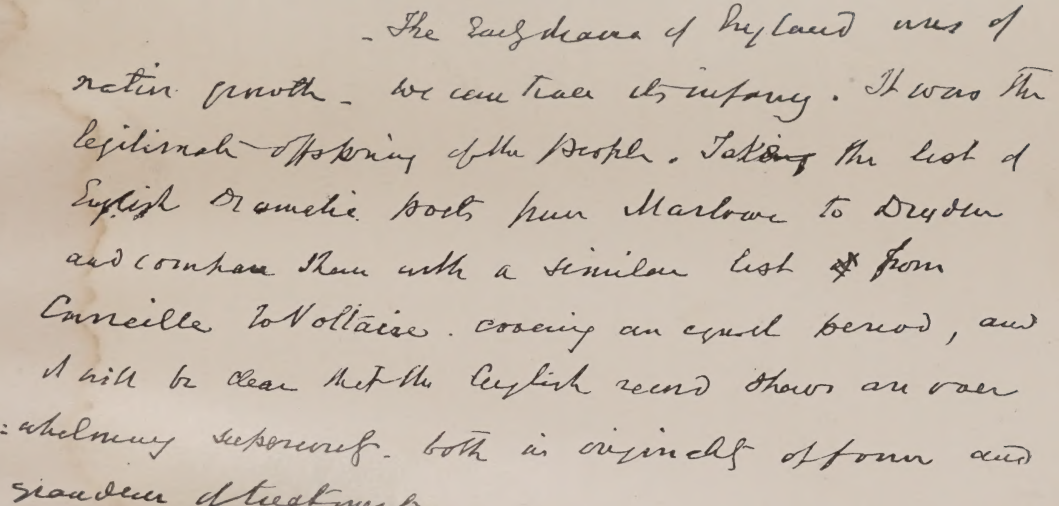
The American mind is rather philosophic and scientific than poetic. It is positive and inquisitive. Its scope is the reach of our senses, and its imagination is bounded by its information. It is sensitive of the ridiculous, so it watches flights of fancy with a smile, and applauds the rocket, but

reckons it all up without any emotion, inclining to regard poetic effusion as a kind of fireworks, and rhetoric as fustian.

The dramatic resources of France, England, and Germany, appear to be exhausted. The dramatic power has always exhibited itself in the early periods of a nation's growth; when the race is young and mentally vigorous, the dramatists appeared and flourished. America has not got out of her teens; she is still growing. But that she will take the lead in the nations in intelligence is as certain as that she will surpass them in stature.

There are two features which will probably appear in the near future of our drama. One of these is a theatre where the engrossing subject of the hour will be exhibited, and performed as dramas of the period, illustrating great current events as closely as the pictorial newspapers present such to their readers, — be it the adventures of the discoverers in Equatorial Africa, a Brazilian revolution, or Siberian revolt. In this manner was written the "Relief of Lucknow," produced in 1858. During the siege of Lucknow, while that city was still invested by the Sepoy mutineers, this piece was played in New York. This was called the "contemporaneous" drama. The other kind to which I refer, will incline to deal with the popular problems of the hour, whether social or scientific. Such as hypnotism; the inheritance of criminal proclivities, which Zola, Ibsen, and their followers maintain to be constitutional and irrepressible; the great struggle between labor and capital; representations of the millennium, described by such dreamers as Mr. Bellamy. *The American, who is nothing if not utilitarian, would enjoy a theatre put to such uses*, properly,—that is, by the true dramatic process. Independently of this matter, which will be the *object*, not necessarily the *subject*, of the play, an amusing or interesting action must prevail over every other consideration. And above all the interest must be domestic; for there is as much romance, as much poetry, and frequently more real tragedy in our home life than in all the works of imagination.

[Fac-simile of paragraph written by Dion Boucicault a few days before his death.]



SEX IN MIND.

BY REV. CYRUS A. BARTOL, D. D.

GEORGE ELIOT wrote that "No woman forgives coldness, even when it is the mask of love," and a critic said only a woman could write that line. Was he a detective of authorship? "A Woman's Reason" is a literary title and a current phrase. Reason is not masculine. It is more than reasoning. Immanuel Kant could not maintain his theory without the moral sense to back or shore it up. So Emerson indorsed his philosophy with the feelings. He refused to submit ideas to any logical bar, and from Bacon's "dry light" and his own cool head he appealed to "the sentiment," to womanly intuition, as a superior court. The truth is that our abilities for every intelligent perception act together like our vital organs which can by no analysis or dissection before death be quite set apart. We resolve matter into scores of elements which may be of one substance but divers forms. By all our constitutional aptitudes and forces we are equipped and endowed for our work of investigation as well as for productive labor of the hand.

Let us note the part played by our feelings in our arguments and the heart's contribution to the brain. Emerson said that Tennyson would have been a poet wondrously great had he been either purely masculine or purely feminine in his verse. But by this congenital mixture of traits from both sexes in his soul, Tennyson becomes the individual writer he is, secures his especial influence, charms alike man and woman, and holds the world in his magic spell. Emerson noted, too, a lack of virility in Hawthorne's style which is winsome through this apparent want. Dr. Hedge characterized Dr. Channing's as a feminine mind, but for his, as for other men's genius, Dr. Hedge found in this trait a particular worth. In a critic who was so manly with his pen, what a generous discrimination was thus shown! Only an inadequate delineation could imply in Channing, the great liberal champion, aught neutral, and none more or sooner

than Dr. Hedge felt the force of the resounding trumpet he blew. One blast on his bugle was "worth a thousand men." But the instrument can be modulated only by lips like his, no less gentle than firm. There is no breath potent to call or pleasant to play with, in an obstinate will. How right feeling serves and quickens clear thinking every case of humane and social efficiency will prove. Male and female are a single creative image and one is impotent without the other term. "There is much of the woman in me," said Dr. Bellows, the chief organizer of the liberal band. By the womanly element his executive energy was inspired, and not checked. But this quality is often least effusive when most strong, so that men whom it radically possesses and moves are commonly accounted cold. Webster would pass as being of a conspicuously masculine mind, even a logic-machine, so cogent was he in the senate or at the bar. But the Rocky Mountain he appeared to be, had a base of flame. An engine that waits, to a careless observer may seem cold when it is ready to transform into motion its gathering and unsuspected heat. So the quietness of the so-called God-like man who brought, as Emerson wrote, "his great forehead to the chair of state," was but compressed and concentrated strength. After Frederick Douglass had denounced him as cruel, a lady said to him, "I know Mr. Webster well. You have made a mistake. He has a tender heart." Mr. Douglass so little resented the correction, or doubted the witness that he told me the conversation, with hearty admission that his charge might have been without ground. But no such denial of aught ill in Webster's temper can explain the wonder of his speech which has no equal in eloquence on the same themes, because not only of the lucid argument, but the unrivalled fervor that went with simplicity and grandeur in his words, which Edward Everett said were always of fire. He had a conception kindled by love of native land through his youth and manhood and rising into an unmatched expression in his Plymouth discourse also, of the philanthropy from which fear and a shudder at the Red Sea of Civil War, foreseen for the nation to cross, made him falter in his old age. But his earlier service can in no generous or just estimate be left out. How like the wind his oration swept, how like the ocean it rolled, and with what eagle flight it flew, all who heard him may still bear in mind. Many examples might hint how

bereft we should be of truth, if confined to propositions which we can mathematically or dialectically prove. So to limit ourselves, were suicide alike of sensibility and sense. Lincoln, who in short passages was as grand as Webster in long ones, drew from a sympathic bosom his best strains. Mrs. Frances Kemble had a masculine mind. Portia in the Merchant of Venice, with male attire, was her favorite character. But from what a store of womanly passion her recitations rolled out!

The spheres of thought and feeling are concentric and cannot be quite distinguished, however practically reconciled. They are not like independent departments of state, or water-tight compartments of a ship. Our abilities run all together and heighten each other. More of one does not imply less of others. Their several provinces like the cerebral lobes, or sutures in the skull, cannot be precisely marked out. The outside of Nature alone is delineated by the rows of facts which the scientist calls laws. Only fellowship can acquaint us with the persons that make the live world. Only in action can the purposes and motives of conduct be revealed. He, who is an agnostic in regard to God and heaven would be ashamed not to know his duty to his invaded country, or in his vocation of peaceful work, although how he knows, it would puzzle him to tell, the impulse or inspiration is so direct. "In morals," said Dr. Wayland, "there are few links." The Ten Commandments, that in their consequences the world could not contain, do not in the Bible fill the space of a page. We are so much wiser in our conscience than in our understanding that, on the path of enterprise in the field of behavior, philosophy is baffled as but a partial expounder, halts behind, and fails to be a pioneer.

No point of spiritual conviction, a divine being, a moral law, or an immortal life can the pure intellect establish by itself alone. As on the dramatic stage there occur passages, which the prompter hidden underneath must supply, thus only larger and more frequent occur these gaps in science for the heart to fill. This fact is not contradicted by intelligence or set aside by ignorance, but by progress of knowledge illustrated and confirmed, because in mental activity there is affirmation beyond denial and doubt. So all examples of wisdom prove. The radical head and conservative heart must pull together, as oxen yoked draw their load while with slanting feet they strain apart. This necessity in

our nature should not be accounted dishonesty or inconsistency unless we mean with such charges to convict all mankind. Not only metaphysicians, like Kant and Sir William Hamilton, admit the intrinsic oppositions running deeper than any controversies of creed into the very frame of matter and mind. Scientists and scholars encounter and declare the same contradictions by no accepted philosophy as yet reconciled. Sir Humphey Davy could not identify his religious exercises with his chemical investigations, or adore while he analyzed, or keep his oratory and laboratory under one roof. The truth of the Latin proverb which says, "To labor is to pray," depends on the sort of labor and the laborer's intent, which may be worldly, selfish, and wrong. Emerson bids us, when the ecstacy of devotion comes, to leave our denial of the divine personality, as Joseph did his coat in the harlot's hands, and flee. Dr. Hedge, like some ancient sages, has an esoteric view, all attempts to embody which in the worship of the multitude are in vain; as Socrates, that he might as far as he could commune with his Athenian countrymen, observed religious forms, above which his spirit soared. Any accusation of insincerity brought against such a man as a dualist would hold against everybody who is reflective enough to find in the universe a problem, and would be an injustice to the thinker whom I name as the most candid of men. "Sparks," said Wayland, "is so candid, I should hate to have with him any dispute." No less ingenuous was that traditional transcendentalist, Dr. Hedge. Intellectual honesty does not consist in a forced unity, or in passing over intrinsic difficulties, as the knots in a plank are made to look even by use of a smoothing-plane, but in owning all discords we cannot reduce. So Dr. Hedge admitted his inability to adjust with the divine goodness, in which he believed, all the facts in Nature he saw. He would not hold God responsible for many of the things which exist. He was an optimist, excepting what for the present he could not square with the notion that all is for the best in the best possible of worlds.

Dr. Bushnell affirmed he hung the questions he could not answer on pegs, and there are inquiries for everybody to suspend or postpone, as the explorer does his surveys in a dark day, and the astronomer his observations in a cloudy night. But in one place the transparency was as real and

rare as the perspicacity, and that was Dr. Hedge's mind. The noting of such noble characteristics is the more appropriate now that in any earthly scene they can be no longer shown, and, moreover, to vindicate a man from possible partisan blame for his refusing to join any ecclesiastical or infidel sect. Dr. Hedge allowed not any wish for himself to be, in Shakspeare's phrase, "the father of his thought," or any denominational policy to bias his mind. He stood too firm to be by any gust of humor shaken, or wind of doctrine swept. His theology was too broad and catholic for any adversary to overturn, being composed of truth from every division of the church and all quarters of the world. His great heart never put in abeyance the rights, or dimmed the perceptions of his head.

To illustrate our theme from another great author, lately deceased, we should call Robert Browning the pre-eminent intellect of our literary class. He wielded a virile pen, and wrote his lines, as it was said Goethe signed his name, as with his fist. With what unmatched vigor and subtile penetration he lays out his propositions and sets forth whatever for or against them can be said on either side as a lawyer for plaintiff and defendant too! No pleadings in any court could excel the ingenuity of argument and counter-statement in "Bishop Blougram's Apology" and in the "Ring and the Book." Those pieces are unparalleled products of a blended imagination and ratiocination, every page an amalgam of poetry and prose. But is the sentiment left out? Rather, as in the Socratic dialogues, it is raised to a higher pitch by the process of debate and by difference of opinion, condensed into jets of flame out of latent heat, thought and feeling everywhere completely fused. Nor are proofs wanting aside from Browning's books, that such was the nature of the man and that from all the achievements of the head his own faith resorted to his feelings and found a refuge in his heart. "I know I shall meet my dearest friends again," he declares, his affections finding a revelation of immortality in their own intensity. The sceptics he scorns. He believes with his heart. The union of manhood and womanhood in one and the same person was never more close and clear.

No doubt the distinction of sex is deeper than its symbol in the human frame, the man being more inclined to argue about what the woman sees by intuition or instinctively feels.

For many things, war or politics, navigation or agriculture, opening mines or clearing woods, or exploring unknown deserts and seas, she is less fit. Mr. Mills vindicated her right to vote. That is a reform against Nature, was Dr. Bushnell's reply. If to cast or claim the ballot be her duty it seems thus far impossible to bring many of her sex to perform it by dint of any soft appeal or any goad of reproach. But they hold fast to a destiny beyond this life. They delight to quote Theodore Parker who said he was conscious of it, and Joaquim Miller who, being called upon to prove his immortality, answered that he would not submit it to the trial of a police court. May not the heart be a prophet of what the head will some time teach?

In this surrender and depreciation by women of what if they wanted they might have, this voluntary and almost universal relinquishment of a right or privilege so great, in this attitude of civic indifference or aversion there is something, according to the view we may take of it, either senseless or sublime. Women are in a vast majority in the state, and were they not less selfish than men, could, if in place, not only rule but officer it from their own ranks. They are citizens. Yet, save in France at the Revolution with its *citoyennes*, the term citizenness is unknown. They are in a majority still more vast in the church if attendance on divine service be the test. Without them the temple-walls would crumble and public worship decline. For what reason do they abnegate or abdicate caucus and senate and shun the polls, while they congregate in the Sunday school and crowd the pews? Is there some cause which agitators do not guess at or suspect? If so, it must be either in that mental constitution with whose authority no written document can vie, or in a lack of education for which a long future will be required. Meantime the objects, if not the offices, of man and woman are the same. The sexes are parted in ways by which they may more happily meet. By a rational law, if not by a reasoning process, they shrink from being confounded, the man with the woman, or the woman with the man. Their harmony, not their identity, is the end. Either is the opposite sex that both may accord. Their diversely selected occupations emphasize this truth of their equivalent if not equal function and frame. Emancipated and independent, with the track cleared for her into any honorable calling now,

with few exceptions the woman tends to soft-hearted professions of medicine and the ministry, not to the hard-headed ones of the lawyer, broker, and financier. She will teach rather than trade, or engages in a delicate commerce of the booth and shop, leaving large, and coarse, and noisy operations to her brother-man. Her sex counts and asserts itself in her boldest and bravest undertaking and act. If, on urgent occasion, she saves a drowning person or steers a ship, her conduct is trumpeted as an achievement and an exploit, when with a man the deed would pass as commonplace. She affects physical science, chemistry, astronomy and the arts, painting and music, and shuns the metaphysics which Emerson scored as arid and Goethe said he had enough of to last him his life and could do without any.

Neither the transcendental nor the traditional element alone can, on any side of our humanity, make intelligence complete. Both must join to produce a supreme intellect, poetic or philosophic, like Coleridge, Wordsworth, Browning, Goethe, Emerson or Hedge. If women have not struggled or shone on the arena of controversy, let us cite the names of George Sand and George Eliot in sign of their possible pre-eminence in that field of letters which outstretches the region of our disputes. Human nature is not a fixed quantity or quality to be measured or put under arrest, but continually evolved, and in no terms or formulas contained. It is leviathan and cannot be bound. It is an ocean in which far more swims than we see. We but dimly realize much that it holds. With no sinker have we sounded it yet. Our chart is but of its surface, or tells its depths only in spots. Our classification is not complete. Protoplasm is not first, but implies a plastic power before itself. We cannot resolve ourselves into our constituents, more than can plants or animals be reconverted into the germs and rays and drops whence they grew. The sculptor's bust is more than the marble block. Matter must have spirit before it, behind it, or added to it, to become life. The question is not what we were made of, or how we came; but who we are, and will be. The intellect will hunt its own game. Should we discover the North pole, we should want to creep to the earth's centre through Symmes' hole. We find metals, and expect to hear sounds, in sunbeams. That boy was a prophet who, when a cannon was fired, asked if the sun spoke. Truth is old and new. What is inspired consists with what is handed down.

THE AFRICAN ELEMENT IN AMERICA.

BY PROF. N. S. SHALER.

ALTHOUGH man is the most widely distributed over the surface of the earth of any of the higher animals, enduring a wider range of climate, subsisting on a more diversified food, and withstanding a more considerable variety of privations than any other complicated being, he has accomplished this geographic extension by fitting his physical and mental peculiarities to the varied conditions of his dwelling-places. The result is that while the most cosmopolitan of creatures, he is at the same time the most provincial. In this feature man is much like his higher kindred, the domesticated mammals which he has forced to share his fate. Each of these creatures, the horned cattle, sheep, horses, swine, etc., has also fitted its forms and habits to the environment in which it has been compelled to live. The Shetland pony differs from the Arabian horse, in much the same way, though in a greater measure, as the sturdy man of the northern isles differs from the lithe son of the desert. These variations of man and beast in the various stations of the world are essentially due to the influence of the climatal conditions which surround them.

Very few persons conceive the absolute dependence of every organic being on the conditions of this world. The old idea that man was cast upon the earth by the immediate act of God, as a meteorite is thrown from the heavens by what we consider the chance of a superior will, leads us vaguely to suppose that we are in a large measure independent of the nature about us. It has been the peculiar task of the last half of this century, to restore men to nature, and thereby, we believe, to bring them really nearer to the infinite care of God. Those who have attained to some conception as to the true position of humanity in the universe, perceive that hereafter, when men shall have had the

opportunity fairly to conceive these conditions, they will see that Nature enfolds them as perfectly as the womb of the mother does the child. We already know that men have come from the earth by inconceivably numerous stages of advance through the forms of the lower life, each stage being attained by the perfect reconciliation of that advancing life with the nature about it. Therefore, when we speak of the effects of climate and environment, we really mean to assemble in this expression, which no one really comprehends, all the vast array of influences, which have made the creature what it is; which have brought it forth from the primal chaos and placed its life under the skies of to-day.

When we speak of climate we must not alone consider the sun and rain or the heat and cold of the seasons to which the existing conditions of the earth have been exposed, but the vastly greater influences which have affected life in all the ages since it came into being. When we note the effects of environment, we have to take account of the soil, food, enemies, and friends of the individual life, not only in the present form, but in that of its myriad ancestors. The creature of to-day, though it endures for but a moment of time, is the heir of all the ages and embodies in its life the experiences of the past. This conception is by far the most important of all which science has afforded; it is not yet possible for us to grasp the ideas which it presents; it will indeed require a new and higher kind of mind to comprehend the realm which is thus offered to our thought. Yet as the mathematicians deal with matters which elude conception, so we shall have to make use of these ideas, at least in an algebraic way; such use, indeed, as we have learned to make of the ungraspable facts concerning the depths of space, and the duration of time which the sciences of astronomy and geology afford.

In considering the modifications in character which constitute the varieties of man, we must note a fact of great importance in determining our opinion concerning the permanence of these provincialisms and their consequent effect on the future history of each of these divisions. In the body of men we have a singularly obstinate structure; while in his mental parts he is endowed with very great capacities of change, in his physical frame he is, perhaps, the least variable of animals. This invariability of the body seems to be inti-

mately connected with the pliability of the human mind. It appears as if the principle of growth and change had been transferred from the field of the physical to that of the mental organization, and that the range of the intellectual progress required the rigidity of the frame as if for a foundation on which to rest. Whatever be the cause of this relative permanence in the physical parts of man, it is clearly one of the most marked of his attributes. If we remove our domesticated animals from one country to another, they spontaneously vary in their characteristics with the difference in the conditions they encounter. The sheep change the character of their wool in hot climates; the wild pigs and cattle which have escaped from domesticity in many parts of the world have a different form from their parent stock; even the silk worm, when reared in unaccustomed regions or fed on unusual food, changes the character of its cocoon. But a well established variety of man transposed to a new field, however varying from that to which it has become adapted, has never, so far as we can determine, in any considerable measure lost its original characteristics.

The experiments in the acclimatization of men have never, it is true, been deliberately undertaken; they are nearly all the results of what we, for convenience, term chance; yet they are so numerous that we may find very many instances to confirm the general assertion that of all animals man seems in his structure to be the most unvarying in his bodily features. The Egyptian monuments show clearly that the same races existed in the Nile country more than four thousand years ago that we find in that African land of to-day. The Semitic people have preserved their features but little changed in their migrations over the world. Such alterations as they exhibit may be attributed to a certain mingling of their blood with that of the peoples with whom they have dwelt. The American Indians, notwithstanding the range of their dwelling-places from the Arctic to near the Antarctic circles, preserve essentially the same physical type, showing us such differences as we remark in comparing with each other the Aryan, the Shemite, the Tartar, the Malay, and the Negro. Though they vary among themselves in their intellectual parts in a very notable manner, each of these races has certain permanent characteristics which appear almost ineffaceable; within the limits

of recorded history, at least, they may be considered as unvarying.

In only one case has the experiment of acclimatizing a peculiar race in a region to which it did not spontaneously seek a dwelling-place been essayed on an extensive scale. This interesting inquiry was made with the negro on the new world. Although the institution of slavery is very old, ante-dating history in all lands where people have escaped from savagery, the modern extended traffic in slaves has been limited to the trade in African captives. This limitation was doubtless due to the fact that, thickly peopled, the dark continent afforded hardy, patient laborers, who were defended from capture by no strong states, where, indeed, the political conditions made it easy to secure captive human beings at a low price. The Americas in this century were inhabited by an undomesticated, and, as time has proved, an undomesticable race, less vigorous of body than the African, and of an indomitable nature. Experience soon showed the settlers of this country that the Indian had little or no commercial value as a slave while the negro was an admirable aid to the civilized man. The Indian was, therefore, rarely adopted into our society, but was rudely displaced or slain by arms, vices, and disease.

The economist and the sociologist may find in this colossal experiment made by the introduction of Africans into America, the basis of a host of inquiries; they may note the fact that the negro by his labor at first greatly accelerated the speed with which the Americans entered into the economic life of the world and then singularly retarded the higher development of these lands; or they may consider the effects on society, arising from the commingling of diverse races within the limits of the slave-holding States. To the naturalist, however, though these questions are also interesting, the transcendent problem afforded by this singular migration is to the effect of the change in environment on the negro people. Never before has any body of human beings been subjected to such a peculiar trial as these Africans have been called on to endure, and we cannot imagine that another such experiment will again be made. All the other phenomena, both social and economic, which the presence of the Africans as slaves in the various States of America present to us have been paralleled in other lands and times. The experiment of accli-

matization alone is unique in the scale and range of the trial. To perceive how extensive and interesting are the biologic problems afforded by our African people, we must note the leading facts concerning their ancestry.

The negroes of this country were derived from truly tropical folk. No other population in the world seems to have been so long under the influence of the vertical sun. Although there is a considerable and, as we may see hereafter, a very important difference in the nature of their origin as regards the quality of their ancestors, they are all deeply and apparently indelibly stamped with the mark of their long-continued residence in equatorial lands. Such climatal and other environing conditions produce peculiar types of men; they tend, indeed, to bring the most diverse races into something like the same moral and intellectual state. It is not easy for those who have been bred in high latitudes to conceive the way in which Nature effects the equatorial races; the northern winter rather than the summer of the Aryan lands has shaped their motives. The struggle with a rude Nature which our ancestors have endured in the ages while their race characteristics were making, has been one long war with winter's trials. In the battle they have learned thrift, the habit of continuous labor, the consummate art of sparing the moment's pleasure for the profit of to-morrow. They have had to store the products of their toil and to interchange them with the fruits of other lands, for no one field of their tilling can produce all the materials which they need. The indolent and the shiftless have been constantly taken away by the death which speedily comes to the weak beneath the cruel testing of a northern sky.

It is very different with the intertropical man; there the nearly uniform temperature takes away the need of much clothing, and makes artificial heat unnecessary save for cooking food. Such food as the fields or wilderness afford, is generally to be had at all times of the year, or if there be harvests they come repeatedly and demand little husbanding. A thatch is sufficient shelter and a wall of thorns a stronghold. Although the tropics have their trials, their lands are, in their physical and moral effects, like an almshouse where men are disciplined to inaction and deprived of all the educative influence of evitable dangers. We see the great protective effects of equatorial conditions in the forms below the level of man, as well as in the human species. In the time

of their most vigorous life, the elephants, rhinoceros, tigers, and many of the other larger animals, ranged far to the North and endured its strenuous conditions; in this modern day these species, becoming enfeebled with age as their individuals decline in strength with the lapse of years, have fallen away from high latitudes and are only preserved in the lands of perennial warmth. The hairy mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros fed at the foot of the glaciers of the last ice time, and probably endured the cold about as well as the polar bear of to-day. Their enfeebled living kindred have been driven to the protection of the tropical refuge, where Nature, giving with a free hand, puts little stress on existence. It was in these lands of enduring ease that our African people were cradled, while our savage and barbarian ancestors were combatting the winters in the stubborn fields of the high North, and receiving thereby the precious heritage of energy and foresight which has given them the mastery of the world.

The great need of labor in the pioneer state of the New World settlements in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries led to the importation of Africans into the central regions of the Americans, throughout all the lands from the La Platte in the South to the St. Lawrence in the North. This region affords about as wide a range of climate, soil, and other conditions which effect men as is found in all the lands occupied by civilized man. Not only were the circumstances of the purely natural sort, extremely varied, but the peoples to whom these Africans were slaves, were extremely diversified. The English, French, Dutch, Spanish, and Portuguese were their masters, and thus they came under the dominance of all the higher types of European civilization. It is a singular fact that the African, in this way, became the most cosmopolitan in his distribution of all the settlers in the New World; and, at the present time, his descendants are more widely diffused over the surface of the Americas than are those derived from any one strain of European blood. Thus the experiment in the acclimatization of this utterly foreign people pertains to substantially all the physical and moral influences which these continents could afford.

At the present time we are unable to determine how many born Africans have been brought across the Atlantic since the slave trade began. It is, however, not likely that the total

number has exceeded three million souls, of whom the greater part were doubtless taken to the West Indies and Brazil. It seems tolerably certain that, into the region north of the Gulf of Mexico, not more than half a million were imported. We are even more at a loss to ascertain the present number of negroes in these continents; in fact, this point is probably indeterminable, for the reason that the African blood has co-mingled with that of the European settlers and the aborigines in an incalculable manner. Counting as negroes, however, all who share in the proportion of more than one half the African blood, there are probably not less than thirty million people who may be regarded as of this race between Canada and Patagonia. It is thus evident that, as a whole, the Africans have physically prospered exceedingly in their new dwelling-places; it is tolerably certain that in their native continent they could not have been reproductively so successful as they have been here. Their rate of multiplication seems on the average to have been at least as great as that of the white masters. It is, however, evident that their organic success has varied greatly in different parts of the wide field in which they find a place. Considering first the northern limits of the slave-holding colonies, we note that, although the negroes were implanted in New England and the other colonies north of the Delaware, they have hardly maintained themselves in that part of the Atlantic Sea board. The negro population has, it is true, remained in the larger New England towns, but it has retained its place by contributions from the South. I have been unable definitely to trace the existence in this section of any descendants of the blacks who were then there in the last century, save perhaps in the case of a few who have become co-mingled with the remnants of the Indians of Gay Head and Marshpee; if such there be, they are very few in number.

In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia there are a few negroes whose origin local tradition reports to be slaves brought from the rebellious colonies by the emigrant Tories during and at the close of the Revolutionary War, or from the West Indies. The number of these blacks is so limited, that, even if they are from a stock so long upon the soil, the fact has little importance for us. It seems to me likely that, while there may be a share of blood derived from

those who have been for three or four generations upon the ground, this has been co-mingled with that of refugees who had in later times escaped from the West Indies, or the slave-holding States of our Union. Substantially the same conditions exist in the province of Ontario, which for nearly half a century was a common resort for runaway negroes; the African race has barely maintained itself there, notwithstanding the considerable increase from immigration which continued for several decades. The condition of the negro population of the North becomes less clear as we approach the Potomac, for the reason that this region being nearer the body of the slave-holding States, the opportunities for the importation of the blacks who had been emancipated became greater. A study of the census returns shows that the negro element in all these districts, including Maryland and Delaware, does not seem to have attained a measure of increase comparable to that of the whites.

While the question is one of difficulty, it appears tolerably clear that the conditions of the environment which the African population found in this portion of the continent were not such as to enable them to maintain their numbers. It is true that their failure to increase may be due to the fact that they, to a certain extent, fell into the lowest class of city population and may have suffered from the conditions which such a state of life imposed upon them; yet this tendency of the negro to resort to large towns whenever he chooses a northern habitation, probably shows that he is at a disadvantage in these cold countries. In the South he appears, when of pure blood at least, generally to prefer the field employments to which his race has been long habituated.

It is a noticeable fact that African slavery disappeared from the northern States before there was any anti-slavery sentiment which was strong enough to have made head against a profitable institution. Moreover, it vanished before the demand for domestic labor had been supplied by foreign immigration or native increase of population. The circumstances of its disappearance certainly afford additional reasons for believing that the negro was not as a possession remunerative in these States, probably for the reason that he was not suited to so northern a climate. Although the southern staples of cotton and tobacco have doubtless done much to affirm the hold of the Africans upon the soil of the old slave

States, there were many industries in New England and New York, in which it would have been profitable to employ blacks as servants, provided they had been as hardy and as industrious as they have proved themselves to be in the farther South.

The South as a whole, has evidently afforded a much better field than the northern States for the occupation of the negro. In the greater part of its area, he has, at least under the conditions of slavery, proved fertile, vigorous, and long lived. In the region bordering on the Ohio River and the Missouri, in the States of Kentucky and Missouri, we find, however, districts where the race for some reasons less numerically developed than elsewhere in the South. The central and western part of Kentucky, and a large part or the whole of Missouri, are naturally plantation districts as far as the soil and the crops are concerned. This district should have been well adapted for the profitable employment of slaves, yet, in the most remunerative period of slave-holding, these States had only about one fourth of their population composed of negroes, the greater part of the field labor being done by the whites. As these States were wealthy, and the farms generally owned by men who were able to possess negroes, and as the risk of their escape was very slight, it seems to me that we may fairly seek an explanation of the relatively small numbers of Africans in this field, in the climatal conditions which it presents.

The climate of the central part of the Mississippi Valley closely resembles that of New England and New York, from which the negroes seem to be practically debarred. The summers are hot while the winters are prevailingly cold, and subject to sudden alterations of temperature. In this region the considerable height of the surface above the sea which in the middle part of Kentucky amounts to a thousand feet or more, makes the climate more vigorous than it is in same parallel of latitude in the lowlands of the Atlantic coast. I am disposed to think that those of African blood are at a disadvantage in this region of strenuous climate, and that it is not until we pass into central and southern Tennessee and Arkansas that we find the conditions of the central part of the continent well suited to this race. It is probably in part on account of the same climatal effects that the negro has no important place in the mountainous districts of the

Appalachians. In that section where the area of tillage rises to the height of fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above the ocean, men of this race are exceedingly rare, being hardly more numerous than in New England, or the other very northern States. In a considerable measure, however, this exclusion of the negro from the Appalachian uplands is due to the fact that this is a region of small farms and the crops are of a nature to make the use of slaves unprofitable.

Thus, within the limits of the United States, there appear to be but eleven States in all, containing not more than a fifth of the arable land of the nation, where the negroes evidently have prospered even under the peculiar care which they received as slaves. It must be remembered that this supervision of the master was adapted to protect the race from the evils which climatal and other circumstances of environment were calculated to inflict on them. The money value of a slave, to say nothing of other sources of interest, was so great that it was profitable to care for them. The sheltering effect of the supervision of the abler people who were their masters, made it possible for the blacks to thrive where they could not otherwise maintain themselves. It seems therefore unlikely that the race will extend its numbers, at least while in its present social position, in a considerable portion of the field where it formerly prospered, as for instance, in Virginia, where for more than a century, the breeding and sale of negroes was a large and profitable industry. Under the peculiar conditions of this unhappy traffic in this State the negro people prospered exceedingly. One of the most interesting results of the business was the elevation of the blacks of the Old Dominion to a physical and intellectual level to which they attained in no other part of this country. When men and women were to be sold away from the Virginia plantations where they were bred, the ordinary human nature of the master led to the selection for export of the least attractive of the disposable material. Those who had endeared themselves to their owners by qualities of head and heart were retained, while the vicious and the otherwise objectionable were sold to the traders. In this manner for several generations a process of selection, the like of which has probably never been seen in any country, was applied to the Africans of this commonwealth and the effects are marked in the black blood.

Although the negroes of Virginia were thus elevated to a high level, the effect of enfranchisement seems likely to prove destructive to them. Perhaps for the reason that they were lifted to a better state than the most of their race, they show in the more southern districts a disposition to leave the fields and crowd into the towns, where they suffer in a singular measure from vices and diseases which assail the lower classes in such domiciles.

Unhappily for our inquiry there is a lack of statistical data on which we can hope to base a definite conclusion as to the physical condition of the negroes of the southern States. A close attention to the aspect of the people in that part of the country has, however, convinced me that this part of our population is in admirable bodily condition. They seem to me to be singularly exempt from congenital deformities or, if we except curvatures of the legs, from any bodily malformations, such as curvature of the spine, which we find among the whites. As compared with the lower classes of European peasants they appear in this regard to great advantage. Though something of their excellent bodily state is doubtless due to the continued care of their physical health to which they were subjected during the period of slavery, we cannot well doubt that the environment of this region is congenial to them. In this part of the country they do not seem to have lost in their rate of increase since their emancipation. The next census may indeed show that they have maintained the startling rate of increment which they had during their ancient protected condition when their breeding was fostered and their children carefully nurtured.

Turning our attention to the regions south of the United States, we note in the islands of the Antilles that the negroes have as a whole shown no sign of diminution in numbers since they became freemen. In San Domingo and Hayti and elsewhere, they have been left without the sustaining influence of the white population and have fallen back to the degraded condition of their savage countries. Sir Spencer St. John, for some time the British minister at Hayti, asserts that the native blacks have, here and there, revived the practice of cannibalism which they associate with their fetisch worship. This assertion has been vigorously denied by others whose opportunities for forming an opinion are less good than those of that writer. However it may be con-

cerning this savage practice, no one can question the essential failure of these independent negro communities to secure a hold on the social principles which lead to civilization. Although there are no trustworthy statistics concerning the mortality or even the present numbers of these free states, which are managed by negroes or mulattoes, it seems tolerably certain that the death rate is abnormally high and that the population is stationary, or absolutely decreasing in numbers. That it should remain stationary in a land of exceeding fertility, where only a small part of the tillable area is in use, and where the climate is properly suited to the best development of the race, being in all important regards very like that of their African dwelling-place, seems to indicate that the negro is not likely to multiply in this continent, save where he secures the protection afforded by a strong social framework which he cannot construct and for the existence of which he must depend on the state-building race.

In Mexico and Central America, the negro has amalgamated not only with the whites, but with the indigenous population of the country in such a measure, that he is not anything like as distinct a people as in the United States. The same process of miscegenation has served to confuse the African blood in all the tropical regions of South America. Where the blood predominates and is not firmly held in the control of civilization of European origin, the blacks, if we may judge from travellers' reports, show no tendency to advance in social culture, but tend rather to lose whatever elevation they may have gained when under the control of civilized peoples. As regards the matter of mere acclimatization, the condition of the negro in Central and South America, at least as far southward as the region of the Rio Plata, we may unhesitatingly conclude that the experiment has proved thoroughly successful. The race maintains its vigor; it seems to be as fertile and as enduring to the trials of life as the Spanish and Portuguese; it withstands open-air toil beneath a tropic sun much better than those of European blood. In general, we may say that in the sea-board lowlands between the waters of Albemarle Sound and the estuaries of the Uruguay and the Plata, the negro finds a station perfectly well suited to his physical needs. His success in the upland districts, where the climate is strenuous, appears, as yet, doubtful; the evidence in hand appears to indicate that

the mountain climates of the new world, even in low latitudes, are not well suited to his organic needs.

There is another test of the negro condition which lies in fields somewhat apart from those we have considered; viz., as to the possibility of mingling his blood with that of other races. Within the limits of the United States, the negro has, to a considerable extent, fused with the Europeans and with the aboriginal Americans. In the opinion of all the medical men I have questioned, and I have sought information on this point from very many, the true half breed, or those which appear such, are usually of much weaker body than the average people of pure blood of either race. The most acute observer on this point, whom I have known, assured me that in forty years medical practice, in communities where negroes abounded, he did not think he had ever seen a true mulatto, i. e., a person of half African and half European blood, who had attained the age of fifty years. When either strain of blood predominates, the progeny is proportionally stronger than it is with the even mixture of races, but in most cases the result of miscegenation is a feebler man than the unmixed descendants of the primitive stocks. Humboldt long ago remarked that the half breeds of America, whatever the parent races, were less satisfactory people than the old established varieties of men, whether of native, Indian, European, or African. Thus, while there is generally a gain from the mingling of diversities in human character such as are found within the limits of the European peoples, the bounds of profit seem to be passed when elements as widely separated as the African and the European are united.

In the barrier between the African and the European blood, we find the most impassible obstacle to the complete success of the blacks on America. It appears clear that the negroes cannot, as yet, stand alone in communities of their own making. Needing the support of the more developed Europeans they are physically debarred from complete union with them. In the position of dependent people they must slowly and painfully win their way to the lessons in the art of self-government and of associated action, which, with like toil and pain, have been won by those peoples who removed their ancestors from the wilds of Africa. I shall elsewhere try to show that the negro seems clearly to be capable of winning his way upward on the same lines of advance as have been

traversed by the whites, the problem of this advance is one of exceeding difficulty; to accomplish the task it needs more than the helpful good will, it requires the devoted aid of our own race. It may well be that in this duty which the sordid and short-sighted action of our forefathers imposed upon us, our people are to find the noblest field for the exercise and development of their highest capacities.

A GLANCE AT "THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

BY REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

THERE seems to be in the heart of every man a lingering, broken recollection of earth's infant dream of Eden. The idea of this Paradise, "once ours, now lost," hovers over the border-land of the Past, and flits through the dim chambers of memory like the ghost of a half forgotten joy.

There is, for all of us, away back in the distance of dimming years, a "good old time," in which we love to wander, better and fairer than anything the world holds for us now, in possession or in promise. In the centre of that far-off landscape stands "the old house at home." The woods that skirted our childish vision were full of fancied mysteries. We trod their borders half looking for any magic wonder or strange appearance. The narrow river in which we used to swim was to us as wide as a sea. The little brook that wound through the pasture at the foot of the hill had fishes wondrous large to repay our pin-hook angling. Every stump and fence and lonely tree wore an air of mysterious importance that filled our little plays around them brimful of childish adventure. The skies that roofed our playground were not as far away as now. The shining stars were closer then. The rainbows that bridged those dripping clouds drooped down their brilliant stripes almost within reach of our childish grasp.

But to our feeling a change has passed upon things since then. The faces of those days have fled; and the world has none like them now. The plays of those unwearied hours held us with a fascination, and had for us a relish that we have not tasted now these many years. What hours have been like those rainy ones in the garret, or after school-time on endless summer afternoons? What man has ever seen a face so fair as that of the little sun-burnt beauty,

bare-foot, and in gingham tier, whose pockets he stuffed with apples and candy at school? Do what we will, find what we will, as men, the doings and discoveries of childhood surpass them all. With the pathos of beautiful words, literature builds a mausoleum over the shadowy memories of the dead past, and inscribes it with strains of mournful elegy.

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore:
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things that I have seen I now can see no more.

"The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose:
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare:
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair:
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

And the common conversation of every day takes up this same sad strain of regret, and talks of the wonderful things that were had, said, and done "When I was young."

In his old age, some one asked Lord Chesterfield how he did, and he replied, "Oh, I've been dead these several years; only I don't choose to have people find it out." We all of us have among our acquaintances, some good old friend,— cherished the more for his peculiarities,— who, like Chesterfield, lives only in the past. To his aged eyes, the gilding of the world's affairs seems sadly defaced and worn, and the baser metal shines through with a very brassy look. He sits and muses by our modern firesides, but his home is in an older land. And if he sometimes comes out on a tour of observation into our later life, it is only to shake his head over the novel methods and customs of our day with an ominous look that says, "Ah! things didn't used to go this way when I was a boy!" "They didn't use to have such aggravating weather with rheumatism in every wind." "Men and women are not so strong as they once were." "They don't have such health; they don't live so long." "Why, when I was

a boy I can remember that my grandmother—" and all the rest of the oft repeated story. And he frequently remarks, "Family government has come to a dreadful pass. Boys and girls were once boys and girls, and knew their places. They weren't allowed to run wild as they do nowadays." To his mind, too, society has become fearfully corrupt. Young men do not stay quietly at home on the farm, or at the inherited trade, dressed in homespun trousers and homespun morality, as they did once; but they have gone out into the world, into broadcloth and wicked ways. As he looks over the morning paper, he sighs at the column of crimes and casualties, and says, "The world is growing worse and worse." It is of no use to whisper in his ear that more crimes were committed in the days when we had no way of hearing about them; that an hour now gives us news that required a six-month's journey to reach us only a few years ago; that the lightning has turned post-boy and now runs to whisper in our private ear all the great world's tattle, from a coronation at St. Petersburg, or a revolution in China, to the apple crop in Oregon. He cannot appreciate how the age has outrun him.

But do not think that our old man is representative of only a modern class. It has been so ever since the world began. Men and nations move forward with a backward look, and revere as heroic and divine whatever and whomsoever is moss-grown with age, or whitened with the frost of time.

Go back as far as you can find any trace of a literature, and you shall see men trying to whip up the laggard stupidity of their evil generation by glowing pictures of what the world once was. Even old Homer—of course his times were modern to him—recounting the deeds of the ancient heroes round Troy wall, soars on the wings of a lofty enthusiam, and, from the summit of his poetic flight, his neighbors and fellow townsmen beneath him look wonderfully lilliputian. Telling how one of those old champions lifts and hurls a huge bowlder at his adversary, as if it had only been a pitching quoit, he adds;—

> "Not ten strong men th'enormous weight could raise,—
> Such men as live in these degenerate days."

But the men of Homer's day were the giants and heroes of later Greece; and this later age was gigantic and heroic to

one later and smaller still; until the inference forces itself upon us that the world has been, at some time, unspeakably large, or else that we are several times more diminutive than we like to confess. There is no great or good thing *now:* The giants are all "*in those days.*"

I should like to get hold of a copy of the "Daily Euphrates Advertiser," published in Mesopotamia, when Noah was a young man of only two or three hundred years. You would doubtless find on the editorial pages (along with lamentations over the unprincipled fusion of political parties, the general depravity of the rulers, and the corruptions of the judiciary) a philosophical discussion of "The causes of the decay of manly vigor." It would attempt to account for the fact that the people of the age died so much younger than they used to, being cut off in the midst of their usefulness after two or three centuries, instead of living to a good old age. The causes assigned would probably be, the widespread luxury and extravagances of the time. In the poet's corner, signed M. ——, a remembered fragment from Methuselah, would be some verses full of the rustle of autumn leaves, in elegiac celebration of the brevity of our earthly pilgrimage.

I wonder if the Philistines, when Samson carried off the gates of Gaza, did not remark that if some of their mightier ancestors had been present, they might have taken a section of the wall along too? And do you not suppose that Goliah of Gath told people that his spear handle, though large as a weaver's beam, would hardly have been fit for a walking stick for his great-grandfather? If we only had a volume of his Table Talk, we would find a lot of such "yarns" among his after-dinner stories.

Times and persons and things do grow wondrously larger after we've left them behind us a while. There's a sort of homesick principle that makes a scene or a thing take on attractions that we never thought of while it was ours. Just as the dull rock, common grass, and ragged trees of a mountain-top, as you leave them, become clothed upon with the blue mantle of mystery and beauty. And the farther off a thing becomes, the less the possibility of our having it back again, the more witching and irresistible its charms.

Thus of our childhood homes. We were foolish and did not rightly value it when it was ours, and we should doubtless

be foolish and not value it were it ours once more; and yet the grown-up imagination is ever hovering over its hearth-stone. That group of home faces, and those tender fireside scenes lie wrapped in the mellow light of sacredness that our older atmosphere seems incapable of retaining, and we often wish that we could go back to that time once more. But if you have a home you are in that very atmosphere of mystic wonder still; only no eyes but the children's see it. To them, around you and your home, gather all the glory and romance in which your childhood walked. You discover them not now, because they were in your hearts and imaginations, through which you looked out on the common things around you, though none the less real for that.

How often do you hear some one remark, while watching a group of children at their play,—"It's well they do not know what's before them. They are seeing their best days. Let them enjoy themselves while they can."

These idealizers of childhood forget that it is not true that the child has no cares nor troubles. His sorrows are as big for him as yours are for you. To borrow the Country Parson's figure, though a man seven feet tall may easily wade across a stream that is five feet deep, it would go clear over the head of one only four feet tall, and perhaps sweep him from his footing. The boy has his important plans and business transactions; and their success elates, or their defeat crushes. He has his ambitions, his projects for play or adventure; and the parental veto brings him as sad disappointment as the thwarting hand of Providence brings us. They are as real to him as our works and trials are to us; and often times they are quite as sensible and necessary. He is insulted or injured, and his honor feels as deep a wound as that of older chivalry. He has pride, and feels neglect as well as we. He loves approval and feels the cutting edge of censure. He has his heart difficulties too. I have seen a little fellow go mad in love with the little pantaletted and sunbonneted keeper of a pair of bright eyes quite as truly and wisely as older folk; and when he was jilted in favor of the boy with the aristocratic superiority of a new jack-knife, he became quite a respectable misanthrope, and concluded that he had sounded this hollow world to the bottom. Like the little girl who cried out of her vexation, "O mamma! I wish I was dead! My cart is broken; and my doll is only saw-dust

inside; and I'm sick and tired of life!" Both were in the "sere and yellow leaf" quite as seriously as Byron was when poetizing his conventional disgust with the world.

No; let those who wish to — provided they can find means of transportation, — turn about and travel back to childhood. Let them pick up their old rattles, and bestride their long unridden rocking horse. But let me find out what there is in the future. I'd not live over one year of boyish time; not even for mother's lullaby, not to sit on father's knee. I will find father and mother and a fairer family circle, — though none the less the old, — in the years to come. Then let the hurrying years sweep on. They bear us to better hopes, sweeter joys, and to greetings of old friends in brighter days and brighter lands than were of yore.

Those of you who were born in the country will remember those first years in the village schoolhouse. We sat on the front seat, swung our dangling feet, wondering what kind of small boys such benches were measured for; and at recess we stood in terror of the big boys who had attained the manliness of swearing and chewing tobacco. With what reverential awe we looked up to the "Master" then. There was one I think of now; and I often smile when contrasting what I thought him with what he was. To my young imagination, his sandy hair was as the thatch roof on some rustic temple of learning. Heroic deeds sat in those eyes that, from under cliff of brows, frowned hair-pullings and ear-cuffings at us whenever we were so foolhardy as to veer our sitting postures from the right angle. Behind his wrinkled forehead were storerooms for untold treasures of wisdom and knowledge. There was learning in his walk, and in the tones of his voice. His coat-tails seemed cut according to some mysterious mathematical angles, and geographical archipelagoes were in the groups of blue and red figures that ornamented his gorgeous waistcoat. Even the peculiar flourish with which he blew his nose on his red silk handkerchief was instinct with intellect, and the resounding echo was hardly less than a far-off reverberation of the very trumpet of Fame.

But I saw him once since I grew up — and the fairy land of school-day time at once and very suddenly became transformed to very common country.

This belief in the "good old times" comes out in a thousand ways. If you have ever been engaged and have got married, you have doubtless been told, right in the golden glow of your engagement, by some kindly sympathetic aunt, that you had better make the most of the sunny days of courtship, and the soft light of the honeymoon, before the hard facts of bread and butter were upon you. She hinted of coming cares, of seasons of storm, and darkness and tempest. She told you that differences of taste, and jarrings of opinion, and clashings of will, were liable to mar the peace of wedded life.

Such people seem to think that courtship is a paradise, from which innocent but deluded victims fall into the cold and dreary outer world of marriage. How well I remember these kindly premonitions of coming ill. And I suppose they thought the incredulous laughter with which they were received would be turned into mourning in due time.

But it strikes me marriage can be made very much what people please — worse or better than the former life. If they want a purgatory, they will find a large supply of convenient and combustible material with which to kindle a fire. But if they choose, they can with united shoulders bear the burdens of life, with united hearts accept its joys, with clasped hands pursue its changeful path, making it a constant progression and a constant rise, from joy to higher joy, from attainment to nobler attainment.

But, instead of shaping the present to wise, noble, and happy issues, men go back and sigh over the past — dropping the substance to clutch at a shadow. If a husband and wife who think that the honeymoon was pleasanter than their present life, will only bite their lips, instead of letting the biting retort pass them; if they will only teach their tongues to talk love as they used to; if they will only try the experiment of being as polite and thoughtful as they were during courtship,—perhaps they may discover the lost secret of the happiness of their early love. "Incompatibility" frequently means only a selfish desire to have one's own way, or an unwillingness to make the necessary effort to behave oneself.

And it is ludicrous and contemptible to see in what small and mean ways this prejudice for the old will sometimes manifest itself. Have you never sat down at table in a family where the wife wore always an anxious, careful look?

At the commencement of the meal she casts many a fearful glance across the board to learn if her exacting lord will condescend to be pleased with her success in cookery. I've seen such men who are always growling because the biscuit did not taste like their first wife's; or because the pumpkin pie was not such as mother used to make. And so, at every table, a chair must be set for the skeleton figure of some aunt or grandmother whose frowning visage may chase content from the face of the wife. Some wives are hectored thus their lives long because they do not happen to cook like some of their husband's ancestors,— though, very likely, they may do it a great deal better.

Thus, in little as well as great affairs, men hold up the past as a model, forgetting that the old seems best simply because it is that to which they became accustomed. Such men seem to think that all the women of the world ought to be modelled on their grandmothers, and that if one vary anywhere from this archetype, she should be reprimanded for her presumption, and taught to know her place. It's a pity for their wives' sake, that they could not have married their grandmothers,— or nobody.

There are several, wide-spread, romantic hallucinations concerning the past, a specimen of which I must give before touching on the more practical sides of my theme.

There was, in the olden time, a courtly age of chivalry.

The young lady reclines upon the sofa in the soft summer twilight and reads Ivanhoe, or the Idyls of the King. And as she muses, she builds up a vision of castles and knights and tournaments and adventures, until the fixed, blank gaze and the dropped volume indicate that she has entered into the airy regions in which was held King Arthur's Court. She sees the flashing armor, the waving pennons, the gray walls and towers, the dashing passage at arms, until this modern life of ours is a very stale affair. Perhaps she muses over Tennyson, and sees how —

> "Then in the boyhood of the year,
> Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere
> Rode though the coverts of the deer
> With blissful treble ringing clear.
> She seemed a part of joyous spring:
> A gown of grass-green silk she wore
> Buckled with golden clasps before;
> A light green tuft of plumes she bore
> Closed in a golden ring.

"Now on some twisted ivy net,
Now by some twinkling rivulet,
In mosses mixed with violet
Her cream-white mule his pastern set:
And fleeter now she skims the plains
Than she whose elfin prancer springs
By night to eery warblings,
When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle reins."

And, as thus the gay queen of romance gets into her head, she whispers, half aloud, "How much finer to gallop thus, a knight's true love, than to marry young Tompkins, and come down to cooking mutton-chops, washing dishes, and rocking the cradle?"

And doubtless it might be grand, were one only sure of being a lady of rank, and having a castle of one's own. And you will notice that in these popular dreams of chivalry there appear to be no people in the land — except a few convenient vassals — below the station of baron or count. They are gotten up on the plan of Artemus Ward's "Baldwinsville Hoss Cavalry," all of whom, to avoid jealousy, were Brigadier-Generals, — all are lords and ladies.

But, be it remembered, the high and beautiful and happy were only the few. Where there was one lady or knight there were a thousand crushed, ignorant, hopeless serfs. These names and titles were but glittering will-o'-the-wisps, trailing their putrescent splendors above dark pools and marshes of degradation. The great mass of society was full of oppression, squalor, want, and crime. Crushed by one noble, robbed by all, in constant danger from friend and foe, the spirit of the common people was broken. With nothing to hope for, and nothing to lose, what could they do better than take their hour of revelry, and plunder and fight their way through with the rest?

And as we get a little nearer to them the nobility do not look quite so fine as at a distance. Strip off their armor, remove their coronets, and put them into ninteenth-century citizen's dress, and they present a very suggestive resemblance to Five Points roughs, or "gentlemen of the prize ring." And I confess I can hardly see why it was much nobler business for them to knock one another over the head with poetical maces and battle-axes, in their fine tournaments, than for Heenan and Sayers to blacken each other's eyes, or to knock one another's teeth down their throats.

And what were the common employments of these ruffians whom the glamour of ages has changed into "nobles"?

They built themselves strongholds on some height difficult of access, and from these robber-dens swooped down like plundering harpies on the hamlets and valleys below; and all for such noble purposes as laying harvests waste, burning houses, pillaging towns, stealing herds of cattle, seizing women to hold for ransom, or, worse still, to degrade and ruin.

Step into a castle hall where they are at dinner after a hunt. The windows that badly light it are narrow slits high up in the stone, to avoid the danger of outside attack. Of course there is no looking out of the window. The guests sit around a long board supported on cross-legged benches. They eat with their fingers, and throw the bones under the table into the straw that serves in place of a carpet. There the dogs growl and fight over the remnants of the meal. And when the profanity and obscenity and wine get so far advanced that the women can stand it no longer, they retire and leave the men to see who can drink the most before keeling under the table with the dogs.

I know this is not so romantic as fiction; but it has the merit of being a deal nearer the truth.

Let me ask you now to glance at a couple of contrasted etchings, outline sketches of the ways of making love, in the days of chivalry and now.

First: Now. Smith and Jones are neighbors, who have had a falling out about something, and do not speak to each other. But Smith has a son, and Jones a daughter, who, as sometimes will happen, care more for each other than they do for parental quarrels. But Jones *pater familias* is determined that young Smith shall not have his daughter. What shall they do? Of course after the usual ineffectual attempts to bring the refractory parents to reason, the ardent lovers find only one thing to do. Young Smith has not read the New York *Ledger* for nothing, and so he gets a ladder, and between it, Jones' chamber window, and the parson's, he discovers the road to matrimonial bliss.

Next, translate this simple affair into chivalry. Scene: The banks of the Rhine. Count Schmidt and Baron Von Joanes have their castles built on not far separate crags. Between the two houses there is an hereditary feud, and so

they never meet but it's the signal for battle. But young Count Schmidt has seen the beauty of old Baron Joanes' daughter, as she strolled in the neighborhood of the castle, and, having fallen deeply in love, by the help of bribed servants they have met, broken a ring between them and are betrothed. But the old Baron learning the facts forbids his daughter passing the walls. This reduces the young Count to extremities. And though he would spare the father for her sake, yet somehow he must get possession of the lady. So, one day, while the old Baron and his attendants are holding high wassail and revelry in the great hall,— which means, being interpreted, getting drunk and having a roystering time,— suddenly the gates of the castle are battered down, armed men rush in upon the drunken crew, the young Baroness is borne away in triumph. And old Jones — I mean, for I'd forgotten the translation, the old Baron — is carried captive and thrust down into the donjonkeep of Count Schmidt's castle, till he shall come to his reason, and submit to what he cannot help.

The only superiority that I can see in the latter picture is that it contains more chivalry, more castle, more murder, and more drunkenness than the other. And if you'll analyze it, you will find that it is of these materials very largely that the old romance is made. If our life is a little tamer, I confess I prefer it.

Passing now these hints of the "good old times" of our own childhood and the childhood of the world, let us come to the practical matter of which way we are moving, as indicated by a comparison of the recent centuries with the drift of the present time.

There are thousands who believe in progress in general, who are yet troubled with anxious forebodings by the overturnings of any particular measure of reform. When the ploughshare of change comes along, breaking up and overturning the old ways, they see only the fair fields uprooted, the green-sward soiled, the flowers broken and buried. They do not think of its being the needful preparation for harvest until the harvest comes. They believe in social progress, but think all agitators are leading to anarchy. They believe in religious progress, but they hate all radical ideas in the church. They believe in political progress, but stick to old notions as if they were God-given and eternal.

Let us look at the question in the light of a few contrasted pictures of the "good old times" and the present.

I wish to touch a moment on our material civilization; for it is so plainly before our eyes that we are in danger of forgetting how new it is.

It only needs that we call up the images of the street lamp, the telegraph, and the steam engine, to figure to ourselves such an advance on the old as almost constitutes the creation of a new world. For our fathers, Boston and New York were farther apart than Boston and Liverpool are to-day. Then a war might be fought out and ended in Europe before we heard of the commencement of hostilities. To-day we discuss over our coffee what Gladstone and Bismarck said yesterday. And the old saddle-bag journey, the ox-team train of emigrants, or the swing and jolt of a stage-coach over a country road, contrasted with the luxurious glide of a cushioned Pullman, mark the difference in comfort as well as time. Without these helps it would have taken the country five hundred years to have made the advances of the last fifty. Indeed, an united republic, from ocean to ocean, would have been an impossibility. Glance at what our fathers thought about it.

When Boston was a small hamlet some of the more adventurous settlers wandered away off into the wilderness, as much as ten or twelve miles from the coast; and, having concluded to settle, petitioned the Colonial Fathers to build a road out to them. The wise councillors considered the matter, and rejected the request on the ground of the supposed *improbability of civilization ever extending so far west.* Only think of it! Civilization never extend so far as Brighton, now actually within the city limits. And to-day the Boston & Worcester R. R., which the wiseacres of a few years ago said could never be built, because the country was so hilly, has crept on, until, having crossed rivers and tracked pathless plains and climbed mountain summits, it mingles the scream of the engine with the roll of ocean at the feet of another city that is the metropolis of a civilization that forms the western link in a chain that belts the globe.

A man need not be very old to remember the time when there were "no railroads, no locomotives, no steamships, and no telegraph wires, no gas-lights, no petroleum, no California gold, no India-rubber shoes or coats, no percussion caps or

revolvers, no friction matches, no city acqueduct, no steam printing presses, no sewing machines, no reaping machines, no postage stamps or envelopes; or pens of steel or gold; when there was no homœpathy or hydropathy; no chloroform or teeth extracted without pain; no temperance societies; no saxhorns or cornets or seven octave pianos; no photographs; no paint-tubes for artists; no complete stenography; no lithography or etching on stone; no illustrated newspapers, and hardly a decent wood engraving; when omnibuses and street cars were not dreamed of; when dull street lamps lit with whale oil were a luxury; when there were no public schools, no special departments of science in colleges, no gymnasiums, no art unions, no literary or political clubs, no lyceum lectures, no wisely organized and widely operating philanthropic societies, no prison discipline, no good lunatic asylums, no houses of employment and reformation for young scamps, — and generally very little hope of reform in young or old scamps.

"In those days people drank green tea, and ate heavy suppers, and went to bed with warming-pans and night-caps, and slept on feather beds, with red curtains round them, and dreaded the fresh air in their rooms as much as sensible folks nowadays dread to be without it. If they heard a noise in the night, they got up and groped about in the dark, and procured a light with much difficulty with flint and steel and tinder-box, and unpleasant sulphur matches, and went to their medicine-chest and took calomel, and blue pills, and Peruvian bark, and salts and senna, and jalap and rhubarb. In those days the fine gentlemen tippled old Jamaica and bitters in the morning, and lawyers took their clients to the side-board for a dram, while the fine ladies lounged on sofas, reading Byron, and Moore, and Scott's Novels."

And so far from wickedness keeping pace with and neutralizing our gladness in this material growth,— as so many prophets would have us believe — all these forces have gone forth as God's evangels. Telegraph and steam are doing more to hasten such a mutual acquaintance and sense of brotherhood as shall enable the nations to say, "Our Father who art in Heaven," than all other things combined. Telegraph and steam have enabled our higher civilization to hunt to their death most of the forms of human slavery and oppression. Telegraph and steam are doing more to-day to solve the

Indian problem and settle our Mormon troubles than all our preachers and diplomats together. And the discovery of gas has changed the municipal regulations, and lifted up the morals of whole cities. Crime calls for darkness, and so gas, in turning the dark alleys of the past into the glaring thoroughfares of the present, has almost incalculably lessened the amount of street villany. So he who imagines that wickedness is increasing, because our modern civilization brings the whole world to his view, cheats himself as one might who should suppose that the gas or the electric light creates what it only reveals.

TURGÉNIEF AS A POET.

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

THE reader of Turgénief's novels, even in unsatisfactory English versions, must have been often struck with the lyric note which rings through them. It is especially manifest in his loving descriptions of Nature, but also in the melancholy, pathetic, poetic glamour which he throws around his favorite characters.

Among the latest productions of Turgénief's genius were his "Poems in Prose," or, as he himself modestly termed them, his "Senilia." One of them, dated May, 1878, is entitled, "*Paseshcheye*" (A Visitation), and is interesting for its sly humor and its unquestionably autobiographical bearing. It is as follows: —

"I was sitting at the open window . . . in the morning, the early morning of the young May.

"The dawn had not as yet begun to glow; but still wan, still cool, was the dark, mild night.

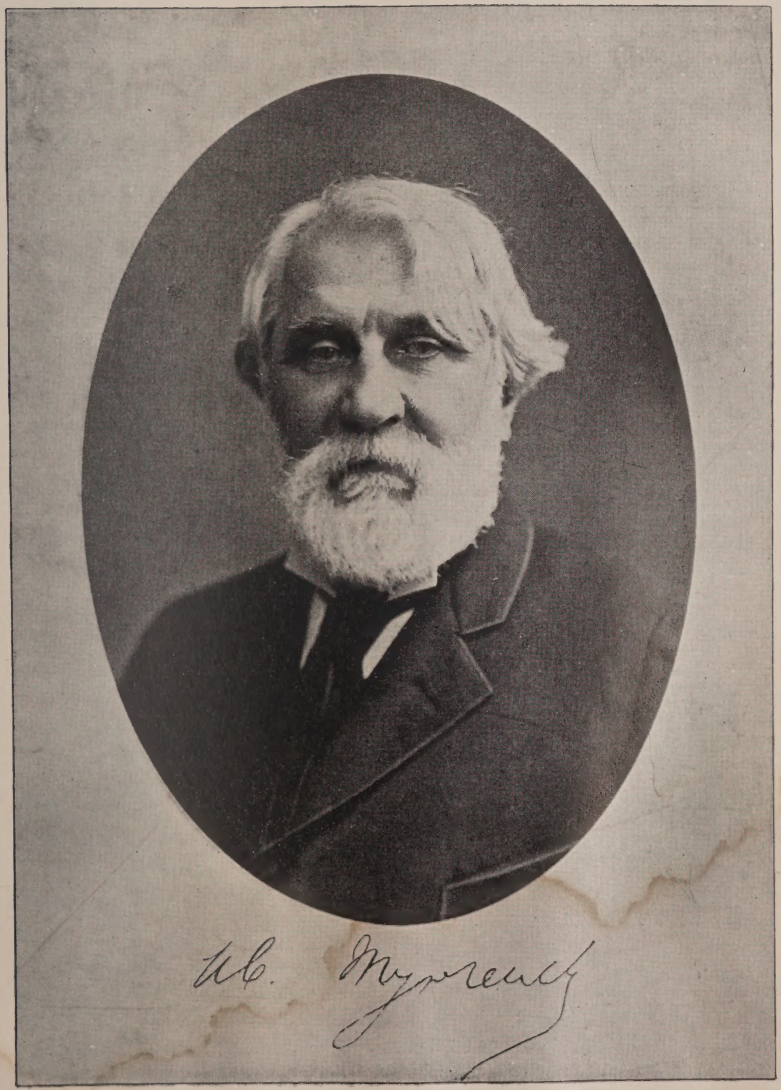
"The mist had not arisen, the breeze stirred not; all was colorless and calm. . . . But the nearness of the awakening was felt and the thin air was filled with the keen dampness of the dew.

"Suddenly, through my open window, with a musical murmur and rustling, flitted a big bird into my room.

"I was startled, I looked up. . . . But it was not a bird; it was a little woman with wings and clad in a long, close-fitting garment that flowed below her feet.

"She was all gray, the color of mother-of-pearl! But the inner side only of her pinions glowed with a delicate ruby hue shading into rose. A garland of May lilies was pressed upon the straggling curls of her round little head, and, like a butterfly's feelers, two peacock feathers were comically shaking over her lovely, bulging brow.

"Twice she flew around under the ceiling; her sweet little face was wreathed with smiles; her big, black, brilliant eyes also smiled.



"The jocund wantonness of her whimsical flight scattered their diamond rays.

"She held in her hand the long stem of a floweret of the steppe; — the Tsar's sceptre it is called by the Russian people — for, indeed, it is like a sceptre.

"Impetuously winging her flight above me, she touched my head with the flower.

"I sprang toward her; . . . but she had already darted out of the window, and sped away.

"In the garden, in the thicket of lilac-bushes, a young turtle-dove welcomed her with his first cooing and the milk-white heaven where she vanished, gleamed with a rosy flush.

"I knew the, goddess Fancy; thou didst visit me by accident — thou didst fly away to young poets.

"Oh, Poesy! youth! womanly, virgin beauty. For one instant only could you flash before me — in the early morning of early spring!"

The satirical confession lurking in the above lines points to a phase of Turgénief's career, which, so far as I know, has not been remarked outside of Russia. He began his literary career as a poet, and the collected verses, published a few years ago in St. Petersburg, make a respectable volume of over two hundred pages, though it is not regularly included among the ten volumes of Turgénief's legitimate works. In his "Literary Recollections" he refers to these sins of his youth, with a sort of amusing self-patronizing touch of sarcasm: He says: —

"Early in 1837, while I was a student in the philological faculty, of the St. Petersburg University, I received from Piotr Aleksandrovitch Pletneyef, Professor of Russian Literature, an invitation to his Literary Receptions. Shortly before I had brought to him for his criticism, one of the first fruits of my Muse — as the expression ran in old times — a fantastic drama in iambic pentameters, entitled "Stenio." In one of his subsequent lectures, Piotr Aleksandrovitch, without mentioning my name, analyzed with his usual kindness, this utterly stupid piece of work, which displayed a mixture of childish incapacity and a slavish imitation of Byron's 'Manfred.' On coming out of the building and seeing me in the street, he called me to him, and gave me some fatherly advice, taking the occasion to remark, however, that there was something in me! These words emboldened me to carry to him several of my poems; he

selected two of them, and a year afterwards printed them in the 'Savremménnik,' ('The Contemporary,') which he edited as Pushkin's successor. I do not remember the title of the second, but the first had for its subject 'The Old Oak,' and it began: —

'The forest's venerable Tsar, with curly head,
The ancient oak, bent o'er the water's sleeping smoothness.'

"This was the first thing of mine that ever appeared in print; of course, without my signature."

Turgénief here trusted to his memory, which was faulty. His first poem, published in the "Contemporary," in 1838 was entitled "Evening" (*Vetcher*), and the lines that he recalled begin the second and not the first stanza: the second poem was an address to the Venus de Melos, and begins: —

"Goddess of beauty, love, and of enjoyment."

Between this time and 1850, two or three dozen short poems, as well as several more ambitious works, appeared in various magazines. Turgénief, in the sort of preface, which serves "in place of an introduction" to his "Recollections," says: —

"About Easter, 1843, an event took place in Petersburg, which in itself, was of the very least importance, and has been long ago swallowed up in general oblivion. It was this: a short poem entitled "Parásha," by a certain T. L., was published. That T. L. (Turgénief-Lutivínof) was I; with this poem I began my literary career."

The famous critic, Byélinsky, whom Turgénief happened to meet on the very day that it was published, wrote a long and an enthusiastic review of it, which Turgénief says made him feel more ashamed than pleased. He also wrote him a playful letter from Moscow (which he calls in parenthesis "stupid city," though he had gone there to be married!), telling him that he had read it through ten times, and praising it for its delicate wit and artistic quality. Others congratulated him. Turgénief says: "I hastened to disown my child, declaring that I was not its father."

He took the little volume, which was bound in blue to his mother's estate at Spasskoye, but his mother — a stern, tyrannical old lady of the old school — received it with scorn

and indignation, and could see no sense in her son indulging in such eccentricities.

"One time," says her adopted daughter, in her strangely vivid and pathetic "Reminiscences," "one time, Ivan expressed the wish that he had Pushkin's talent.

"'I cannot understand why the idea has possessed you to become a writer,' exclaimed his mother. 'Is it the proper thing for a noble? You yourself confess that you cannot be a Pushkin. . . . I can see some sense in writing poems, but to be a writer — writer and penny-a-liner are all one! — both scratch paper for money! A noble ought to serve the Tsar, adopt a career, and make a name in the army, and not scratch paper! And besides who reads Russian books? Really, accept my advice, Jean; go into the army, you will soon get rank — and then you can marry.'

"'Marry,' *maman*," cried Ivan Turgénief, bursting into a laugh, "never! don't think of such a thing. Spasskoye church would sooner dance the *trepaká* on its two crosses than I marry."

"Parásha," which strongly shows the combined influence of Byron and Pushkin and is a sort of reflection of "Don Juan," consists of sixty-nine thirteen-line stanzas, together with one short song, making a total of nine hundred and twenty-one lines. So far as form goes, it is wellnigh perfect; the verse moves with a stately harmonious rhythm; its fertility of single and double rhymes illustrates how well adapted Russian is for the expression of poetic form. There are some fine thoughts, a few gleams of wit, some beautiful descriptions, but it can hardly be called great. As it has never, so far as I know, been translated into any European language, a somewhat full synopsis of this story may be acceptable to the admirers of "the giant of the snows."

It begins with the typical expression of humility, the *chelobityé*, the phrase borrowed from the old Tartar rule of Russia.* For possible convenience of reference, I will number the stanzas translated.

I.

Reader, I humbly beat the forehead to you.* Look! before you a wide meadow, beyond the meadow, a little river and near the river a house, an ancient house, gloomy and black, painted by the parish painter . . . large, low with ugly roof

supported by a row of slender columns . . . (It had been) the witness of the frivolous life, the lazy idleness of two or three generations of proprietors. Back of the house a garden; in the garden stand long rows of apple trees, covered with fruit. . . . You know, our worthy fathers loved apples, likewise cucumbers.

II.

You can hardly distinguish between the garden and the orchard. In the garden, however, was a grotto (innocent device!) and every morning to this shady grotto (I am boldly drawing to the point) SHE, the object of my sighs and labors — the subject of my quite too froward verse,— used to repair, dressed in simple garb, and with a book in her rather sunburnt — but lovely little hands. . . . She would then sit down upon the bench — Do you remember Tatyana? — But I will not attempt to draw comparisons between her and others. I am afraid my readers will grow impatient, and will not read this story through.

III.

But who was SHE and who her father? Her father was an easy-going proprietor. In his youth he served for many years in the army. At last he withdrew to private life; and a substantial spouse he took; now he is a great man of affairs. He lives on good terms with his peasants. . . . He is very kind and very shrewd; he goes to market and sips tea with the merchants. Of course his spouse is a treasure! Oh! a genuine treasure! A woman of such sense! And yet she was a simple-minded woman, and her face was like a *pirog* (dough pie). But her husband loved her as well as was to be expected.

IV.

They had an only daughter. . . . We have already caught a glimpse of her. No one would call her a beauty — that is true; but indeed (her two brothers were dead of consumption), I never saw a maiden better built. She was slender, walked with light step. Her foot, her incomparable foot, was always shod with perfect fit. Her hand was rather large, but the fingers were slender and translucent. . . . And I, a somewhat misanthropic and peculiar fellow, when I looked at that hand, oftentimes I longed . . . I am talking too much, gentlemen.

VII.

She had grown up in the country, . . . but you, my reader, have doubtless heard that the girls of the country districts — alas! — are often extremely absurd. The injustice

of windy rumor I understand. But I confess with humility that you might sometimes laugh at the expense of my maiden of the steppe; at her emotion on Sunday, after breakfast, when guests arrive; at her silence and her sighs, and her timid trepidation. But even she sometimes lost her temper,— and could sting like a bee.

VIII.

I do not like gushing girls. . . . But in villages you often meet with them. I do not like their fat, pale faces. Some of them — God have mercy — are poetesses! — They go into ecstacies over everything: the songs of birds,— the sunrise, the sky, and the moon. . . . They are lovers of sugary verses, who like to sing, and shed tears. . . . And in spring they creep out stealthily to listen to the nightingale. They are all desperately enamored of Nature. . . . But my maiden was of a different type; she was full of raillery, she was proud,— but pride is a virtue, gentlemen!

IX.

She was an ardent reader, . . . and she was equally fond of Marlinsky and Pushkin (I confess to her failings); but she had not the habit of exclaiming, "*Akh!* how sweet this is!" No, she admired in silence. Does that seem ridiculous to you? You do not believe in Russian literature. No more do I have any faith in it; since with us it is very easy to gain a reputation. Russian verse, and Russian *kvas** enjoy one and the same fate: — in well-ordered houses poetry is not read, and *kvas* is not drunk. But I am grateful that there are such readers as my girl.

X.

For such I write! . . . But enough. Every day, as I told you, she wandered in the garden. She loved the haughty murmur and the shade of the ancient lindens, and she would gently give herself up to comfortable, dreamy languor. So gayly the birch trees shook their heads, bathed in effulgent light . . . and down her cheeks the tears would course so slowly! . . . God knows why. Then going to the wretched fence, she would stand for hours . . . and gaze her fill, but her eyes were always fixed upon the pale row of laburnum trees.

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* Kvas is a drink made of stale rye bread allowed to soak in water until it ferments. After Madame Turgeniéf read the lines about kvas in her son's poem, she banished this homely drink from her mansion.

XI.

Yonder across the level meadow, five versts from their village the highway ran, and like a serpent it turned and twisted and the distant forest, stealthily bending round about, attracted all her soul unto itself. The earth, lighted by some marvellous gleam,— suddenly seemed strange to her . . . And someone in a gentle voice, wonderfully sang and prophesied about her, foretelling the mysterious woes to be fulfilled upon her. These tones, re-echoing, floated around her and died away. And now her eager eyes sought other skies — lofty, magnificent mountains. . . .

XII.

And poplars and rustling olives . . . it sought a captivating, and distant land.— Suddenly the melancholy changes of a Russian song remind her of her afflicted fatherland; she stands, bending her dear head and marvels at herself and with a smile, she chides herself; and then slowly saunters home, sighing. . . . Now she breaks a pliant twig, then quickly throws it away again; with heedless hand she takes up her book, opens it, shuts it again; whispers some favorite verse, and her heart is broken with sorrow, her face grows pale. . . . At this wondrous hour, I confess I should like to have met you.

XIII.

O my maiden! . . . In the dense shadows of the broad lindens you are standing speechless; you sigh; a branch bends down over your head. . . . And your heart is full of painful, melancholy calm. I gaze at you. You are instinct with the beauty of the steppe; you are the daughter of our Russia! you are lovely as the evening before a storm, as a sultry night of May! — But — perhaps — alas! I am again drawn away by recollection into minute description. I am tiresome, and so I am ready to continue my tale without superfluous words.

XIV.

My beauty was twenty years of age. (Someone may insist that oysters in April and girls at fifteen are in their bloom. . . . But I do not dispute with them about this matter; it is not necessary to quarrel about difference in tastes.) They called her Praskóvya; that name is not pretty, and so . . . I shall call her Parásha. . . . Autumn, winter, summer, they lived in the country, and they never went to Moscow because times were hard; each year their income fell off a little. And, moreover, Parásha (what a sin!) liked to make sport of Moscow!

XV.

Moscow! Moscow! O dear mother Moscow! — But indeed I dare not sing thy praises! I have lost my former right. . . . Thy sons are hot tempered, and my humble words might cause ill-feeling; might be even dangerous; and so, O mátushka! I beg thee to extend thy indulgence to young Parásha. — And if, my dear reader, soothed by the pleasantness of this tale, comforting sleep has closed both your eyes, wake up! Imagine that it is a day, a scorching day (I will put you in the shadow!).

XVI.

A scorching day — yet such not as I knew
In distant Southern lands — a heat tormenting;
The whole sky palpitates in cloudless blue,
And like a man in fever unrelenting,
The earth is parched and dry. The sea gleams, too,
Upon the rocks with painful, dazzling splendor;
It tosses restlessly — it sighs — is still,
And countless blossoms, with a radiance tender,
'Neath that inexorable sunlight fill.
A wondrous sight — and lo! in hot sands hidden
The fisher sleeps, and envy comes unbidden
To every stranger seeing him; even I
Used oft to take delight in him, and sigh.*

XVII.

With us it is different though even with us you do not like too great heat. . . . To be sure, as soon as the heat becomes intense, a shower is certain to come up in the distance; grasshoppers chirp mercilessly in the tall, dry grass; in the shadow of the sheaves lie the harvesters; the crows open their bills; there is an odor of mushrooms in the grove; here and there the dogs bark; the *muzhík* takes his jug and saunters down to the bushes after cool water. Then it is that I love to go to the grove of oaks and sit me down in the severe, calm shadow, or sometimes talk with the clever little peasant in his neat cottage.

XVIII.

On such a day Parásha to her shady grotto — (in regard to this look back) came slowly pacing; before her the familiar orchard, the familiar pond, and farther away beyond the ravine, the well-known forest on the little hill; . . . but now there seemed to her something rather strange: in the ravine under a bush sat a huntsman; . . . he was cutting bread with a pocket-knife; in every way it was evident he was a gentleman,

* The sixteenth stanza reproduces the rhythm of the original.

— a landed proprietor; he wore gloves and was handsomely attired. . . . Now he has finished his lunch; then he lazily called the dog, took off his hat, yawned, spread open the bush, flung himself down and . . . fell asleep.

XIX.

He fell asleep . . . Parásha looks at him and looks, I confess, with great attention; neighbors sometimes visited them; . . . but his face was unknown to her. We will not waste time now in describing him because I am speaking too much about trifles anyway . . . He sleeps and the breeze gently toys with his thick locks, and the leaves murmur above him. He sleeps sweetly; . . . Parásha gazes. . . . Indeed he is not ill-favored. But what is it that makes her suddenly smile so affectionately, so shrewdly? I would answer but it is not given to me to interpret a woman's smile!

XX.

And an hour passed and the afternoon sultriness suddenly began to diminish; . . . already the shadows were growing longer. . . . Here my huntsman woke up, got lazily to his knees, carelessly put on his hat, shook his head, . . . was about to get up, and remained where he was, for he saw Parásha — O friends! — He looked, looked, laughed in some confusion, leaped to his feet, glanced hastily at himself; then over the ravine he leaped boldly and easily. . . . Parásha grew pale, but he came to the fence and stood still, and with a polite smile took off his hat.

XXI.

There she stood, her face all aflame, and not lifting her eyes; strong and unevenly beat her heart within her. . . . "I beg of you," — so he began and very calmly — "tell me what o'clock it is." — At first she was silent for a little space; then she replied: "Five," and then she glanced at him: but he not in the least altering asked: "Whose house is that?" Then very courteous begged pardon, God knows why, and again bowed; but he did not go. . . . He said that he was a neighbor, and that his late grandsire had been great friends with her father.

XXII.

And that he was very glad of such an unexpected meeting. Little by little and saying a score of times, "Excuse me," (We have wretched fences thank the Lord!) he leaped over the fence into the garden. His face was lighted by such a kindly

smile and his brown eyes shone so affably, that it seemed to her strange and ridiculous to be coy. . . . He told her some story, whereat at first her merry laugh rang forth, then it was quickly subdued. With delicate raillery he looked into her eyes; — then he took his leave, murmuring "*Comme ça!*"

XXIII.

And she looked after him. . . . He glanced suddenly around, shrugged his shoulders, and as though used to victories, smiled indifferently. And she was vexed; . . . a bell rang loudly from the house. . . . Tea is ready. . . . She gave her father a careless account of it when she went in. . . . He laughed tranquilly, told about the old life in the grandfather's time. . . . But the district assessor, a widower, a long time admirer of Parásha, grew very angry, and became as red as a crab, and remarked that their neighbor was a queer fellow.

XXIV.

But *I* should not call him a queer fellow,— however . . . we shall have time enough to speak about him; Parásha sat in silence at the window and leaning her head on her hand — we dare not hide the truth — she thought and thought constantly of him. The sky is tinged with ruby dyes; . . . over the weary grass arose a vapor; . . . suddenly motionless became the linden tops. Cooler grows the languid air; the forest darkens and the meadow revives. The evening breeze breathes so refreshingly, and the swallows circle so swiftly. . . . Red glows the cross on the church, and the river reflects so gorgeously the clouds.

XXV.

I like to sit by my window (while in my room the children are laughing and romping). When over the dark purple forest the horizon so brightly blazes . . . oh! at such times my heart is full of peace and goodness, I love and am loved. . . . But who can realize, who can tell what marvellous pain tormented my maiden's heart. . . . Even for one grown older, it is hard and cruel to recall the happiness of past days, those days when without the least compulsion love like a bird spreads her wings . . . and the soul is filled with passion and brightness. . . . But all this is past, past long ago.

XXVI.

Yes, you have passed and will ne'er return again. Ye hours of passionate, mysterious prayers, careless love and uncontrolled impulsive thoughts, youthfully glorious. All, all are gone. . . . Stubbornly the blood burns with dull fire, . . . and I recollect

how I used to ride on horseback at eventide: I gaze at the clouds and the wind like a fan blows gently in my face. I fill my lungs slowly and full of delight I ride, and I ride, pale and silent . . . But as for the rest who has never been a child and has not forgotten all that he once adored?

XXVII.

"He has promised to come," she murmured. . . . And though she desires to tear herself away, she is unable: Can it be that Parásha was in love? I think not. . . . I cannot vouch for it. . . . But now it was night; and the silence stole in like an importunate long kiss over all earthly things. . . . "Time to go to bed, neighbor," said the father, but the mother with an earnest smile, invites him to the morrow's dinner. Meantime Parásha went down into the dark mysterious garden and little by little fell into grievous melancholy. . . . But he? What about him? I will tell you. . . . He was not in love at all.

XXVIII.

Would you like to know what sort of a man he was? Very well; he was rich; he had served in the army. He had been nourished by the cleverness of others all his life. But he was shrewd and insinuating. Worn out, *blasé*, he directed his steps to foreign lands; with melancholy smile wandered everywhere, arrogant and dumb. But his derisive and facile mind brought back from abroad a whole swarm of useless words and a multitude of doubts, the results of keen and curious observations. He ridiculed everything; but he had become weary and had ceased to ridicule himself.

XXX.

But to our story. As I have already told you, he had now left the service. While he was in the army, he used to drive out, take his ease, dance, live fast, win money from his friends in good fellowship, and was, so it is said, very charming. He was polite, susceptible, but calm and proud, . . . and therefore he was loved; and he was unworthy of many women whom he deceived and deserted. He was gay — disconsolately gay; he made unmerciful sport at those who were odd; but in society he was not famed for cleverness, yet was a "distinguished personage."

XXXII.

He abused everything from tedium — so it was! . . . but he did not allow himself to give way to ill temper; that would have been too childish. I will tell you my witling tried to imi-

tate the demon; but the Russian demon is quite different from the German devil. The German devil is a melancholy crank, absurd and terrible; our national demon, our Russian demon is stout and simple; his appearance is peculiarly noble and what an aristocrat he is! Don't be surprised; my friend for this very reason was on terms of intimacy with more than one mighty lord and he worshipped in the dust, with his sarcastic face before the golden calf or ox!

XXXIII.

This is unpleasant to you . . . but my kind reader alas! I also like high life with its easy brilliancy and with absurd delight I find myself pleased with the haughty, cold welcome of all this tinkling and empty life. Still I can look without desire at this life for I am ready to be the first to make sport at the heat with which the unrecognized, tailless "lions and lionesses" indulge in false indignation at the society which they cannot attain. And more than all the whole fraternity of scribblers have made a chorus of condemnation upon "the luxury of society!" Just look at their consistency — But somehow I am very mild to-day!

XXXIV.

I like the long suites of luxurious rooms and the brilliancy and comfort of old-time magnificence. . . . And women . . . I like that long heedless and satiric glance; I like a simple and appropriate dress; I like the haughty curve of the lips; the thoughtful lifting of the brows; perfumed notes, hasty signatures; their fragrant and hasty love! I like the way they walk — their shoulders, their careless, enticing speeches. . . . If you have suspected, friends,— tell me whose portrait I have drawn here, unbeknown? *

XXXV.

"But," I shall be asked, "have you never met with a handsome woman out of society — " Such women I have occasionally met, I have even been very passionately in love with two; they are always like the sweet flower of the field, but like the wildflower they quickly lose their delicate fragrance . . . and good God! why should they not fade in the awkward paws of a self-satisfied official? But I confess and I confess with shame I am wandering again; and with delight I hasten, I hasten to my Parásha and here I find her in the parlor.

*This curiously corresponds to Madame Golovatchóva's account of Turgénief himself.

The first half of this queer rambling poem brings us thus far. The next seven stanzas describe her dress and her appearance as she sits at her embroidery frame, occasionally, in her nervous trepidation, pricking her dainty fingers, her indescribable eyes shaded by her long lashes, and how at last the young stranger comes, how he charms and captivates the old people to whose twice-told tales he listens respectfully at dinner, though he is conscious of Parásha's glance fixed on his hot cheeks, and how "in the blaze of holy and pure fire" kindled by her sudden love for him, he too feels his heart a little stirred. As the usual characteristic digression, there comes a shrewd analysis of the phenomenon of love. The poem continues.

XLIII.

But meantime night was coming on. . . . The clouds are heaped up along the horizon. . . . The atmosphere is full of soft vapor. . . . The lindens scarcely murmur; and the apple-trees, stretching their branches over the shadowed grass, lift themselves and sleep. Only occasionally a slight whisper hurries through the birch trees; yonder across the river the nightingale sings to himself. . . . And the long lisping, the ceaseless rustle of the dreaming steppes is heard. And into the room, like the sigh of the sleepless earth, timidly comes the fragrant breeze, and invites into the garden, and into the field and into the forest, under the eternal, holy heavens. . . .

XLIV.

I remember the ancient, gloomy garden, the peaceful pond, broad and still. . . . I remember how the little wavelets tremble on the shore in the shadow of the weeping willow; I remember how many years ago I myself strolled in that garden in the tall grass (all the paths were overgrown with grass); the twilight glowed marvellously red, the deep radiance spread from heaven to earth. . . . I wandered, pondered, lost in thought, weary — I dreamed about a woman such as never lived, and about a late and speechless walk. But all that is past and gone, O my God!"

The old father invites their guest into the garden, explaining that it is "rather simple, but large, with little walks, and flowering shrubs"; they hear the loud call of the rail-bird; they see the meadow whitening with mist, and the ridge of motionless clouds rising above them; a star gleams stealthily from behind the dark veil of the wide lindens, and hides itself

again. Viktor Alekséyitch and Parásha quickly lose sight of the old people — "oh, village cunningness" — but her demure face shows no sign! At first he is somewhat constrained, for he, who loved to play with his feelings like an artist, had hitherto seen only ball-room beauties, and to find himself suddenly alone with a provincial young lady in the garden seemed to him "scarcely more endurable than hell!"

But he gradually melts; the charm begins to work; he takes her hand, as though in jest, and says to himself: "Thank God, it will not be a bore for me to live in the country till autumn, and then . . . but I am excited, and seem to be in love, and under a spell." The poem explains the reason of his so speedily yielding:—

XLIX.

In the first place, it was a beautiful night, a summer night, calm and still; the moon gave no light, although it came up; the river, in the mist, mysteriously gleaming, flowed in the distance. . . . The path led down to it; and the leaves in the tree-tops, an invisible throng, are whispering; now the two have descended into the hollow, and, as though driven away by their motion, the soft darkness yields before them. . . . He could not resist the enchantment,— he gave free course to his unfettered imagination and smiled peacefully and sighed. . . . And the fresh breeze kissed their eyes.

L.

And in the second place, Parásha does not keep silent. And she does not sigh with mawkish simpering; but she talks, and talks simply, and she moves on so gently, while the transparent shadow like crêpe tremulously embraces her tall form. . . . He recovers himself, and he is already glad that they are together alone. He began to talk . . . and her heart burns with an unknown, tormenting fire. . . . The odor of invisible bushes is borne to them, and, as if also torn by passion, far away, far away on the border of the steppe, sounds, sings, and mourns a nightingale!

The young man grew more and more pleased with Párasha, and no wonder: — "She was all blooming just as in spring the earth blooms passionately and idly under the warm, abundant dew." He bends down, and "under his kiss her hand blushes slightly," and as he feels in the darkness that Parásha is all of a tremble, he asks her — if they had better

not return home! "Viktor was no Don Juan," says the poem, and though he confessed the spell, he had vowed never again to fall idly in love. And so they return by the same long path by which they had come, and she gives her confidence to him,— "blushingly gave herself up to his proximity as a child dips its timid foot into a streamlet, clinging hopefully to the branch." After supper, where he has charmed them all by his easy conversation, and after he has whispered his meaning "*do svidanya*," the Russian *au revoir*, and given her a long glance, she retires to her room and sits by the window with her neckerchief loosened a little from her bosom, her golden hair falling about her fair pale face, a smile playing on her lips, and as she dreams of him, the narrator who seems to behold her, hears as it were a clear sounding, penetrating bell-tone and a voice singing. Then follows one of Turgénief's lyric gems beginning

> The night is warm ; in the clean hives
> The shining honeycombs expand.

How does the little drama end? She is in love with him, and imagines that he is in love with her and capable of appreciating her. Her "passionate and dreamy soul is filled with hope, filled with something that she could not name — about which she dared and yet dared not pray." "But," says the narrator, "methinks I hear Satan's laugh ; I see the demon. He hovers over the cathedral and gazes : his gloomy eye follows the pair scornfully and hark : far away the pine forest, torn by the wild storm, howls mournfully ; my soul trembles involuntarily ; it seems to me as though he looked not at them — all Russia lies spread out at that instant before his eyes like a field, and the flashes of heat-lightning gleam under the thunder clouds, his fiery eye-balls glow wrathfully and a terrible smile hovers long on the lips of the Lord of Evil."

The narrator says that he was long absent and meantime the young couple are married. When he returns, though they were both pleasant to him, it seemed to him that she was a little melancholy : "her life ran on, like a little brook, winding but flowing ; and so too of her husband — I have not told you all — he always loved her and esteemed her." The real tragedy of her life was in its disillusionment, the possibility that after all she had made the greatest mistake possible to a woman. The last four stanzas are as follows : —

LXVI.

"Good-by, Parásha! . . . 'tis time for rest. My pen impatiently hastens to the end. . . . What shall I say of her? Assure you no one calls her perfectly happy . . . she sighs sometimes . . . and in memory preserves perfectly the stupid blessing of innocence! I soon took leave of her . . . and perhaps I may see her yet again . . . I was sorry for her.

LXVII.

I was sorry for her . . . Perhaps if fate had led her another, another way. . . . But fate, as all know, is cruel and therefore acted sternly. As I remember her beloved eyes, I might, I should like to tell you why it was that in parting from Parasha my whole soul was tormented . . . but flashing on the silvery snow the sunbeams glitter; . . . the frost crackles. Long since we should have had fresh air, freedom. . . . And therefore I bow before a nation of readers. . . . I take off my night-cap respectfully . . . and express myself thus:—

LXVIII.

"My reader, farewell! whether my story has put you to sleep or made you laugh, I know not; but though I have here for the first time met you, I have no desire for a further acquaintance. . . . Simply because I respect you. I see my mistakes; they are many. But you are good-natured, I have heard, and, for God's sake, forgive me for my folly!" And you, my beloved friends, be not surprised: your handsome friend has suffered from unhappy passion from his earliest years. . . . He has written verses . . . I am ashamed! but such is the fact! I beg of you to forget this nonsense!—

LXIX.

But if any one reads through my slip-shod tale and suddenly, in deep thought, drops his head involuntarily for one instant and expresses his thanks to me, I shall be satisfied. . . . Long ago, I stood upon a vessel's stern as we were sailing past a foreign town. I was alone upon the deck; the billow lifted us up and let us sink again. . . . And suddenly someone waved a signal to me from a window; who it was, when and where we had met, I cannot remember. . . . Quickly we hastened by— and in answer I, too, waved my hand, and the city softly vanished behind the mountain."

Such is the abrupt and strange ending of this queer and certainly somewhat incoherent narrative. It was written during the three years that Turgénief held an office in the

chancelry of the minister of internal affairs. He was not a zealous official; he spent most of his time reading novels, writing poems, and telling stories.

His three other long narrative poems are less ambitious and less desultory. One entitled "*Razgavór*," "A Conversation," is a mystical dialogue between an old hermit and a "young man." Both have a story of disappointed love to tell; the old man has found consolation in silent service of God: but to the young man "God seems too far away, man too insignificant." In this poem we have once more the garden and the pond, and the whispering lindens, and the moon, and the song of the nightingale echoing across the steppe. The next, written in March, 1845, but not printed till the following year, originally contained six hundred and seventy-two lines, but one of the forty-two stanzas and a few lines also have probably been sacrificed by the red pencil of the censorship, which at that time was particularly prone to make itself ridiculous. It is entitled "Pomyeshchik," 'The Proprietor,' and is a sort of burlesque story of a most respectable, order-loving gentleman of the ancient nobility who "feared the devil, and his wife." The lady, having gone on a pilgrimage, the old gentleman exhausts his resources for killing time, by going to his barns, strolling down to his little river, gazing at the sunny wavelets, the clouds, the deep blue sky, chatting with his peasants, with his daughter's governess and, being at last simply bored to death, resolves to take advantage of his wife's absence to visit an old flame of his, a buxom widow — how buxom she is Turgénief ludicrously expresses by declaring that her billowy "bosom was a perfect ocean"! — living some fifteen versts distant. He sets out, but, owing to his Jehu's carelessness, is overturned, and before he has time fairly to pick himself up and brush the mud from his clothes, his "chère amie," appears, and suspecting the object of this surreptitious visit, carries him back home in disgrace. The story is enlivened with descriptions of the proprietor's dress, his private room, and especially by the country balls which his friend, the buxom widow, was in the habit of giving.

The third long poem is entitled "Andréi" (originally "Love"), and perhaps even more than the others is inspired by Byron's influence. It has over twelve hundred lines. Among the shorter poems, most of them printed in "The

Annals of the Fatherland," is one entitled "The Old Proprietor." It is the address of a childless and unhappy old man to his nephew "Ványa," to whom he leaves all of his useless treasures. The burden of his complaint is: "I have not been loved, I have not loved."

Curiously enough, there is something in these early poems of Turgénief that reminds one of the pastoral effusions of our own Bryant. I can best illustrate this resemblance by giving a metrical rendering of one or two, trying to preserve the original rhythm so far as possible. Here is one entitled:

AUTUMN.

I like the autumn, as a face that grieves:—
When calm and cloudy is the day,
Within the grove I often stray
And gaze on skies' unchanging gray
And at the pine tree dark and high.
Tasting the bitter of the leaves,
I love in indolence to lie,
While smiling dreams about me play,
And hear the wood sprite's piercing cry.
The grass is withered:— cold and cheerless
Across it slants the gloomy ray.
And now my spirit bold and fearless
I yield to melancholy's sway.
What recollections rise before me!
What glowing visions come and go!
Like living things the pines bend o'er me
And murmur solemnly and low.
And, like a flock of viewless creatures,
The wind swoops down on sudden wings,
And in the dark and gnarled branches
Its ever restless song it sings.

Another is entitled:

THE STORM HAS PASSED.

Low sweeping o'er the earth the storm has passed,
I seek the garden; all around is still;
Upon the linden tops soft mist is cast,
And vivifying drops the foliage fill.

Moist breezes through the branches creep;
A heavy beetle flies amid the shadows;
And like the indolent breath of those who sleep,
Breathe fragrant vapors from the dusky meadows.

Oh! what a night! Great golden stars are gleaming
Upon the sky; the air is cool and clear,
The raindrops from the flowers are gently streaming,
As though each petal shed its favorite tear.

The lightning flashes — faint and far the peal
  Of thunder rolls, its echoes faintly dying;
The wide pond darkles with a gleam like steel;
  And there the mansion is before me lying.

The moon shines bright and shadows to and fro
  Mysteriously haunt it. Here the gate
And here the stairway ; — every step I know.
But thou — where art thou ? What thy fate ?

Say have the stubborn gods relented ?
Hast thou amidst thy kin forgotten grief !
  Hast thou then of thy former love repented ?
And has thy bosom found a sure relief ?

Or is thy soul within thee still tormented ?
  Is there no place where thou canst gain thy rest ?
And dost thou live with heart still discontented
  In thy long empty and deserted nest ?

It is said, that once when Turgénief was travelling in Europe, he became engaged to the charming daughter of an English lord; but the engagement was broken on the shores of one of the Italian lakes, owing to a bit of personified realism on the poet's part. I don't know how true the story is, but he was of a susceptible nature. The following poem might have been written on some such occasion. It has no title : —

When I from thee was forced to part,
  I will not hide the truth,—
I loved thee then with all my heart,
  The fiery heart of youth.

But now we meet I am not glad.
  Nothing have I to say.
Thy mournful glances deep and sad
  I cannot bear to-day.

And all the words thy lips repeat
  Breathe heavenly purity.
My God! things beautiful and sweet,
  How strange they are to me!

Ah well! how much of life has passed
  In all these lingering years!
How many joys too sweet to last!
  How many bitter tears!

Turgénief's harp was only the three-stringed *balalaïka* of the steppe. He always touches the same chords. It is always the same aspect of Nature ; the wind rustling through the linden tops ; the passing shower with the heat-lightning flashing

far down on the horizon; the hurrying clouds turning to gold in the sunset; the moonlight streaming over the pond and throwing its motionless shadows over the ancient house,— "the gentleman's nest" where the fair maiden waits and mourns. Yet no lines are wasted; every touch tells; and the reader sees the scene. His descriptive faculty joined with the exquisite lyric note that he knew so well how to use, appears throughout his novels. Read his wonderful pictures of Nature, especially that wonderful epilogue to the "Huntsman's Recollections," where the sunrise and the early morning and the evening and the night are painted with such loving touches, worthy of Gogol, though with more delicacy, with a firmer hand, with a deeper truth! How the scene lives and glows in the rich glory of the opulent, unstinted Russian tongue!

Turgénief instinctively reminds one of the Russian personification of the national peasant, "the mighty son of the soil, who drives the plough with its golden share through the rich black soil of the steppe, and sings as he goes." We have studied him simply as a singer. He was more than that. He was a fighter and serfdom was his chosen foe: his Hannibal's oath, as he himself said, was to fight it to the death. But it is also interesting to look upon him in the character that M. Anatole France attributes to him: — "*Un beau génie, plein de mirages, comme un monde vaste, solitaire, rempli de chants d'oiseaux, de fleurs, et de glaces.*"

A NEW BASIS OF CHURCH LIFE.

BY WILBUR LARREMORE.

MOST readers, who are old enough, will remember the storm of religious controversy which followed the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species." It was considered that the whole structure of theology was assailed, and the orthodox world rose in its defence. Darwin himself never directly attacked theology. But, as the outcry against the new ideas grew louder and more bitter, some of the Scientists grew polemical. Professor Tyndall's "prayer-test," for instance, was proposed probably with a view of putting a quietus upon the supernatural claims of religion. The prevailing spirit on the ecclesiastical side was certainly short-sighted. There were notable exceptions, but, in the main, pulpit orators and denominational editors treated the evolutionists, not as conscientious seekers after truth, but as wanton destructionists.

Not only were the leaders of thought pilloried; too often wrathful denunciation was launched at young people, who, humble in spirit, as scientific studies always dispose one to be, were nevertheless beginning to feel the irresistible movement of the Zeit-Geist. For every young man who became "sceptical" because it was the fashion with his set, three others grew so because they could not help it. All the forces of sacred association and love of kindred combined to hold one loyal to the Creed and the Confession of Faith. Far from being a conceited iconoclast, the young agnostic worked out his own deliverance usually with fear and trembling, and often with tears. A favorite argument for the inviolable perpetuity of orthodoxy was the statement, that while "unbelief," or "scepticism," had constantly changed its face and shifted its ground, the Church had remained ever the same in its teachings. But the young investigator soon came to realize that the first of these propositions is misleading in the way it is put, and that the second of them is absolutely false. Undoubtedly "scepticism" has changed from time to time, but this is because the varying phases

assumed by dogma have necessitated different forms of denial. "Unbelief" is simply a negation of the unproved Marvellous. Nothing has been more confusing than the practice of speaking of infidelity, as if it were a positive system of thought or philosophy. To blame a man for "unbelief" is to assume that he can make himself believe anything he chooses.

The claim that church doctrines have remained the same, or even substantially the same, could easily be shown to be groundless. The constant process of slow modification is well described in Lowell's lines: —

> "Say it is drift, not progress, none the less
> With the old sextant of the fathers' creed,
> We shape our courses by new-risen stars,
> And, still lip-loyal to what once was truth,
> Smuggle new meanings under ancient names,
> Unconscious perverts of the Jesuit, Time."

Let us take a single example: Twenty-five years ago all the orthodox denominations, except the Episcopalians, taught that "conversion" was the centrally important religious phenomenon. The stages of the alleged supernatural transformation were even set down with pathological minuteness. How much do the younger preachers of to-day make of "conviction of sin," and the exuberant sense of forgiveness which used to be scheduled to follow it? We venture to say that rarely, except in provincial pulpits, or by elderly clergymen, is "conversion" nowadays treated as anything more than a deliberate, thoroughly natural adoption of an improved conduct of life. The two principal reasons for the extraordinary growth of Episcopalianism during the past twenty years among the more enlightened classes are, first, that it was not embarrassed by the superstition of miraculous "conversion"; and, second, that, although its nominal basis of faith bristles with unthinkable formulas, its practical policy has been catholic enough to retain in a common membership, such antipodes in religious philosophy as Dean Stanley and Dr. Pusey in England, and the Rev. Heber Newton and the Rev. Arthur Ritchie in New York.

The chorus of controversy long ago died away, not because Orthodoxy convinced the agnostics by its arguments, but partly because a silent revolution began to make substantial progress within the ranks of the nominal believers. Young communicants gradually came to realize that Christianity consists of two readily separable elements — speculative the-

ology and practical ethics. They learned to ignore the former, while clinging to the church as an organized institution for promoting the latter. A large percentage of our church membership now is made up of persons occupying this position, and their number increases each year. They revere the church for its history and associations; and they desire that it should be perpetuated as an engine for disseminating good influence. It would seem that the time is fast approaching when the theoretical basis of church life must be changed, not by merely pruning away the worst rhetorical excrescences, as the Presbyterian denomination has been endeavoring to do of late; but, by substituting for the whole dogmatic system of belief, a tangible code of ethics, founded upon the teachings of Jesus. The churches are daily becoming greater theoretical anomalies. The avowed basis of organization is always a set of allegations about supernatural matters, in which the communicants are supposed unanimously to believe. In point of fact scarcely anybody believes everything, and many believe scarcely anything.

It is inconceivable that supernatural theology should ever regain its former ascendency. Literary culture and scientific training combine to convince us that the foundation of the system belongs to the myth-making stage of human development. We venture to say that very few churchmen accept the story of the Garden of Eden, and the temptation and fall of Adam, literally, as facts. The tale is obviously an allegorical myth. The writer has heard discourses in which, conceding that this episode is fabulous, it was nevertheless contended that it typified an actual moral crisis through which mankind had passed; and that therefore the whole super-structure of the miraculous "atonement" must stand. The difficulty with this position is twofold. First. Unless the teachings of science and history can be exactly reversed, mankind were not originally holy; they were originally evil, and slowly grew better. Moral ideas were a comparatively late development. Man in the primitive state is doubtless free from the artificial vices of cities; but murder is his every day business or diversion. He has little more sense of the wrong of theft or adultery than the beasts of the forest. Secondly. The supernatural features of the scheme of the Atonement are themselves fully as crude, and obviously as man-made, as the doctrine of The Fall. The Atonement represents a compact between two practically distinct

gods. The elder god is angry, just as if he were Zeus or Wodan, and must be appeased, and the younger god offers himself as a sacrifice. It is difficult to perceive how any student of literature can examine the story of the Atonement, without recognizing in it a product of the universal, mythological faculty. The idea of vicarious propitiation through a slain offering is something common to all systems of mythology. When the human mind attempts to form a conception of God, the result is invariably one form or other of what Matthew Arnold terms "the magnified and non-natural man." The Hebrews certainly had the truest thought about God of any people of antiquity. They came the nearest to looking upon Him as a Being unknowable by mortal intellect. But the dogmatizing about the alleged attributes of God, which sprang up later, is essentially paganistic. The different "attributes" are precisely analogous to the diverse gods of Olympus, being human traits indefinitely magnified, though not separately personified.* Similarly, the division of the entity of God into the three members of the Godhead, and all the co-relations and consequences flowing therefrom, including the scheme of the "Atonement," exhibit but another phase of the same Paganistic creativeness.† In a very practical sense Jesus Christ came to save men from their sins, by giving them an example and an inspiration towards righteousness. But it would subtract not the least real power or beauty from Christianity, to free it from mythological symbolism.

A large class of thoughtful church-goers, who substantially agree with what has been said, nevertheless argue that, as much good is actually accomplished under the present system, it is better to let well enough alone. They contend that any unsettlement of the belief of the masses in marvels and miracles, will be accompanied by the lowering of moral standards. They further point to the fact that there is always some sort of slow progress within the church. When a tenet becomes too palpably monstrous to stand before

* "We have not to attempt the impossible problem of reconciling infinite benevolence and justice with infinite power in the Creator of such a world as this. The attempt to do so not only involves absolute contradiction in an intellectual point of view, but exhibits to excess the revolting spectacle of a Jesuitical defence of moral enormities."—*Essay on Theism, by John Stuart Mill.*

† The existence of the devil, and the role he plays, according to the theological conception, of course add to its polytheistic character.

increasing general enlightenment, either its presence is ignored or, occasionally, it is actually expunged from the Creed. The revolting doctrine of eternal punishment, for example, is gradually being shelved by most denominations. Dogmatic theology was consigning such a large proportion of the world's choice spirits to perdition, that, not only did hell lose its terrors, but heaven began to grow undesirable. The doctrine of Probation after Death has accordingly been rehabilitated by many Protestants, as an ecclesiastical compromise with the spirit of the age.

It must be conceded that there is plausibility, and considerable force, in the appeal of the conservatives to trust to gradual drift, instead of agitating for deliberate reform. But, on the other hand, it is very clear that the church today does not put forth half the power it could exercise in all communities as an organization for tangible good, if it were freed from the incubus of theology. Consider first, the notorious insufficiency of young men of ability, who are entering the ministry. Fifty years ago a large proportion of the cleverest college graduates became clergymen. To men of philanthropic heart, who possess oratorical power, the position of a Christian minister ought to offer greater attractions than it ever has heretofore. But before a young man can begin to preach Christ, and seek to embody his influence in human lives, he must sign an assent to "Original Sin," "Predestination," "the Vicarious Atonement," "Justification by faith"; a long list of theological figments, which in reality, mean nothing, but which the ordaining Council, whatever may be its name, holds to be vital. We say that these formulas are meaningless, because confessedly they are to be believed without being understood. This is simply a contradiction in terms. You may accord passive sufferance to what you do not understand, but, in no possible sense of the word, can you be said to *believe* it. A man aspiring to the ministry may not, like a private communicant, ignore speculative theology. The clergyman is justly looked upon as an exemplar of what his church stands for and teaches. He must, personally, profess to hold, and be prepared to defend all its mystical doctrines. No wonder thinking men shrink from the task!

In addition to the Church's loss in being deprived of able leaders, the children of older members are repelled in large numbers. Probably every reader will be able to call up a

number of acquaintances, who are avowedly agnostics, yet are not only Christ-like in the sterling traits of character, but exhibit the delicate flowers of the Christian graces. Not only are they honest, and truthful, and just; they are merciful to mankind and beasts, generous to their friends, and charitable to their enemies, and philanthropic lovers of humanity. They have assimilated the vital genius of Christianity; yet, unless they can practice silent dissimulation, they are debarred from membership in an organization bearing Christ's name, to its and their great loss. And this is not all. It is in no spirit of cavil that we say that the churches run after rich men, and men of powerful influence, rather than men of humility and Christ-like character. Churches used to be schools of earnest conscientiousness; they have degenerated into enjoyable "Sunday clubs." Churches formerly were in the habit of disciplining members for grave immorality of any kind. Has any notable offender been called before the bar of any church in the city of New York, during the past ten years? Clergymen keep on preaching supernaturalism, and evince no aggressive moral stamina, either in the pulpit or out of it. We have even seen ministers of religion meeting together, to throw the adventitious effect of their influence in favor of the election to public office of candidates whose previous career would make appropriate such treatment as Jesus accorded to the money-changers in the Temple. It is not undesirable that the Church should become a social centre, and a reservoir of influence upon every department of life. But, it should just as certainly be the natural corrector of purse-proud snobbishness, and never suffer itself to become a courtier in the train of vulgar, material success. The callous indifference to essential morality is mainly attributable to the large place given to the exposition of theology. This distracts attention from the Church's real function and affords a convenient cloak for hypocrisy of all kinds. Intelligent hearers find it impossible to take theological essays seriously, and when the preacher throws in a few practical, didactic hints at the close, they fall dead upon minds that have long before pronounced the discourse perfunctory.

The adoption of formulas of practical ethics as the constitutional basis of the church, would not tend to obscure the spiritual source of being. The fool has said in his heart there

is no God. There are few whose souls are so densely husked in flesh, that faint inklings do not occasionally glimmer through, with torturing suggestiveness of what seems a life transcending thought and sense. Our intimations of immortality are by no means to be drawn solely from recollections of childhood. Wordsworth's wonderful Ode remains to this day, one of the strongest arguments for a belief in pre-existence and the eternal vitality of the soul. But Emerson's "Over Soul" contains fully as remarkable intimations of immortality, derived from the psychological observation of a mature man. All of us recognize, to some extent at least, in the spiritual revelations of the "Over Soul," experiences of our own subjective life. We feel intuitively that spiritual truths and laws exist, just as we know intuitively that there is a God. What if we do spend our lives in striving to drink from the Tantalus cup; trying vainly to probe the "Open Secret?" It has been the lot of the thinkers of all ages, to work their way up by various paths to the impenetrable veil of the mystery of life; and then, either to become insane, or to lapse into morbid cynicism, or, most happily, to turn back and find some diverting and useful task in the practical world. We can never know God, or form any realization of spiritual life, while in the flesh, but the momentary glimpses are among man's most priceless gifts. They stimulate and keep alive the spiritual yearning; they make it impossible for one, baffled and discouraged as he may be in his search after truth, to become a materialist.

This, however, is a domain in which no wise man would assume to dogmatize; still less would he attempt to make a common emotional or spiritual experience, part of the test of fellowship in an organization of men, and part of the theoretical basis of the organization itself. Yet this is precisely what the Calvinistic sects have done with the alleged phenomenon of "conversion." They added to an intellectual acceptance of supernatural dogmas, the necessity of being "born again," using the phrase as if it stood for a scientifically uniform process.

Critical discrimination must be exercised in preparing a summary of ethical teachings to serve as the constitution of a live church. The writer once heard a celebrated champion of Calvinistic orthodoxy preach on the text, "One thing thou lackest; go thy way, sell whatever thou hast, and give to

the poor." The sermon was a labored attempt to prove that Christ did not mean what he said. Christ was liberal minded; therefore, he could not have intended that a man should strip himself of all his possessions, for that would have made him unnecessarily uncomfortable. Money had its legitimate uses, as well as its abuses. Wealth sufficient to procure the refinements, even the luxuries of life, if their possessor did not "set his heart on them," was not comprehended in Christ's injunction. The preacher gradually drew a picture of the most fascinating Epicureanism, from which no human aspiration or delight was excluded, provided moderation, which was treated as the cardinal Christian virtue, was observed in its indulgence. The sermon impugned not only that single utterance of Christ, but the whole trend of his teachings on the subject. The founder of Christianity was, beyond doubt, ever filled with high-souled serenity, outwardly not uncheerful, and never misanthropic; but, at the same time, he was sad with the burden of thought, and in earnest about his great mission to such a degree that, among all his reported conversations, not one word of pleasantry or playful friendliness escaped him. In every possible way, both by precept and by example, he inculcated mortification of the physical and sensuous natures, and a monastic asceticism. The learned divine, in advocating a temperate Epicureanism, was preaching the wisest and best philosophy of practical life; but his attempt to find warrant for it, either in the letter or the spirit of the gospels, was a total failure.

Jesus unquestionably taught the doctrine of non-resistance to evil, which the Quakers have implicitly adopted. Taking Christ's commands, "Resist not evil," and "Judge not," as a basis, Count Tolstoi argues that his followers must not employ or countenance the police; must not enlist in the army or belong to the militia; must not officiate as magistrate, or sheriff, or serve on juries. The author of "My Religion" fortifies this seemingly extreme position by reasoning which is unanswerable, if we grant but the premises that Christ was an infallible guide for all time, and that he meant what he said. Christ's theory in preaching non-resistance was that the better self of the assailant would be aroused by meekness on the part of the victim. The sufferings the latter might undergo did not in the least signify; he ought to be willing to make any personal sacri-

fice, in order to bring up a fellow soul to the level of right living. When man has attained a certain grade of civilization, this philosophy of Christ is not only very potent; it is the most potent social force the world has known. In the barbarous stages of development, on the other hand, it counts for next to nothing, The savage would look upon a Christian, who offered no defence to the efforts to scalp him, only as so much the easier prey. Even in the civilized state a doctrine of perpetual non-resistance may become pernicious. It is commendable in a man to turn the other cheek once or twice; to return good for evil, to such an extent, at least, as to ascertain whether Christian treatment awakens any response in the heart of the man who has done the wrong. But if the latter should go on indefinitely, taking each Christian concession as an evidence of craven timidity, it would soon become the Christian's duty to withhold the opportunity for future unfair advantage. The policy of returning good for evil, if further pursued, would result only in harm to both parties. A similar rule should be applied in dealing with hardened criminals. There is a class made up of hereditary criminals and "black sheep," that occupies practically the same relation to society as untamed savages. Experience has shown that no latent Christian humanity exists in them, and, in dealing with them only a short-sighted fanaticism would consider the admonitions "resist not evil," and "judge not."

The difficulty with the Quakers, with Count Tolstoï and with the orthodox divines who preach implicit obedience to and imitation of Christ, which personally they never attempt to practice, arises from the supposed necessity of making a fetich of Christ's memory.* His biography is thus robbed of

*In many quarters there is still preserved a similar idolatry of the Bible. Surely the so-called canonical books should be submitted to many expurgations, before being put into the hands of Sunday-school children. Even among orthodox scholars there is a growing disposition to regard the Song of Solomon as nothing more than an erotic poem. The symbolical meaning which used to be attached to it, was exceedingly far-fetched. There are, however, various passages scattered through the Old Testament, which are as much worse than anything in the Song of Solomon, as Zola is worse than Swinburne. Certainly episodes of bestial depravity should not be impliedly commended to impressionable young minds under the apparent sanction of religion. To an extent this is the effect of teaching that the Bible in its present form is a work of miraculous inspiration, not amenable to ordinary criticism. However men may differ in their definitions of "inspiration," and, whether the Scriptures be deemed supernatural or natural in their origin, there is undoubtedly required in the interests of decency, an expurgated Bible for use in the instruction of the young.

all human interest; and, under such circumstances, no tangible help can be derived from his example. Devout common sense must gradually come to look upon Christ as a philanthropic teacher who, like every enthusiast who ever taught, went to an Utopian extreme of his own philosophy. Every great agitation for the betterment of the world has been led by men, who beheld their own mission with such absorbing intensity, that they could see little else. It is no reproach to Christ to say that he had the typical reformer's temperament; that his precepts cannot be literally accepted, as a complete philosophy of life; and that men are to analyze them, reverently, but, at the same time, in the spirit of ordinary, truth-seeking criticism. We have said that clergymen do not attempt to practice the extreme Christian ideal of life which they preach. If they did, they would be obliged to cease gratifying æsthetic and sensuous tastes and to consistently treat this life with all its pleasures, ambitions and possible accomplishments, as something worthy only of contempt. This is how the Master treated it, and he never once faltered in his self-imposed martyrdom. There is little danger that ministers or laymen will ever seriously set out to copy this ascetic model of existence; it is not desirable that they should.

But the church has, nevertheless, a great place to fill in modern life. It should be reorganized to make it as real as possible. Theology makes it unreal. The whole dogmatic system is as powerless to touch the heart of the rising generation as Greek Paganism, or Norse Mythology, to both of which, indeed, it bears a class resemblance. The constant holding up of Christ's extreme theories of conduct tends to make the church unreal. Common sense and enlightened culture teach that our Caucasian civilization would never have been developed if the principle of non-resistance had been implicitly followed. Our civilization, moreover, requires now for its preservation, many elements of æsthetic beauty, as well as protecting force, upon which Christ would have frowned. But, if we could put away all the unrealities in church life, behind which hypocrisy, and indolence, and cynical selfishness skulk, the vital spirit which revolutionized the world would become active. For its theoretical foundation the church should first restate, in the language of to-day, the cardinal principles of virtue, which all religions and all ethical philosophers have inculcated. Socrates advocated

temperance, chastity, honesty, and truthfulness, before Christ was born. But Christ went further and preached above all thing, self-abnegation; the love of our neighbor more than self; the passion for helping and saving other men at the expense of self. This altruistic instinct is Christianity's essence. Within the limits of civilized society, and restrained by sober reason from all tendency towards fanatical extremes, the love of one's neighbor more than one's self has proved the most effective moral power ever revealed. This sentiment, moreover, if really active in the human heart, brings the highest attainable happiness to the individual. Let the church preach Christian altruism in every practicable form. Let it endeavor to infuse into social life a Christ-like love of the brethren, to drive out the petty competitions and rancorous jealousies which now abound. Let the church become the fountain-head of charitable works, the centre of charity organization. Let it stand for refinement of intellectual and artistic taste, and for unpretentious kindness of heart. Let it teach every man to feel that he is in some sense his brother's keeper, either to supply his physical necessities, or to minister to his character by an affectionate interest in him, that never grows intrusive, or patronizing. On moral questions it is essential that the church have stern convictions, from which it cannot be bought off by money, worldly fame, or social prestige. The time is ripe for church-reorganization on the basis of Christ's ethical teachings. An internal change of this character has to an extent already taken place. Whatever life there is in the church to-day is due to the virtual ignoring of creeds, and the embracing of the opportunities for practical good the institution offers, in spite of its unrealities. But the gain in numbers, in influence, and in power would be beyond estimate if the real basis of church life could be made its avowed basis.

FIDDLING HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

We had fallen in with a party of Alabama boys, and all having the same end in view,—a good time,—we joined forces and pitched our tents on the bank of the Clinch, the prettiest stream in Tennessee, and set about enjoying ourselves after our own approved fashion.

Even the important looking gentleman, sitting over against a crag where he had dozed and smoked for a full hour, forgot, for the nonce, that he was other than wit and wag for the company; the jolly good fellow he, the free man (once more), and the huntsman.

Our division had followed the hounds since sun-up: the remainder of the company were still out upon the river with rod and line. The sun was about ready to drop behind Lone Mountain, that solitary peak, of nobody knows precisely what, that keeps a kind of solemn guard upon the wayward little current singing at its base. Supper was ready; the odor of coffee, mingled with a no less agreeable aroma of broiling bacon, and corn cake, was deliciously tantalizing to a set of weary hunters. But we were to wait for the boys, that was one of our rules, always observed. The sun set, and twilight came on with that subtle light that is half gloom, half grandeur, and mingled, or tried to, with the red glare of the camp fire.

While we sat there, dozing and waiting, there was a break in the brush below the bluff upon which we were camped. "A deer!" One of the boys reached for his rifle, just as a tall, gaunt figure appeared above the bluff, catching as he came at the sassafras and hazel bushes, pulling himself up until he stood among us a very Saul in height, and a Goliath, to all seeming, in strength.

He took in the camp, the fire, and the group at a glance. But the figure over against the crag caught his best attention. There was a kind of telegraphic recognition of some description, for the giant smiled and nodded.

"Howdye —" he said: and our jolly comrade took his pipe from between his lips and returned the salutation in precisely the same tone in which it was given.

"Howdye; be you-uns a-travelin'?"

The giant nodded, and passed on, and the figure of our comrade dropped back against the crag, and returned to his pipe. But a smile played about his lips, as if some very tender recollection had been stirred by the passing of the gaunt stranger.

It was one of the Alabama boys who broke the silence that had fallen upon us. He had observed the sympathetic recognition that had passed between the two men, and had noted the naturalness with which the "dialect" had been returned.

"I'll wager my portion of the supper," he said, "that he is a Tennessean, from the hill country." He pointed in the direction taken by the stranger. He missed, however, the warning — "Sh!" from the Tennessee side.

"A Tennessee mountaineer —" he went on. "His speech bewrayeth him."

Then one of our boys spoke right out.

"Look out!" he said, "the Governor is from the hill country too."

The silence was embarrassing, until the figure over against the crag took the pipe from between his lips, and struck the bowl upon his palm gently, the smile still lingering about his mouth.

"Yes," he said, "I was born among the hills of Tennessee. 'The Barrens,' geologists call it; the poets name it 'Land of the Sky.' My heart can find for it no holier name than — home."

The Governor leaned back against the crag. We knew the man, and wondered as to the humor that was upon him. Politician, wit, comrade, gentleman; as each we knew him. But as native, mountaineer, ah! he was a stranger to us in that role.

He had "stumped the state" twice as candidate, once as elector. His strange, half humorous, half pathetic oratory was familiar in every country from the mountains to the Mississippi. But the native;— we almost held our breath while the transformation took place. And the governor-orator became the mountaineer.

"I war born," he said, "on the banks o' the Wataugy, in the county uv Cartir,— in a cabin whose winders opened ter

the East, an' to'des the sunrise. That war my ole mother's notion an' bekase it *war* her notion it war allus right ter me. Fur she war not one given ter wrong ideas.

"I war her favor*ite* chil' uv the seven God give. My cheer sot nighest her'n. The yaller yarn that slipped her shiny needles first slipped from hank ter ball acrost my sunburnt wrists. The mug uv goldish cream war allus at *my* plate; the cl'arest bit uv honey-comb, laid crost the biggis' plug uv pie, war allus set fur me. The bit o' extry sweetnin' never missed my ole blue chany cup.

"An' summer days when fiel' work war a-foot, a bottle full o' fraish new buttermilk war allus tucked away amongst the corn pones in my dinner pail.

"An' when I tuk ter books, an' readin' uv the papers, an' the ole man riz up ag'inst it, bekase I war more favored ter the book nor ter the plow, then my old mount'n mammy, ez allus stood twixt me an' wrath, she riz up too, an' bargained with the ole man fur two hours uv my time. This war the bargain struck. From twelve erclock ontil the sun marked two upon the kitchen doorstep I war free.

"Ever' day fur this much I war free. An' in my stid, whilst I lay under the hoss apple tree an' figgered out my book stuff, *she* followed that ole plow up an' down the en'less furrers acrost that hot ontrodd'n fiel' — in my stid.

"I've travelled some sence then, plowed many a furrer in the fiel' o' this worl's troubles, an' I hev foun' ez ther' be few ez keers tur tek the plow whilst I lay by ter rest.

"An' when the work war done, an' harvest in, I tuk ter runnin' down o' nights ter hear the boys discuss the questions o' the day at Jube Turner's store over ter the settlemint.

'T war then the ole man sot his foot down.

"'It hev ter stop!' he said. 'The boy air comin' ter no good.'

"Then my ole mammy riz agin, ez sot down ez detarmint ez him; an' sez she: —

"'He be a man, Josiah, an growin' ter be one mighty fast. An' he hev the hankerin's uv a man. The time hev come fur me ter speak. The boy must hev his l'arnin'-books his min' calls fur. He aims ter mix with men; an' you an' me, ole man, must stand aside, an' fit him fur the wrastle ez be boun' ter come. Hit air bespoke fur him, an' ther' be'n't no sense in henderin' sech ez be bespoke beforehan'.'

"She kerried, an' I went ter school. The house air standin' now — a cabin in the valley, nigh the banks o' the Wataugy. I tuk ter books they said, like beans ter corn-stalks. An' winter nights I'd pile the pine knots on the fire, to light me ter the secrets uv them blue an' yaller kivers.

"An' she'd set by an' holp me with her presence, my ole mount'n mother would. She even holped to gether up the pine knots when the days war over short. She holped me *ever* way. Her heart riched down ter mine an' l'arned its needs, an' holped ter satisfy them. She flung the rocks out uv my way, openin' up the path before — the path her partial eye had sighted, every inch uv it.

"She saved the butter an' trudged offter the settlemint ter sell it, so's I could hev a daily paper, when she see ez I war hankerin' fur it.

"An' when it kem, I'd set ther' on a kaig an' read it ter the mount'n boys, an' Jube, they-uns flocked ter me like crows flockin' ter a corn-field, an' me it war, a mount'n stripplin', ez dealt the word o' politics ter they-uns.

"But somethin' worrit me: a hitch war in my l'arnin'. Still, the ole man in the cabin begin ter grow more easy like an' teek ter readin' an' war not ill-pleased ter git the news. An' he fretted sometimes ef I tarried ter the store, bekase he war a-waitin' fur the news. But I war troubled; and that eye ez war allus open ter my ailments see that I war worrit. An' one day when I kem down the road, she met me, my ole mammy, an' she put her hand onter my arm, an' walked along o' me. An' sez she:—

"'What air it, Robert, ez be a-troublin' uv ye, son? I be yer mammy, an' ez sech yer frien', an' I aims ter know yer ailments.'

"An' I tuk that tremblin' hand close inter mine, an' I spoke my min', my feelin's, freely.

"'I be worrit,' sez I, 'becase I be onable ter make out ef I be right or no.'

"'In politics?' sez she.

"'Yaas,' sez I, 'in politics. I git but one side o' the matter, an' I know ez ther' be two. An' I be'n't satisfied with this side, an' still I be onable ter make out the tother!'

"She onriddled me at onc't.'

"'You-uns must hev the other paper, son,' sez she. 'Your granddad war a politician under Clay; an' ther' war two

sides then, an' ther' air boun' ter be two now, although the word uv it may not retch the Wataugy.'

"I never will furgit the first day that it kem, that Dimercratic paper. I went ter the settlemint, I knowed the paper war a comin, an' I guessed what it would be; a coal o' fire ter that Republican stronghold.

"I tuk my fiddle down; it war my mother's thought.

"'Play 'em Sally Gal,' sez she, 'afore the mail comes.'

"I done it; an' they-uns war toler'ble frien'ly; fur the mount'n boys allus hev a weakness fur a fiddle an' a mount'n fiddler.

"But when the mail war opened—Laud! how they swore an' tuk on. Some laffed; a mighty few though, an' some winked ter one ernother. Some cussed outright an' all war thunderstruck. Ez fur me, I went out ter it, an' it kem in ter me. I war a Dimercrat from that good day.

"I tuk it home; the ole man list'ned, countin' it a mighty joke ter hear me an' brother David argerfyin' 'bout the two sides, an' some times he'd say which beat in argerfyin', but he mostly allus went with Alf. Bimeby Alf tuk the Republican paper, ez my time give out, an' we-uns went tergether ter the settlemint; an' we'd mount a kaig, him on one, and me on t' other, and we'd give the news ter both sides, him an' me. Some few sided long o' me, but most war tuk to Alf. An' so it war onderstood ez I war Dimercrat, and Alf Republican.

"It tickled the ole man mightly. He useter call in the Wataugy boys ter hear us argerfy o' nights, and they-uns sot in jedgmint ez ter which uv we-uns war the best at sech. Alf allus got the vote, an' one night I riz up; fur I war mad some, an' I give the word ez how a Dimercrat would never stan' no chance o' justice in sech a onfair destrict. They-uns laffed, but ther was one ez sot her face aginst sech. 'A house set aginst itself air boun' ter come ter bad luck,' my ole mammy said.

"One day ther' war a meetin' ter the settlemint, a political meetin', an' Jube war buckin' up the boys right peart, an' war about ter sweep off everthing. I moved about a bit among they-uns, an' after a little the word war giv ez ther' war a split.

"Then kem a row, an' Jube he druv the Dimercrats out 'n o' his store, an' they held the'r meetin' in the blacksmith's

shop. An' I war goin' out along o' they-uns, an' Jube see me; an' he sez, sez he: —

"'Come back here, Bob, an' vote your good ole daddy's principles.' Fur Jube war boss o' that ther' destrict. But I war mad, an' I sez, sez I:

"I aims ter vote my own principles," sez I, "an' they be Dimercratic."

"An' when that day war over, ole Si Ridley he rid over ter we-uns cabin on the Wataugy an' give the word as I war nominated ter the Legislatur aginst big Judge Griggsby, the rankest Republican ter all that county.

"Then the ole man riz up in real dead earnest. He named me fur a fool an' a upstart, an' let on ez how he never 'lowed that playful argerfyin' o' Alf an' me would ever be tuk fur more'n a little playful talk.

He swore he'd thrash the heresy out o' me. Then my ole mammy, she riz up.

"'Nary lick, Josiah,' sez she. 'He hev the right ter choose, an' he hev done it.'

"Then he give the word ez he'd vote aginst me same's he would any other blamed Dimercrat. He kept his word. On the day uv election him an' the boys went over ter Jube's ter vote.

"Folks showed considerable interest, a-lowing ez blood war more stronger nor politics, an' that the ole man would come over ter me in the eend.

"But he didn't; he jest voted clean an' open fur Griggsby, an' I 'lowed the boys would foller his lead. But when Obadiah, my oldest brother, stepped up an' drapped in a vote fur me, I cl'ar furgot myse'f, an' I jest flung up my hat an' shouted, 'Count one fur the Dimercrat.'

"The ole man war pow'ful mad. But when Alf an' Ike an' Hugh voted with him, it kinder eased him some. But when Sim an' Lucius cast lots with me, I yelled agin.

"'Hooray fur Dimocracy!' sez I. An' the ole man he jest lifted up his ridin' switch, an' sez he: —

"Stop, sir! Take off your coat, sir. I'll thrash that Dimocracy out'n o' you.'

"Ye could a heerd a pin drap. Then I ketched ole Jube Turner's eye. He allus 'lowed there war no backbone to a Dimercrat. An' when I see him I flung back my coat an' bowed my shoulders fur the ole man's lash.

"The boys drapped back, disappointed, an' I heard a hiss ez the first blow fell. Forty licks. I tuk 'em without a tremble. An' when the last un fell, I riz up an' tore off my hat, an' tossed it up ter the rafters, an' sez I, ez loud ez I could, 'Hooray fur Dimocracy! Forty lashes hev heat it ter red hot heat.'

"Then a yell went up, an' I knowed ez Carter County war gone Dimercratic fur onc't, afore ole Jube stepped out afore the boys, an' tuk off his hat an' sez, 'I be fur the feller ez can't be beat out o' his principles.'

"Them war stormy times in the cabin on the Wataugy, I kin tell ye. The boys built a bonfire top o' Lynn Mount'n jest acrost the river. It lit up the kentry fur miles, an' my ole mammy watched it through her tears ez she stood in the cabin door; but the ole man didn't speak ter me no more till I war startin' off ter Nashvill ter tek my seat, ez 'the member from Carter.'

"But my ole mammy follered me down ter the settlemint, wher' the boys war waitin' ter say good-by, an' she tuk my han' 'n hers, an' sez she:—

"'Legislatur or plow boy, remember ye air born ter die!'

"'Mend up the road law,' said Jube, at partin', 'an' let down the gap ter the still house.' Fur Jube had a taste fur apple-juice an' corn squeezin's.

"Waal, I moved along toler'ble peart. Ef I could set the boys a-laffin', I war toler'ble sartin' ter kerry my p'int. Ef I couldn't, some-un would move adjinement,—'Ter give Bob time ter ile up,' they said. 'Ilin' up' meant gittin' my fiddle ready an' callin' the boys tergether in a committee-room or somewher's, an' tollin' 'em inter measures with 'Rabbit in the Pea-Patch'—'Chicken in the Bread Tray,' an' some o' the other mount'n tunes. The mount'n boys war allus sure to come under after a pull at the ole fiddle. It jest put 'em inter a kind o' jubilee that would a' let the State o' Tennessee go ter the devul, ef unly the fiddle war left.

"'Remember ye air born ter die.' I could hear it in the twang o' the fiddle-strings, a-playin' the boys inter harness, in the clerk's voice a-callin' the roll, in the speaker's gavil a-knockin' fur order.

"One mornin' ther' war a big railroad bill afore the House, an' the Dimercrats went one side the track, and the Republicans went t'other. An' I sot ther' awaitin my turn ter vote;

an' when it kem, I riz up scacely knowin' what I war a-doin', an' sez I:—

"'I be born ter die! I be aginst that bill.'

"An' the boys set up a yell, a-callin' ter me not ter do it. An' the nex' day the papers named me fur a Jonah, an' said ez I war showin' uv the East Tennessee streak ter my bacon. The streak in East Tennessee bacon air a Republican streak, they 'lowed. An' they made game o' my sayin' I war born ter die. I went ter bed that night toler'ble crushed. But in my dreams, I war back ter the fair valley o' the Wataugy, an' a face deep-scarred an' wrinkled riz up afore me, an' a pair o' faded eyes looked inter mine, an' I heeard the voice o' my ole mammy, 'Stan' by your principles. Ye air born to die!'

"So I went 'long One day ther' war a mighty rumpus over a bill to shet off gamblin' in the State o' Tennessee. Times were hot, an' word war give ez how some aimed ter hev that bill, spite o' locks an' safes an' clerks an' sargeants. Ther' war a night session. An' I war at it. An' ez I run my han' inter my desk, it tetched a package. I tuk it up; pinned ter it war a note. '$10,000 fur a vote aginst the Gamblin' Bill,' it said. I drapped my head on my desk an' groaned. I war unly a mount'n stripplin', an' that temptation war orful, *orful*.

"'Remember ye air born ter die.' Ole mount'n mother. I could hear her voice above the voice o' the tempter.

"When my name war called, I riz up, that roll o' gunpowder in my hand. I helt it out afore 'em all, high up ez I could retch, an' I yelled out in reg'lar mount'n fashion — 'Who bids?' sez I, 'who bids? Ten thousan' dollars fur some man's honor. Come an' git it whosever air minded. Ez fur me, I air not a bidder.'

"An' I flung it with all my might acrost the house, an' I heeard it fall at the clerk's feet ez I called ter him to put me down fur that bill. 'Fur it, 'till the crack o' doom.'

"Laud! I never kalkulated on raisin' such a rumpus. I war the bigges' man in Tennessee that night. I went ter bed, ter be woke up by the brass band under my winder, a-playin' 'Hail ter the Chief.'

"I war allus a fool about a band anyhow, an' when I heeard that grand old tune, played fur *me*,— *me*, I jest drapped back 'mongst the kivers and cried like a baby.

"*Me*, hid away in a forty-ninth class bo'rdin' house,— *me*, the plough-boy o' the Wataugy. Then the boys bust in an' ordered me inter my clothes, an' drug me out fur a speech. An' when I heeard the yellin', sez I, 'Boys, in the name o' creation what *hev* I done?' An' some-uns said, sez he, 'Ye've turned the water-pipe loose on hell,— that's what's ye've done.'

"I went home shortly after that — went a-wonderin' what Jube would say. Fur Jube war toler'ble fond uv ole Sledge now 'n then.

"Waal, I hev hed some *success*, I say it meekly; an' I hev felt some little pride, I say it meekly; an' I hev hed some happy minutes in my life. But the happies' minute I ever knowed war that minute when I sot my foot on my native East Tennessee sile agin, an' felt the hand o' honest old Jube Turner tek holt o' mine an' wring it hard, whilst he looked away to'des the blue hills, for the tears war in his eyes, an' sez he: 'Ye'll do ter trust, youngster!'

"The ox wagin war ther' ter meet me ter fetch me up the mount'n. The ole steers, Buck and Bill, hed flags a-flyin' from the'r horns, an' the wagin war all kivered up in cedar branches an' the pretty pink azalea that growed right around our cabin door. An' h'isted squar' on top uv all war a pole, a sign-board, with a flag a-flyin', an' on it my ole school-marm hed writ a line: —

"'The plough-boy o' the Wataugy; Truth, the sledge hammer o' the mountaineer!'

"An' how the boys did shout! They fairly drug me ter the wagin, an' then all fell inter line, an' sot out fur the cabin long side the Wataugy.

"Home! that little cabin wher' the winders turned ter meet the sun; the waters sang ther' all the year aroun', sang and sobbed. One part the pretty river red'nin' in the sun, an' t'other dead black with the shadow uv the pines that cap the summit uv Lynn Mount'n.

"An' the boys come down ter meet me at the bars, an' the ole man, proud uv his son, ashamed uv the Dimercrat, leanin' on his staff under the greenin' hop-vines. An', best uv all the vision uf a little ole woman, standin' in the door, shadin' her eyes aginst the sunlight, waitin' fur her boy.

"The flag floated above my head; the boys yelled the'r-se'ves hoarse; the wagin creaked, an' Jube's whip cracked

about the spotted steer's back. But I heeard nothin'; I see nothin', but my mother waitin' in the door. She tuk me in her arms, an' drapped her cheek upon my bosom.

"'My boy,' she said; an' it war wuth ten times over the whole that I hed won.

"But the ole man war worrit. A sign pinned ter the wagin-hed hed tuk his eye.

"'The Champion o' Democracy,' it said.

"'Take it down,' said some one, 'it worries the ole man. An' one riz up ter cut it down. But I war ther' afore him, an' I retched out ter take the hand that would cut away my colors.

"'Stop!' sez I. 'Boys,' I went on, 'they be my colors. I'll not hide 'em from the eye uv God or man.'

"Then they raised a shout: 'Them colors'll stan' ye good stead fur Congress,' they said, 'bimeby.'

"They done it. It war this way. Ther' war foul play in the convention, the Republican convention. An' ole Bony Pettibrash, who aimed to boss that kentry, got the nomernation. That riled the boys, and they-uns swore he never should be elected. So when the Dimercrats nomernated me, the t'other elemint being ag'inst ole Pettibrash come out fur me, an' I went ter Congress.

"I had ter work fur it though, fur Pettibrash hed his follerin'. He war a pow'ful hand at argerfyin', though not much on a joke. He war long winded, an' my unly chance war in the fac' that the boys got tired uv him. I laid my plans — t'was my ole mammy holped me, an' her ez suggested.

"One night we-uns war ter meet at the log school house an' discuss matters. A big crowd war ter be ther', an' I tuk my fiddle along, *accerdentally*, so ter speak. The boys war lookin' oneasy.

"'Can't ye tell a good coon yarn, Bob?' they sez. But Jube 'lowed a 'possum story ez I knowed would tek better.

"Then I whispered in Jube's ear the plan I hed laid out.

"Jest afore speakin' time I onwropped my fiddle an' twanged a string.

"'Give us a tune, Bob,' sung out Jube, 'ter liven us up a bit whilst we're waitin'.'

"I tetched the bow acrost the strings. 'Rabbit in the Pea-Patch,'— the boys began ter pat; soft at first, then a bit more peart. Then I played up — that ole Rabbit went a-skippin'

an' a-trippin', I kin tell ye. Far'well ter the peas in that patch. How the boots did strike that ole puncheon floor! Jube led. I could hear his leather 'bove all the rest.

"All 't onc't I struck inter 'Rollin' River'; fur I see ole Pettibrash eyein' uv me through the winder. Jube see it too —an' sez he —'Plenty o' time, boys, fur speakin'. Out with the benches, an' let's hev a dance.'—Out they went, an' the gals an' wimmen folks kem in; an' then I tuk the teacher's desk, an' put my fiddle ter my shoulder, an' sez I, "Boys, ef yid rether hev cat-gut music ez ter hev chin, I'm yer man. But I'll jest mek all the speech I've got ter mek in mighty few words. It air this. I'm agin the Blair Bill an' fur the fair thing. Them's my sentiments in Congress or on the mount'n.'

"Then I tetched up the fiddle, an' give 'em 'Chicken in the Bread Tray,' whilst ole Pettibrash war left ter chaw the ragged eend o' disapp'intment. It war midnight when we quit. We offered ter 'divide time' about eleven o'clock, but the boys war in fur a frolic. Waal, we-uns went to Congress, me an' the fiddle. An' that ole fiddle went long o' me ter all the speakin's afore it went ter Congress, an' it beat ole Pettibrash all ter hollow fur argumint. 'Fiddled his way ter Congress,' the papers said, an' they didn't miss it ez fur ez I *hev* knowed 'em ter do.

"But the fiddle war not done yit. The papers talked mighty about it, an' about me 'fiddlin' my way ter fame' an' sech.

"One day a question kem up fur the protection uv iron, an' I voted fur it, long with the Republicans. Ye see I war a mount'n boy; an' them ole hills o' Tennessee, sech ez war not filled with marble war chuck full o' iron or coal, or sech. I war boun' ter stan' by the mount'n. The papers abused me mightly, an' 'lowed ez I played the wrong tune that time.

"That night I had a diff'rint surrenade, on mighty diff'rint instrumints from the ole Tennessee brass band. They war tin horns, an' busted buckets, an' cowbells; an' ther' war a feller ez give out the tunes, an' one war this: —

"'The Whelp o' the Wataugy,' an' the band applauded right along.

"The next war: —

"'The Fiddlin' Mugwump,' an' the band seconded the motion.

"'The Protection 'Possum o' the Cumberlands' fetched down the house.

"Then some-un called fur me, an' I went out, me an' the fiddle. An' I didn't say a word; I jist tetched the bow acrost the strings, an' begin ter play.

'Kerry me back,
Kerry me back ter Tennessee!'

"Fur a minute all war still ez the dead. Then some-un shouted, 'Go it Bob!' An' the whole earth fairly shuk with the'r shoutin'.

"'Fiddle away, ole coon,' they hollered. 'Go it, my whelp!' —'Hooray fur Tennessee!'

"The next mornin' ther' war a big poplar coffin settin' on the steps o' the capitol, an' a big fiddle laid 'pon top o' it, an' on a white card war painted in black letters: 'Hang up the fiddle an' the bow.' An' another card said:—'Kin any good come out o' Nazareth?' meanin' East Tennessee.

"Then the mount'n in me riz big ez a mule. An' that day I made a speech. A speech fur Tennessee, with her head in the clouds an' her feet in the big Mississippi. An' I 'lowed ez I aimed ter stan' by her, an' by her ole iron-filled hills till the breath lef' my body, spite o' coffins an' fiddles, cowbells an' tin horns. 'An' she'll stan' by me' sez I, 'I be'n't afeard ter risk ole Tennessee.' An' I give the word ez I'd never hang up the fiddle till East Tennessee ordered it, an' ole Jube Turner signed the documint. It war all in the papers nex' day an' I jest mailed 'em out ter Jube. He war mightly tickled, an' the boys all laffed some when he read it out ter they-uns.

"I made one more race, me an' the fiddle, an' hit war the stormiest race I ever set out fur. I hed a new foe ter fight this time, one ez ole Pettibrash couldn't tetch with a forty-foot pole. Hit war Alf, my own brother. The Republicans put Alf out to head me off, thinkin' ez I wuldn't make the race ag'inst my own brother. I war with Jube when the news o' Alf's nomernation kem. An' Jube he swore an' cussed like all possessed. He give the word ez I hed to make the race fur Gov'ner o' Tennessee ef the whole fam'ly kem out ez candidates.

"I went home. I war not able ter face the ole man an' the Republican elemint i' the fam'ly; so I went out an' sot on a log behin' the cabin an' watched the sun a-settin' behin' Lynn Mount'n. So, it seemed ter me, *my* sun war goin' down behin' the mount'n o' helplessness — my sun o' success.

"After a while my ole mother foun' me out an' kem down, an' I told her ez how I war hendered by Alf bein' a candidate. An' she heeard me out an' then — sez she — an' her words were slow an' keerful:—

"'Ye hev the right; Alfred knowed ez ye aimed ter mek the race, an' he hev unly done this ter hurt the Dimercrats. Ye hev the right ter go on fur yer party, the same ez Alfred hev fur his. Ye hev that right.'

"Then I riz up an' went in. An' I tuk down the old fiddle, an' teched it gentle like, an' all the ole times kem crowdin' back. I see the Hall o' Representatives. An' I heeard the clerk's voice callin' uv the roll. An' the shouts o' the boys a-contendin'. Then it changed an' 'Hail ter the Chief,' said the fiddle in my ear, unly it war a brass band. Then the tune turned agin, an' I heeard the cowbells an' the tin horns an' the hissin' uv the people. Then it began to fade, an' 'Kerry me back. Kerry me back,' an' I riz up an' shuk the fiddle in the face o' the whole house, an' sez I —

"'Yaas, I'll go. I *will* go. All hell can't hender me.'

"An' I went. Me an' the fiddle, fur it tuk tall playin' ter git above Alf ez war up ter all my tricks.

"Nip an' tuck we run, me a neck ahead on the home-stretch, me an' my fiddle. 'Fiddled himself inter the Gov'ner's cheer,' they said; an' ther' war some toler'ble tall fiddlin'done after we got ther'.

"I aint laid her by yit, my ole pardner. Ther's a vacancy ter the United States Senate jest ahead, an'— "

There was a shout down the river: the fisherman had returned. The Governor rose and shook himself.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "we shall have fish for our supper after all."

Richard was himself again.

SUNSET ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

Droops the day upon the borders,
As her mantle sways and dips,
Where the golden sunbeams dying,
Kissed the river's silver lips.

Not a shadow breaks the barring,
Cuts the stillness like a sigh,
Save a buzzard's black intaglio
'Gainst the amaranthine sky.

And the blue smoke from the cabins,
Veins above the homely sod,
As if born of low-swung censers,
Climbing slowly up to God.

Far away, the long light slanting,
Glints the rank alluvial yield,
Pricking in the dusky workers,
Winding homeward through the field;

And the breezes full and drunken
With the wine of Autumn, bear
A cadence on the river,
Like the prelude of a prayer: —

"Gwine home, gwine home —
Gwine home, ter die no mo'!"

Pulsing down the mellow silence
Beats the echo deep and low,
"Gwine home ter libe fur ebber —
Gwine home ter die no mo'!"

Fades the day upon the borders,
That her rosy lips have pressed;
Then a darkness shrouds the river,
With an opal in his breast.

DESTITUTION IN BOSTON WITH STRIKING ILLUSTRATIONS AND PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

BY EDWARD HAMILTON, REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D., RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER, REV. O. P. GIFFORD, REV. WALTER J. SWAFFIELD, AND REV. W. D. P. BLISS.

Introductory Words.

[One of the most humiliating features of our modern civilization is the poverty and destitution found in all our great cities. He who has eye and ear open to the needs of his fellowmen is constantly brought face to face with sickening illustrations of misery induced by our defective social system and man's weakness, or brought about by circumstances over which the victims have no control. To remedy this great evil is one of the herculean tasks before the earnest and thoughtful workers of the present. The subject must be so generally agitated as to awaken the moral sentiment of the people. We must find the great root causes of this giant evil and then direct our efforts against them. It will not do to say that poverty has always existed and therefore always must exist. What satisfied a more brutal and inhuman civilization in the past can no longer be tolerated by the humane spirit of the present, for we are rising into the light. The very fact that we are becoming so keenly sensitive to the great evils that everywhere bring misery to our fellowmen, emphasizes the truth that we are moving up from the cellar of selfishness and sensuality into the light of a higher civilization.

There are certain great evils that lie at the root of the major part of the destitution and vice in our great cities. When our people are morally developed sufficiently to comprehend that it is cheaper as well as wiser to prevent poverty and crime, than to take care of paupers and criminals, measures will be devised which will go far toward abolishing poverty. At the head of the great feeders of human want and misery in our large cities stands the saloon, the menace alike of individual comfort and national integrity and prosperity. Side by side with this evil stand the great, overcrowded, filthy tenement houses, where people are huddled together in herds; where vile odors permeate the air; where filth is omnipresent, and where, instead of the mystic charm of home, there is nothing present to elevate, or to give the inmates *courage and hope*, and it should be remembered that when these great motive powers are taken from man, he has lost the weapons which make him invincible in the presence of temptation. Keeping a man in the atmosphere of degradation with the window of hope closed and barred, is one of the surest methods of dragging him to the level of a beast. This is one of the results of life in the overcrowded tenement house. It would doubtless be cheaper, in the long run, if the city purchased land in its suburbs, divided it into little plots, and sold it on very easy terms and long time, to those who live in the tenement-house districts, and who are struggling to be free. If the city owned the means of transportation, which sooner or later it surely will, a low rate could be charged to all laborers who received less than a certain amount of wages, they being furnished with check cards stamped and registered. Thus, at a cost of two or three cents, the poor man could come to his work, and return to his home in the suburbs. Of course these are only hints of what might be accomplished if society was awake to its duties. Agitation of this great problem is imperative. We must not be satisfied with what has

been done, or what is being done; our ideal must contemplate the abolition of poverty, and toward the consummation of this lofty purpose we must incessantly direct our efforts. We who are more fortunate than others *are our brother's keepers.* — EDITOR OF ARENA.]

IT is better to be truthful than to be fashionable. It is quite the fashion in Boston to deny that there is destitution in this city. What is called charity in our city has become a monopoly. Like other trusts, all so-called charitable societies and associations have been practically consolidated in association, with the control in the hands of a few. Even public charity, administered by public officials, is to a greater or less extent, practically controlled by the heads of the syndicate; and efforts already have been made to place these public funds in the direct management of the trust.

The large sum collected from the public annually, which if intelligently used for relief of destitution would be ample, is used mainly to pay salaries, rents, legal expenses, and for meetings held in various sections where speakers, eminent for eloquence and ability in their callings, — of both sexes — extol the great work of the syndicate, about the details of which they practically know nothing, and the admiring public accepts the pleasing rhetoric, and goes away charmed with the delusion that in Boston there is no destitution. They are told so and they think so. Nay, those who so inform them really think so; these orators, — they in turn have been so informed by the syndicate, and surely, in their opinion these leaders of the trust know all about it.

There is no lack of charitable hearts and open hands in Boston; let an appeal be made and aid instantly flows freely to relieve destitution, but the attempt of the trust is to cover up and suppress all outcries; to lull and quiet the public heart in the belief that through their organizations all needed help is bestowed.

To this end all independent action of societies and individuals is frowned upon, and publicly and privately talked down, so that all avenues for aid shall be barricaded except only those whose sign-boards point to the syndicate.

Imagine the torture a sensitive family, thrown into destitution suddenly from any cause, must suffer from the knowledge that the first step they take to even ask for aid, causes their names, history, and troubles to be spread in a written record to be coddled and gossiped over; the privacy of their home to be invaded by inquisitive visitors whose unasked advice is the substitute for practical relief; that that record is to be copied and sent broadcast to the other societies, and their names enrolled among the "dependent classes."

How few of our citizens annually examine the details of the public funds left by the charitable to the Overseers of the Poor, and notice how very little of the income from these is dispensed in

charity and how large a proportion is yearly added to the principal. The givers of these funds left them that they might be used for the poor of Boston, not to be reinvested annually to increase and to adorn the pages of a report showing large means with small outlay.

To secure aid from even these public funds requires what the politicians term an amount of "pull" or influence little dreamed of except by those who have had experience in such efforts.

The records of the Overseers of the Poor are open to the syndicate and copied by its agents, a wrong forbidden by the Board of Directors of Public Institutions and by the Roman Catholic charitable societies.

This publishing to the world that your neighbor has fallen into misfortune is so opposed to the Christian teaching of not letting one's right hand know what the left hand doeth in charity work, that it is singular it should find advocates in so cultivated a community as that of Boston. Is it to be wondered at that under this state of things destitution among the most worthy means despair?

But is there destitution? If there be none, what is the need of the large number of charitable societies of all denominations and creeds? Why pour out annually hundreds of thousands of dollars to minister to the poor and needy? If it be true there is no destitution in Boston, why not publish the fact and stop this vast waste of money?

It is not a fact; on the contrary there is a vast amount of poverty and destitution in this city. Last year there were daily sent from the Beacon Street office of the Directors of Public Institutions eleven persons for each of the three hundred days, or three thousand three hundred in the year. In the month of December last the daily average for the twenty-six days was sixteen, or four hundred and seventeen for the month. These people were admitted to the public charitable institutions by this Board alone; how many were admitted to private institutions also?

Thirty-three hundred went "over the hill to the Poorhouse" from this one office last year. Yet we are told there was no destitution in Boston.

It should be borne in mind that all aided in this manner, registered and receiving aid from the Overseers of the Poor, have at once changed their relations to society, and attached to their names a word not found in the scriptures, the word "pauper." Their bodies are not branded, but the word "pauper" is branded into their souls.

About sixteen years since, mainly through the efforts of a noble woman, an act was secured from the Legislature declaring that a little charity might be given by the city of Boston without making

the recipient a pauper; that through the police, the city might establish soup houses for the temporary relief of the destitute. For some years this act, at a merely nominal expense, was complied with; and in the reports of the Police Board may be found statistics on this subject which no thoughtful person can regard otherwise than as remarkable. Since the establishment of the charity trust, strenuous public efforts have been made before the Legislature and the city government to stop this little aid to the poor; but in every instance they failed to do it. This year private influence with the Police Board seems to have accomplished what public efforts openly exerted failed to do.

Under a more enlightened policy, former Police Boards, early in the winter, opened soup houses in all sections of the city. Last year but one was opened, and that one only from February 15th to April 6th, or fifty days; yet 752½ meals per day were furnished, or 37,629, to 7,407 destitute families, at a total cost of but $1,300.56, or an average cost per meal of .03$\frac{9}{20}$ cents.

In 1888, from January 27th to April 6th, or in sixty-nine days, 884 meals per day, or 61,497 meals, were furnished to 12,583 families, at an expense of but $1,770.92, an average cost per meal of but .02$\frac{9}{10}$ cents.

Who knows the destitute families so well as the police officer, who day and night patrols his district, and learns the history and hears of the needs of the poor therein? It was for this reason in part, that the Legislature directed this distribution through the police. They know the destitute, and none know better than they that destitution still crys for aid in Boston.

The present Police Board can hardly have read the Act or fathomed the intent of the Legislature which passed it; they seem to think they confer a favor on the city of Boston in executing this Act, for in their report for 1889, they say: "While the Police Department is perfectly willing to assist the city authorities, it is proper to say that this distribution of soup is not, in the opinion of the Board, a matter which comes within the scope of police duty." And so the destitute families, whom a little hot soup, at a cost of two cents to the city, was keeping together out of the almshouse, have been for the last few years gradually deprived of even this little charity, until in this year 1890, it ceased altogether.

Under the eye of the police, who know them all, these destitute families have by their eight hundred meals a day borne testimony to their needs. "The scope of police duty," is to obey the law. If they err, let it be on the side of humanity. Let them stand less in awe of the syndicate, and more in the fear of Christian obligation.

There needs to be a great awakening in Boston, on this subject of Christian revival in charitable methods. There are noble chari-

table societies, independent and uncontrolled by the trust, who despise its methods and principles. In the olden time, when charity meant religion, and duty called for kindly acts toward our poorer neighbors, the main question was how best to help, to uplift, to feed, and clothe the hungry and naked. All laws regulating settlements and the public administration of state and municipal charity, tend to lead those charged with their execution to seek expedients *not* to aid; to keep down the numbers and expense of public support. And the dividing line between public and private charity work might be said to be that Public officers sought how not to aid, while Private societies sought how to aid. But the trust teaches the former rule of repression. "No alms giving," no soup in winter, no coal or food. "No, my poor widow and children, you need no food. What you want and need is advice and a friend. Widow, let us take your children from you,—you see to what straits they have already brought you, —and you then can, with our help, sell many of your little effects, which are not already pawned, and by getting work, support yourself in a quiet and happy life." You, my widow, in more fortunate circumstances, how would you like such friendly advice? Would you give up your children, and be happy? We think not.

There is an old saying that "a man is good for nothing until he has been hungry." Or as Sir Walter Scott states it: "Adversity is like the period of the former and the latter rain, — cold, comfortless, unfriendly to man and to animal; yet from that season have their birth the flower and the fruit."

"The poor ye have always with you." It is a divine ordination. Otherwise the choicest sentiments of the soul would lie dormant. What is the wrong in not doing the highest and best charity work, when the opportunity and necessity is denied us? The duty is upon us. It should not be evaded. Fine theories as to methods cannot lessen responsibility. Where is thy brother? He is there, fallen by the wayside. You cannot avoid responsibility by passing on the other side. He must be helped, be clothed and fed.

"If we perform what we are able to perform, how little soever it may be, it is enough; it will be acceptable in the sight of Him who knows how to estimate exactly all our actions."

EDWARD HAMILTON.

When the editor of THE ARENA proposed this symposium, I asked at once three of the most experienced charity visitors whom I know, to send me each a memorandum of the worst case of destitution he had seen in Boston, within the last two years. For myself, the piece of abject misery which always stands out in my own remembrance, dates many years ago, and

I cannot now find a place in Boston as bad as that was. It was in a set of rookeries in Indiana Street, which, so to speak, overhung the Albany Railroad. It was in a tenement of two rooms — the front room about ten feet square, with one window, in which was the mother of a family, with a dirty baby in her arms. The room behind was what I should call a bin, half full of straw, without any window; indeed, precisely resembling the dark back bin of a pig-pen, in which there lay, perfectly unconscious, a man dead drunk. I remember that the mother cuffed a dirty child for sitting in the chair without a back, which was the only piece of furniture, and laid her baby on the straw by its unconscious father, that she might render me the proper hospitalities of the position.

Under the work of Health Commissioners and laws for tenement houses, that particular rookery has given way, and things in that respect are much better than they were twenty years ago in Boston. I find we old fogies are supposed by the people of the present generation, to know nothing about vice and destitution. For all that, people will get drunk now just as they would then. Whiskey is as bad now, or worse, than it was then; and, as Mr. Nasby showed, in his remarkable article in *The North American Review*, the tendency of our present liquor traffic is to make the liquor worse. I could wish that some enterprising philanthropist would obtain permission to reprint that article as a temperance tract.

Here are two more cases: —

1. "Johnny and Willie Godchild, rear 999 Somewhere Street, Boston. Johnny, the oldest, is about sixteen or seventeen years of age; Willie is about twelve. These two orphans keep house, in two rooms, up two flights, in a rickety shed, in the rear as above. A comb with half a dozen teeth, a brush, a piece of looking-glass, a wooden-table, a blacking-box for a seat, and two or three chromos made the furnishings of the outer room, while a cheap bedstead, upon which were a quilt and what was once a receptacle for feathers furnished the bedroom. A pile of newspapers, among which were two or three trashy boys' stories, repose permanently in lieu of a pillow, evidently very handy in case of sleeplessness. The bed is very carefully not disturbed, for fear that what few feathers are left in the mattress will escape. The floor is literally covered with feathers, and looks more attractive to a weary body than the bed. A brass lamp completes the list of their household belongings. I had not been able to see the room till yesterday, having been ingeniously kept outside heretofore.

"I have tried to get Johnny interested in learning a trade, finding him a situation in a printing office, but he left there after

three weeks, not being as capable as the average apprentice. Twice, when I called to see how he was getting on, I scented liquor upon him. He has worked at three occupations in as many weeks since, and I suspect the Arab habit has become too fixed with him to admit of his leading other than a vagabond life. I fear that the habit of drink will also bear him down; he already shows signs of decay.

"I had not met little Willie until a day or two ago, and when I looked into his blue eyes, although in their depths there lurked some of the adroitness of his class, I could not fail to be convinced that there was a soul as yet alive behind them. He is attached to his brother, and holds him in check somewhat. He is the steadier of the two, earning from three to five dollars per week. I was amused by his telling me to come to see him next time at six o'clock "sharp, for we boys have to 'tend pretty strict to 'biz', you know, or we lose our chance."

2. Mrs. XXX and her son James, living at 62 Somewherelse St.

"This is almost a case of Rizpah weeping for her son. Mrs. XXX is a hard-working washerwoman, who goes out to her work most of the day. Her rooms are very neat, and somewhat profusely decorated with store-premiums and home-made articles of bric-a-brac. Her son James is too proud to work, but not too lazy to steal. I met him the other day, and he expressed great repugnance to prison life, and introduced me to his wife, a slatternly looking woman, who, from rumors and my own latter impression, I suspect is only a wife in theory. I procured James an opportunity to work in a restaurant at seven dollars a week, but he made no effort to get it. A week later he had got into a row, and is now serving a year at the Island."

Every "friendly visitor" would give us cases of this sort. The interesting feature about them is that they are sporadic, and do not belong to one fated section of Boston. The great good fortune of Boston in this business is that Joseph Tuckerman had the oversight of things here fifty-odd years ago, with a set of practical philanthropists about him. And when Boston was a town of not more than fifty thousand people, they took certain measures which have kept us from having any centre hive of infamy and wretchedness, like Whitechapel, for instance, in London, or like what the Five Points once was in New York. Separate points I have known in thirty-four years, like this in Indiana Street, like the old Menagerie in Lincoln Street, which were as bad as anything in the world. But they existed merely as separate points, and public opinion could be brought to bear on them, so that they were suppressed.

I like to put myself on record as being certain that, just in proportion as you improve the physical conveniences of a neigh-

borhood, you uplift the people who live there. You do not merely drive the lowest grade of people out to another place to suffer, but you absolutely improve them as you improve their conditions. This is shown in a very definite and practical way in a little memoir, lately published, of John Long, a vigorous workman in the cause of charity in the city of Philadelphia. The biography is very brief, but it contains the gist of this whole matter. John Long began by telling his people that they would be damned and must save their souls; but he found this did no good. He then turned round and compelled the city authorities to give him more police in his district. They did not want to, but he brought the press of the city to his assistance, and, out of mere shame, more policemen were given him. The interesting thing is, that this was the beginning of moral and spiritual reform; and, in proportion as these people saw that somebody was interested in them, and was taking care of them, whether on the side of the law or on the side of human tenderness, their condition improved. John Long eventually introduced in his district the various improvements, in which Philadelphia is far ahead of us, by which men own their own houses and insure their own lives; and the upshot of it was that, when John Long died, the very men who had filled the House of Correction and been the terror of the police, were decent and respectable citizens. I say this by way of encouragement to anybody who breaks up a rookery in Boston.

For myself, I have done with any effort to palliate the tenement-house system. I believe it to be bad from beginning to end. I believe that the process of improvement in Boston, in the line of its destitution, its vice, and its crime, involves the process of rapid transit to the suburbs, and giving to each family its home. There is a great deal in the prophetic promise that "they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, and none shall make them afraid." The moment a man has a bit of this world which he can call his own, that moment he respects himself and is respected by his neighbors, and there is a chance that he will deserve that respect. While he hangs between earth and heaven in the eleventh story of some infamous tenement-house, with a placard, very likely, at the bottom of the stairs, that he must not have more than two or three children, the chances for him are so small that all the organized effort of the world will hardly "bring him up to time."

I like to put myself on record, also, as saying that all the poverty, all the crime, and all the vice, which attract public attention in Boston among what we call the poorer classes, may be ascribed to the free use of intoxicating liquors. I have said a hundred times, and I am willing to say it again, that if anybody

else will take charge of all the poverty and crime which results from drunkenness, the South Congregational Church, of which I have the honor to be the minister, will alone take charge of all the rest of the poverty which needs "outdoor relief" in the city of Boston. If that church could satisfy its conscience with as small work as that, it would certainly relieve its visiting forces and its treasury of a very considerable part of the demands now made upon them.

No genuine Yankee tells such stories of partial or entire failure as those which I have quoted, without saying what he would do about it; and in my judgment every Christian had better look forward to improvement than look back on disgraces. I will not say I have a panacea. I am too old to place much confidence in fads, and I fancy that our charities must co-operate if we are to reduce pauperism, sickness, ignorance, vice, and crime in Boston. I do believe, however, that a great deal would be gained if we had a much closer personal supervision and responsibility in this matter than we have. I ventured to state my plan in a public address delivered before the Good Citizenship Society a year ago in Boston. I have never heard but one person allude to it, the press passed it by with silence, and although I printed several thousand copies of it, I have never seen or heard of but one person who read it. But that person is a vigorous, executive man, who believes in it. We are, therefore, now two, where we were one a year ago, and at this rate of improvement the time will come when this plan will be important enough to be tried.

I suggested the same plan which Colonel Ingham found in the city of Sybaris five and twenty years ago. It is exactly the plan which exists in a small country village where there is one Christian minister, who has, and knows he has, the moral oversight of every person in the town. I ventured to call it a "moral police." There are, say five hundred thousand people in the city of Boston, or about seventy thousand families. There are, in round numbers, five hundred clergymen in Boston. Each of these clergymen believes that Jesus Christ came to take away the sin of the world, and believes that he knows how that thing is to be done. My plan, as I stated it, was this: that to each one of these five hundred clergymen should be assigned his share of the seventy thousand families. This will make for each one, one hundred and forty families, or thereabouts. Of these families, he should "keep the run"; he should know whether they were alive or dead, whether they were going to the bad or not, where the children were educated, whether the people were at work, and in general should feel the same sort of responsibility for them, that, as I say, the country parson feels for the people of the town which is intrusted to him. I am perfectly willing to take my share of these

families. In fact, as the minister of the South Congregational Church, with a certain charity district belonging to me, I do take it now. Most clergymen in Boston are doing fully the amount which would be thus thrown upon them; only there is now no system in the way in which it is done, so that there fall out many gaps where nobody is responsible.

Under my system, there would be some person to whom we could turn to know why John Jones was found dead in the street; to know why James Smith, when he was arrested for picking pockets, said that he had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours; to know why the Flaherty children were arrested by the truant officer, and were proved not to have been to school for a week. I believe that, under such a system of personal responsibility on the part of the moral guides of this city, the work which they are willing to do would be a great deal better done than it is. I think if, when the newspaper said that Fitzjohn Mortimer had been sent to the house of correction for drunkenness, and that he was under the oversight of Edward E. Hale, Edward E. Hale would be ashamed that he was there, and would be spurred up to see that Fitzjohn's brother, Clarence Mortimer, was in better ways, and was not sent to the house of correction. I believe that gradually the churches of the city would be roused to see that the noblest duty they have in hand is the care of the people who are around them, moral, spiritual, intellectual, and physical. After thirty-four years of experience, I am quite convinced that the present helter-skelter system, by which Trinity Church is made responsible for an undivided two-hundredth part of the whole population of Boston, the South Congregational Church for another undivided two-hundredth part, Bishop Williams at the Cathedral, for another two-hundredth part, and the Salvation Army for another undivided two-hundredth part, cannot be made to work satisfactorily as long as these fractions overlap each other, and while there is no sense of a definite duty existing in the minds of either one of these congregations. I am perfectly aware that this plan of mine seems Utopian and absurd to the great majority of the people who read it. All the same, I have satisfied myself that it is the best plan for the moral government of cities, and I am very much obliged to the editor of THE ARENA for the opportunity of bringing it forward again.

Anybody who would like to see the statement of what can be done where the churches of a town co-operate in some such way for its moral, spiritual, and intellectual improvement, had better send for a copy of "Matthew Middlemas' Experiment," written by William H. McElroy, of the New York *Tribune*.

EDWARD E. HALE.

If I am to give an opinion on this subject, permit me to select that part of the whole, with which I am most familiar.

As Secretary of the United Hebrew Association of Boston, I have had ample opportunity to become aware that destitution exists in this city among the poor of Jewish extraction.

Owing to the current but false belief that a Jew must be rich, *ipso facto*, I have frequently been asked by well educated, intelligent Christians, if it is possible that there are in Boston Jews so poor as actually to be without means of support, and these inquirers were astonished to learn that the Hebrew Charitable Associations have to wage as bitter war against increasing pauperism among Jews as similar associations must do among Christians.

It has been supposed that a Jew assumes the garb of poverty the better to conceal his wealth, or that if he does meet with disaster, he has only to appeal to his brethren to be set on his feet again. Both these accounts are fabulous. The Jew is rather more inclined to put on an appearance of wealth, and to be more extravagant in dress, than in the pursuit of pleasure. Jewish charities, though lavishly dispensed, cannot stop the sources of pauperism nor prevent destitution, and furthermore, many of the very poor will suffer to the last, rather than make their poverty known, even to their nearest neighbors.

The fact remains, therefore, that there is, despite the liberality of Jewish charitable associations, destitution among the Jewish as well as the Christian population; that large families live huddled together in most miserable quarters, who have no provision for a single day ahead, and no money to pay rent. Fortunately, continual misery dulls their spirit and makes them careless, else they would crowd the lunatic asylums.

What were the causes of such dire conditions which even the most philanthropic and lavish efforts cannot avert?

There are two sources from which the evil springs. First. The oppression from which the Jews have suffered everywhere for centuries, and from which they still suffer in semi-barbarous Russia and Poland, has unfitted them for improved social surroundings. In their laudable eagerness to improve their own condition, or that of their children at least, they flock to this country, to find alas! too late, that they fit nowhere into our social organism. Formerly, only the more enterprising and courageous among them would brave the dangers of the ocean and the vicissitudes of emigration, and through their own energy find a place somewhere; but, now that transportation is cheap enough to be within reach of the poorest, as tickets can be bought on the instalment plan, and the Atlantic can be crossed within a week, even the dullest and most ignorant takes his chances — and fails. The early marriages, customary among Jews, add to

the horror of their situation, since, where a single young man might possibly succeed, one burdened with a large family cannot. Time was when peddlers were received with hearty welcome at lonely farmhouses. Then an enterprising Jewish emigrant needed only to buy a small stock of goods, and, roaming from village to village, from farm to farm to sell them, make a good living for himself. But all that is changed. Well-stocked stores are found even in the smallest villages, and a peddler's occupation is gone. The emigrants remain in miserable poverty until their children grow up and find their proper spheres. But this takes a very long time, and as the swarms of unfortunates increase steadily in numbers, destitution among them increases in proportion.

Secondly. Many of the Jewish emigrants have learned some trade or profession, but they cannot succeed here, because they are utterly unable to compete with better educated and therefore more skilful Americans. They command but low wages and are thrown into destitution by every fluctuation in the labor market.

Thousands of Jewish laborers in this city are thrown out of employment twice a year, once about the middle of December, and again in August, and for several weeks are without work. These stagnations depend upon climatic conditions. If the winter has been mild, or the summer heat delayed, less goods are used and there is less demand for new ones.

Manufacturers, and even the middlemen who contract for the labor, can endure such an intermission, but not so the laborer. Cessation of work to him means starvation, since the wages he receives suffice only to keep him from day to day. So he incurs debts during the standstill, which he must meet when he has work and so on *de capo*. Twice a year the Jewish Charities are called upon to meet the deficiencies caused by these stagnations of trade, and although they do all that is possible, they cannot support all who come for aid, to say nothing of many honest laborers too proud to beg, who will suffer hunger and cold with their families, rather than let their need be known.

To solve the problem of how to arrest these two sources of destitution among the Jews alone, is beyond the scope of the present symposium.

SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

Christ has left us two parables of remarkable power, both teaching the same lesson, the responsibility of wealth to poverty, of strength to weakness,—Lazarus at the door of the rich man, and the poor fellow by the wayside. Life and death were all the man in the palace and the one by the gate had in common. Need was the only claim the beggar had on the rich man, the

only claim the dying man had on the passing travellers. Christ teaches that need constitutes a claim. In neither case do we know the causes that led to suffering, in both cases we know Christ's judgment on those who left the need uncared for.

In the nineteenth century cleavage between wealth and poverty, Lazarus is not allowed near the gate of the rich man; he is swept aside with inanimate dirt into a rubbish heap where he may not offend our taste and disturb our happiness by his presence. An organized Society comes between the Samaritan and the bruised half-dead wayfarer; we have devised many ways of shutting out suffering from our eyes, but what is shut out is not thereby cured; the responsibility remains as long as the suffering continues. We are responsible for what is, and shall be judged for our treatment of sufferers it is our business to know and help.

Some months ago I came in contact with a young man who was suffering along this line; unable to get work at his trade, he took what he could, and found a place to toil in one of the great manufacturing shops of Boston, a long distance from his room. For sixty hours a week he received $7.35. The work was hard, wearing, unceasing. Night found him tired to the marrow; morning met him half rested. He had a young wife to care for. The expenses for both were, each week: Room $2.50; food $3.97; car fare $.60; total, $7.07; margin, for clothes, amusements, sickness, and riotous living twenty-eight cents.

I played the part of extra horse for weeks, helping him tug up grade. The furniture in the room was the simplest, the cooking apparatus a borrowed oil stove. It was pitiful to see strength and courage ebb out week by week, to see the form grow gaunt, the eye lose its lustre, the tendrils of hope untwine one by one, and the life-vine settle into the mud; when such lives get low enough they sometimes rot into sin and vice, are sometimes transplanted by official hands, and sometimes, restrained by helping hands, take fresh root and bear fruit.

Some months ago a confirmed drunkard was banished from our liquor-licensing civilization to the Island to be put in repair for fresh debauches Having served his time he returned to the room called home (?) to find the dead body of his wife laid out for burial, hurried into eternity by the bar room. She had dodged the Island in her last spree and stumbled into the valley of the shadows, from the light of our Christian civilization. The state-reformed husband slipped the shoes from the feet of the corpse, exchanged them for liquor, came back to the room crazy drunk, and ordered that "thing" taken from his house.

A carpenter, called by his trade to work in one of our suburbs, was wont to leave the home in charge of his wife. During his

absence one of the children was stricken down with fever; he hired a nurse to help his wife. While he was working the child died. The body was laid in the casket, and placed on a table. Awaiting the time for the funeral the wife and nurse both got drunk, tipped the coffin off the table, the overturned casket burst open, the body rolled out, and a visitor found an older child trying to put it back into the coffin.

We admire the skill of Christ in rebuking the cold-blooded selfishness of man in his day, but what would he say to the indifference of our day? We pity the suffering by the wayside, the poverty by the open gate when Christ turns the light of truth upon it; but what of the agony and misery in our streets, and close by our doors?

O. P. GIFFORD.

Within gunshot of the palaces of the Back Bay, and the gilded dome of the State House, there exists most abject poverty and wretchedness, such destitution as a few years ago called forth, "The bitter cry of outcast London." A revelation of the true state of things should raise a blush of shame on the cheek of Christian philanthropists, and cause the ears of those who are in any way responsible for it to tingle with the hearing.

The wail of helpless poverty has become so feeble from starvation that it fails to reach the ear of those who are ready and willing to help.

In few words I desire to draw aside the veil and call attention to the gaunt forms of hungry, pain-racked women and naked children; to emphasize the cry—

> "Of children crying in the night,
> Of children crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

I shall refer to actual cases and facts as we have found them, selecting a few to represent the many.

On the fifth floor of an over-crowded tenement house in the north end of Boston, a sick man, wife, and six children were found, huddled together in two dingy, smoky rooms, neither of them larger than 8x8, for which they had to pay one dollar and a half per week. The only means of support they had was the uncertain revenue derived by the woman for making pants. She could seldom earn more than two dollars and a quarter per week, leaving but seventy-five cents with which to clothe and support the family. For six years that woman had worn the same dress, while the children had but one or a part of one garment apiece.

Another family of seven persons, invalid husband, wife, and five children, were crowded in a room hardly large enough for

two persons. All the furniture in the room, was an old borrowed stove, one broken chair, and a broken bedstead, no cooking utensils. The children had scarcely a rag on them, and for their dinner were eating sliced raw potatoes. They had not tasted bread for three days, nor meat for weeks. One week after our visit, another child was born into the family, only to die of starvation and cold, for the poor mother had no nourishment to give it, no fuel nor fire for two days, and was dependent upon the kindness of a widow in the next room for a warm place beside her fire.

In another house was an American family of six persons living in two rooms rented at one dollar and a half a week. The man out of work, not a bit of food in the place, no fuel or fire, the only articles of furniture being a stove, a small trunk, a dry goods box, and on the floor in the corner of the room a heap of seaweed which was their only bed. It had been gathered from the beach the day before.

Not far from this family was found another room full of poor and suffering ones without food or fire, in the depth of winter. The four eldest children huddled together in bed at noontime to keep each other warm, while the hungry and crying baby was blue with cold in the bosom of its sobbing mother.

A widow, left with five little children, has to support herself and family, and pay one dollar and a half per week rent for two small rooms. Her only hope is in securing pants enough to make at fourteen cents a pair. In order to keep body and soul together, she must teach the two little girls "Constance" and "Maggie," aged five and three, how to sew, and thus do their part in keeping the wolf from the door. These two babies work early and late, the five-year-old seamstress overcasting the long seams of four pairs of pants a day, and the three-year-old dot managing to overcast two pairs. They handle the needle like professionals. Mother and two daughters together thus earn from two dollars and a quarter to two dollars and a half a week, after paying rent having but a single dollar left to feed and clothe the whole family.

The time of our visit was near the dinner hour, but all the preparation for the principal meal of the day was the stirring of corn meal into boiling water.

Pictures of these "white slaves" to drudgery and poverty, taken at the time of our visit, are herewith presented.

These are no exceptional cases. There are scores, if not hundreds of little ones from three years old upwards, who are thus compelled either to work or starve. Women have to borrow soap before they can do twenty-five cents worth of washing; to borrow a shawl or wrap before they can go out to spend the hard-earned dollar; to live on the very refuse of the markets; to harden themselves against the bitter cry of hungry children. They

have to wear such scant clothing, that for the sake of decency, they must fly before the approach of visitors.

Children, six or seven years of age, are found with not a single article of clothing upon them. Families of four or five persons of both sexes are crowded in one room, sometimes below ground, which room is used for every purpose.

There are houses in which from one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons — men, women, and children — are herded together like cattle, and sleep in heaps upon the landings of the stairs. What wonder that there is immorality and disease?

These houses are owned by respected citizens who refuse to be satisfied with less than twenty to thirty per cent. of their investments, and who neglect year after year to whitewash, paint, or paper these filthy habitations of Boston's poor.

Many of these families are left helpless and destitute by men who, unable to secure work, have given way to drink, or in the desperation of hunger have committed a petty theft, and are now serving a term at Deer Island, or elsewhere, supported at the expense of the State. Our list is far from exhausted; but enough is here to show that destitution and want still hold cruel sway in this heart of the Commonwealth.

Much has been done by us to relieve these families, and hundreds of others, but we need either the power of the Christ to multiply the five loaves in our hands to the satisfaction of the multitude, or else, that the hearts and purses of the benevolent be opened wider, and the cruel spirit of greed and gain which delights in low wages and high rents shall be forever uprooted.

WALTER J. SWAFFIELD.

In the Orient men conceal wealth and display poverty; in the Occident men conceal poverty and display wealth. Sham-poverty and sham-wealth characterize East and West.

Hence western cities have often more poverty than appears. In Constantinople, beggars will dress in rags and live in luxury; in Boston, poor men live in want and dress in finery. And do not blame too quickly, O gentle Pharisee. The Eastern beggar dresses in rags because it pays; our Western poor dress well for the same reason. Especially for our unemployed, it is necessary to be well dressed. Who will employ a tramp in rags? Beside the shop girl dressed in finery, what chance has the shop girl poorly dressed? Beauty has value. Pretty shop girls pay. Finery often does duty in place of beauty. It pays a girl to go without her breakfast to buy a ribbon. Dress is often more necessary than food. You cannot say that there is no poverty in a city, because upon the sidewalks you see little but fine dress.

Nor can you judge by parlors and "parlor sets." To the girl who dreams of honest marriage, it pays to buy a parlor sofa on which she may be courted by her true swain, even though the kitchen be stripped to deck that parlor. And tenements — to the ambitious father, a good-appearing tenement is more than well-plumbed drains. Babies that die can be replaced, the mother losing only a few days from "going out washing"; but if we descend a round of the social ladder, nowhere so carefully graded as among the poor, well nigh impossible is the ascent.

For these and similar reasons, there is always more want in western cities than first appears. And sometimes the superficial philanthropist will tell you, therefore, that there is no want, and that the cry of poverty is "overworked." Or if he study a little more carefully, he will assure you that the only poor are "frauds." Fraudulent poverty is noisy, and hence first forces itself upon the attention of amateur philanthropists. Many a well-meaning heart has been misled by these upper crusts of appearances and of fraud into thinking that there is no poverty, even where a deeper penetration could reveal sorrow, that would bring ache to the stoutest heart, and pause to the most reckless optimism.

I remember how once, before the scales had wholly fallen from my own eyes, in Boston, I had called for months upon a family, before discovering by careful investigation that their larder had been long more empty than their one room, which I had gradually seen stripped. The father, having no trade for which invention had left him any use, could not get work, and I could not find it for him. The family lived on what the mother, a brave little English woman with two babies under three, earned by taking in what washing she could get. As I went to obtain the help they had not asked for, between my curses on the system which gives thousands too much work, and thousands no work at all, and my "sentiment," — the "correct" phrase for pity, — for the thin, thin children, I found time to thank God that I was a Socialist, and not a defender of the present.

Old men sewing pants at fourteen cents a pair; children of four and five, doing basting; women, pale, thin, and diseased, because for months they have only eaten what was left of the scanty meal after the children were first fed; these are common sights in not the poorest section of our city; but they will not usually be seen by the regulation associated-charity-inspectors of the poor. They are usually in homes that never ask for help. True poverty is silent; such persons do not usually die directly of starvation. Hence we are told there is no destitution in Boston. They have the "necessities of life." God pity the blasphemy of what we regard as necessary to life. But how do these people live? This is the question. What wealthy man

or associated-charity-agent would dare to read God's column of "causes of death"?

There is money enough in the various charitable societies of Boston. There is more than can be used, we are told in whisper. But when you go to the agents of these societies, you cannot usually get relief. It is not the agent's fault; the agents are often kind of heart. But "rules" prevent. Most actual cases run up against some "rule." If only human lives could be made to suit these "rules."

Undoubtedly, the one great evil of city life is lack of employment. It does not exist for girls and boys. There is a demand for girls; you cannot get a house-slave, "help"-seeking, "help"-harassed lady, because there is a demand for girls in shops and factories. For boys there is demand as well. Our great stores employ boys till they become men and want men's wages; then they discharge such, and take new boys. It is not the fault of the storekeepers. It is one of the beautiful fruits of holy competition. Boys and girls will sell themselves cheaper than men. It is men who are out of work.

But not upon these lines do I find the truest cases of destitution in modern life. The editor of this magazine asks me to state especially such cases as have come under my own observation. I can in simple honesty only reply that the most destitute man I have happened to meet in Boston lived in the Back Bay, not in South Boston. He lacked the first necessities of life, which I take to be not good food and shelter,—for even a Son of God can be sheltered in a stable—but love and soul. This man seemed only a soulless purse. He was not a type of the wealthy, I am glad to add. His was an extreme case, but does he not show the dangers? Is it not the fact that those of the wealthy who are generous and charitable and given to all good works are usually those who have inherited or been bred in wealth, or have married, or have made wealth by investments, in land for example, that has kept them personally from the defilement of themselves, bargaining and pushing for dollars? Are not our hardest men often our "self-made men," who by hard work have earned a little money forty or fifty years ago, and since then have nursed it by investments, but who forget that now the beginner has small chance and that even inventors must sell inventions to capitalists to push or to set one side?

Are not these men who have no eye save for the dollar, no ear save for quotations of the market, no heart save for exchange, the truly destitute in Boston? Says Prof. Bryce: "In no country [but America] does one find so many men of eminent capacity for business, so uninteresting, so intellectually barren outside the sphere of their business knowledge."

This is the crying evil of our day, our worst materialism. Fifty years ago hours of work were longer; rewards of work were less, but work was free — employer and employee were social, often intellectual equals; above all, work was certain; industry meant sure success. To-day work is uncertain; success is a peradventure; anxiety is on the brow of the rich and poor alike. In this struggle simply to hold one's own, the poor lose all strength for nobler thought; each child is taught to live above all else for the dollar; family life grows feeble; family love, a myth; the street is the children's home.

Among the successful in business, the French epigram "born a man, and died a grocer" becomes "born a man and died a banker," "born a child of God and died an annex to a counting machine." Is there not a growing material and more deadly soul destitution in modern life? I am optimistic only because I see a growing cure for all this evil.

W. D. P. Bliss.

NOTES ON LIVING PROBLEMS OF THE HOUR.

OBJECTIONS TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONSIDERED.

Mr. Frothingham, in the July Arena, tells why he opposes woman suffrage. His first reason is that woman, in her present political condition, exerts "power" instead of "force." He would conserve this power by witholding the suffrage. But is it the want of force that gives woman power? It would not seem to be so in business, art, or literature, where the possession of such elements of force as are enjoyed by men, is attended with no loss of her peculiar power as woman. Weakness may elicit pity, but it can scarcely create power. Our observation is, that the political impotence of women is more likely to provoke a sneer from the practical politician, and scornful treatment of her just requests, than to fill him with a reverential sense of her "power."

If we are to look for the sources of woman's power in her womanly nature and peculiar relations, then, if suffrage rob her of her power, it must be from its effect on her nature and relations. Now, if woman may vote and still retain her distinguishing qualities of true womanhood, it is evident that she may vote without impairment of her fitness to sustain all her present relations. The danger is evidently felt to lie in the anticipated effect of voting on her womanly nature.

It is intimated by Mr. Frothingham, that the practice of politics is not ennobling. Suffrage educates in chicanery, cunning, the art of party management, and in making a market for manhood. Now, this is either a tendency inseparable from popular suffrage, or one characteristic of the present régime. If voting necessarily corrupts, it had better be abolished altogether. For if the inevitable tendency of popular government is fatal to manhood, it is subversive of government itself, since popular government cannot exist after manhood is gone.

If moral decay and political corruption are not necessary results of popular suffrage, then it may be that the evils complained of are more or less due to the fact that, as yet, the state is not organized and governed on the theory of the civilized home, but on that of the savage tribe. The balance of moral forces may have been lost, by the refusal to grant to certain elements of "power" the quality of "force."

It is not certain that the only result of the ballot in woman's hands would be her degradation. It might be the elevation of politics. At any rate, in this direction seems to lie the only hope for the moral safety of woman. Because, if exclusive male suffrage, as is contended, degrades man, it must also degrade woman. Woman will not escape by being denied the suffrage. That we can have a corrupted manhood and an uncorrupted womanhood is a dream. To have the low browed, coarse grained, false and venal in authority in the state, and exclude its influence from the home, is to cover the land with malaria and keep it out of our houses. If women are not to be defiled with that mire, that mire must be dried up. For it is not necessary that they wade in the mire, only that they walk arm in arm with those who do. If, therefore, women are to be saved from the corruptions of politics, it must be through the purification of politics, whether they vote or not.

But if politics will not purify themselves, and men alone refuse to purify them, then the only thing left is for woman to attempt it, by hazarding some of her superior, but endangered, moral excellence, in the earnest, if desperate, undertaking of saving her entire moral inheritance.

Another reason for keeping the suffrage from women is the predominance in them of feeling. It is feared that feeling would work disaster in practical politics, which should be dominated by sagacity. But would not more of feeling and less of sagacity be an advantage in politics? May it not be true that the vice of practical politics is the banishment of feeling, and the autocracy of sagacity? This can scarcely be doubted when a prominent political chief avows the principle that, as in war, so all is fair in politics; that to win being the object, how to win is the question, and the answer is, no matter how. When sagacity ceases to regard moral distinctions, it has ceased to be sagacity, and is a far more mischievous and unsafe guide than feeling.

The introduction of feeling, as a permanent factor, might prove a prophylactic against certain too evident tendencies of "practical politics." Indeed we can but believe that it is because politics has become an arena from which feeling is excluded, that it has become a mart on which honor is for sale. Those periods in our political history which most abounded in feeling, are most pure and illustrious. Mr. Frothingham, while deprecating the advent of feeling into politics, seems to us to concede its usefulness there. For he says that the feminine feeling is invaluable as an influence on society. But politics is a phase of social life, and a quality that is invaluable in one department of society cannot be an evil in another. It may be less useful, but it is not harmful.

It is further objected that woman is an idealist, jumping at conclusions, unwilling to pause short of the final result, impatient of tentative or compromising matters. She is bent on securing the "best thing," not the "best thing possible."

She is, therefore, unpractical, and could not succeed in politics. Well, it seems to us that the slow and infallible footsteps of man's logic, might be stimulated, with benefit, by the quicker processes of her intuition. In that way, it would seem we might sometime reach a conclusion, if we did, so to speak, jump to it. And why should either men or women pause short of the final result? Does not perfection and well-being lie in the final result? If women are impatient of tentative and compromising measures, who will undertake to say that men have not been too much inclined to be patient with such devices? If the impatience of women might be allowed to modify the patience of men, we might have, as a result, a species of practical politics more worthy of respect.

As to her being determined not to stop with the "best thing possible," but to get the "best thing," it is a compliment to her faith that she believes the best thing is possible; and to her "sagacity" that she believes the "best thing" can never be secured if we stop before we get it. More of this faith in the right, and determination to win it, would be no disadvantage to our political life.

As to the unpleasantness of political associations, and the offensiveness of political methods, these afford equally good reasons to refined men for refraining from politics; but legitimate excuses for neither men nor women. We have our choice, either to defy the offensiveness, or die of it. Patriotism, and a high order of morality, cannot hesitate.

Mr. Frothingham thinks the lower classes dare not vote. The fashionables care not to, and the philanthropic are overburdened already. But would the "lower class" of women fear the domestic strife fomented by an Australian ballot, as much as the strife bred by certain institutions, fostered by the "best thing possible" policy? If the fashionable care not, why block the wheels of progress with them? They care as little about other social questions. Shall civilization halt, and justice sleep, until the dead bury their dead?

The philanthropic, we think, would gladly spare from their labors the time required for voting, if, thereby, they might remove from society sources of degradation and misery, which multiply indefinitely the demand for such labors, and, at the same time, oppose insuperable obstacles to their success.

The wives, sisters, and daughters of the great middle class are to be kept from absorption in the common run of mundane interests, that they may supply a fund of moral influences.

But how? Are they not already, of necessity, involved in mundane interests? Are they not now conscious that they are the subjects, nay, the victims, of political action? And is not *this* awakening, in their minds, a painful interest in mundane politics?

Will they become more interested in what concerns the welfare of their country and their homes, because they may help make laws for the salvation of both? If so, what harm can result? Would their moral influence decrease with the development of this interest? Experience does not seem to show that it would. It was predicted that the influence of woman would suffer from her receiving an education equal to that of her brother. But education has strengthened her influence.

It was feared that organized efforts in reform, in jungle and slum would taint her purity and lessen her power. It has not. Her position of growing activity and authority in educational matters, though grudgingly accorded, is perceptibly enlarging her influence for good on society.

The American home, wherein she stands co-ordinate in authority with man, is the unit and type of the state. If "she is the heart and man the hand," the state, like the home, needs both a heart and a hand. If she is the "complement of man," then man, in every social relation, is incomplete without her; especially in that largest social field, where a whole man is needed for the education and protection of an entire manhood.

There is little danger that she will aspire to be his superior, or in any offensive way his competitor, but it is for his interest that she be his equal and helper, not in "another sphere," but in that one sphere of social life, in all its departments, where of necessity, both must exist, and must rise or fall together. If there is one reason more powerful than another, constraining woman to ask for authority and responsibility in the state, equal with man's, it is that she believes it will be for *his* interest. For whatever woman may do or become, she will forever remain first of all, loyal to man. The more liberal her education, the more ample her resources, the larger her acquisitions of "force," the more certainly and more successfully will she labor to make man purer, nobler, and happier.

Rev. Forrest A. Marsh.

THE DRAMATIC TALENT.

The retirement from the stage of one of America's greatest actresses suggests that the dramatic talent is a very peculiar one, and differs essentially from the poetic gift in many particulars. The dramatic talent requires, in addition to other rare gifts, a

peculiar vitality and intensity, a certain magnetism, and a losing of the identity of the actor in the life of the part enacted.

The lives of actors, like the lives of the mythological gods, figure themselves often in sublime sadness. The world looks on and sees merely the results, and little dreams of the hard battle which is being fought — of the unjust prejudices, and the "weary hours and swift decay" of the artist's life.

The drama holds one of the most exalted places in art. Among the early Greeks the drama was the only medium of worship, and no Athenian was ever so honored as Æschylus, who was not only an actor and a poet, but the creator of the drama.

The actor, like the poet, "*nascitur, non fit*," yet while the genius of letters seems almost to spring mature from its birth, the genius of the stage must be perfected by a long and exacting discipline.

True dramatic action is life, and is an exhaustive process that words cannot picture. The actor must not simply merge his own life in that of the character which he represents or personates, but he must transport his audience out of themselves as well. His art requires the devotion of a life, and with most of those who are crowned with success, it generally comes after so much unjust criticism, hard labor, and wear of body and soul, that the later plaudits of the multitudes, and the accumulation of money scarcely repay for the years of sacrifice of both soul and body.

Yet the life of an actor has within itself its just rewards. In its exalted intensity the cares of the common life are consumed, and the flame of its own genius lights its pathway. What has been said of the poets may be truthfully said of the actors: —

"Down to the gulf of the souls they go,
Where the passion fountains burn,
Gathering the jewels far below,
From many a buried urn."

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

A RARE LETTER.

TWENTY years ago, when I was a student in Paris, I met Miss Adelia Gates, a graduate of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, a friend of Horace Mann, and other beautiful spirits; and she made upon me so strong an impression by the greatness of her heart, the earnestness of her uplook toward God, and the pellucid simplicity of her nature, that I have always followed her work in life with profound interest. Miss Gates has her description in Wordsworth's lines:

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye."

She is as desirous of being unnoted as it is possible for mortal to become; and if she had not taken it upon herself to write such a wonderful letter, I would not dare to offer it to the great kind family circle of THE ARENA.

Miss Gates has a specialty. She can translate into water colors the soul of every flower that grows. Others paint corporeal flowers. She paints them body and soul together. In the pursuit of this exquisite art, and the exercise of her wonderful talent for botany, Miss Gates has visited almost all parts of the world, going alone, and with only money enough to float her along as her necessities require. She is now, perhaps, fifty years of age; and it seems to me her remarkable letter illustrates a character so lofty and pure, puts such a pleasant face upon the planet, as the outcome of her almost unequalled variety of observation, and shows the wondrous progress of the woman movement in the wide world, that I am sure all who read will thank me for giving this letter to the public. Thus much by way of preface. She writes me from Sweden.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

JUNE, 1890.

My Dear Friend. — You will not quite have forgotten the Miss Gates whom you knew many, many years ago in Paris. It is that vagabond person who comes now to remind you of herself, and to speak of and for another, whom you knew a little, — the child that she brought up.

Of myself first, by way of explanation: The last time you heard from me was in California. On a visit to the United States of America, I had gone up to the Rocky Mountains, to paint for three months before returning to Europe. I kept on until I found myself on the Pacific coast, whose wonderful flora held me for three years. Then I busied myself a year in New England, half a year in Washington, some time in the Adirondacks, and finally returned again to Europe. Then I had a summer in North Wales, Ireland, and England, a winter in Italy, and the Mediterranean isles, — Ischia, Capri, the Pouza Isles, the Lipari Isles, and fair Sicily; then a delicious summer in the Appenines, in a spot untrodden by the tourist. Mrs. Carson, of Wisconsin University, was my companion there; next a trip to Algeria for the winter, which lengthened itself into a year and a half, and was the happiest and most wonderful of all my journeys. I went from Italy to Malta and Tunis, and visited by boat the principal coast towns; spent two months in Algiers; then went back eastward by rail through the inland towns and down into the Desert of Sahara, as far as the lovely oasis of Biskra; then back north and up, up, up, one whole day on horseback, to the summit of the Djurdjura Mountains in Great Rabylie, a gloriously grand region. I had stopped a week and a half on the tablelands of the Aures Mountains, and from this Djurdjura region, I went, after a time, to Lower Rabylie, thinking to paint for two or three days at Tizi-Ouzou; but I found there a flora that held me for three weeks. Returning to Algiers, and according to myself a week of rest, and to put in order my dilapidated wardrobe, I set out again southward, stopping at Bonfarik, a place so unhealthy once that even the crows could not live there, now by drainage one of the most desirable of climates. I went to Blidlah, sitting among her orange groves at the foot of the Lesser Atlas range at Chippa, and walking,

with portfolio and lunch basket through the whole wonderful gorge of the Chippa, twelve miles. At Medeah, away up in such a climate that its vegetation is European rather than African, and finally down into the desert, two days and three nights, as far as the great oasis of Laghouat. Even here I found flowers. Returning in the first days of July, a woman at the Caravanserial of Sidi-Maklouf showed me her little ducks frozen to death the night before; yet this was Africa! We travelled by night as well as day; and one night I was crowded into a little omnibus with seven *other* Arabs, who were, however, mercifully clean, and just starting on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Two of them were old men, the one weak-eyed, the other with crutches. Poor fellows! I do not think they ever got back; but then, you know, death on a pilgrimage is sure to bring a Mohammedan into Paradise; so perhaps it is as well. It was a painful night of Sirocco and sand, with no possibility of reclining in the slightest degree, so closely were we packed into that hot interior; but in all that night I heard not one complaint nor groan from any one of those seven pilgrims. The Arabs are a marvellously patient race in fatigue and suffering. The next night we stopped at eleven; and as there was no place for me in the Caravanserial, except in a mite of a room, windowless and airless, I took a stool, and resting my head against the wall, slept in the court-yard, beneath the stars, until two o'clock, A. M., when I was shaken awake by the noise of the preparations for starting off. Getting back to Chippa, I then turned off westward and northward, to visit Cherchell and other places. At Cherchell I stayed eight days in the pleasant home of a charming old botanist. At Monte Bello I wandered unwittingly so far from my hotel (?) that the night overtook me, and obliged me to stay at an Arab camp, where I slept on the earth, with only a palm-leaf mat for a bed, and eight or nine men, women, and children on their mats around me. I stayed in Algeria until November, and then, still fascinated by the desert, took the daring resolution to go toward Egypt that way. Armed with a letter from the Governor-General, recommending me to the care of the Commandants of the military posts and the chiefs of the Arab Bureaus, and with only such luggage as could be carried on the shoulders of a man or the back of a horse, I set out a third time for the Sahara, going first westward to see the towns along the coast as far as Morocco, then southward to visit the old Moorish town of Tlemcen and Sidi-bel-Abba and others.

At Kralfalla I paid a long adieu to railways and comfortable carriages, and went in a two-wheeled go-cart down two days into the desert to an Arab town, where there was a French garrison, and where I stayed three days. The commandant furnished me horses and men, and gave me a *spahis*, that is, a native soldier armed and mounted, as my escort. In this way, changing men at each post, and furnished with Arabic letters to the Cadis and Sheikhs of the various Arab towns and villages, I travelled over two months up and down the Sahara, out into the wonderful country of the Souf and the Djerid, and down to the southernmost point of French occupation, meeting everywhere a hospitality without limit, sleeping often on the sands under the stars, with my Arabs near, and never having occasion to feel fear for one moment. After this the doctrine of the total depravity of man can never find a place in my faith. After Africa, Egypt. I went never with the Cooks, but always in native boats, and lived among the people, this being my custom everywhere. I went four days by boat, beyond the Egyptian frontier into Nubia, saw all the old wonders, was four days in a Koptic family at Luxor, climbed the great pyramid, questioned the Sphinx, and went on my way to Palestine, where again I was "personally conducted by my muleteer, sleeping as did Joseph and Mary,

and all native travellers, and living the life of the people." Said a Syrian dragoman to me, "You get the very cream of travel; you know how to live; you see and learn what most tourists cannot see." And so I painted flowers in Joppa, Jerusalem, Jericho, beside the Dead Sea, in Bethlehem, Bethany, Nazareth, Carmel, Hermon, Nain, Tabor, Lebanon, Lake Galilee, Tiberias, Damascus, Smyrna, etc. These are all now living pictures for me; and so is Athens, Eleusis, Corinth, Missolonghi, Corfu, etc. After a year and a half of pleasant wandering "with myself," I got back to Italy, and after two or three months there, came to my old home in Geneva, where I passed a tranquil time of many months, before taking again my pilgrim's staff and going northward, visiting friends in Bâle, in Denmark, and in Sweden.

Where does not a foot-loose American find friends in these days? I am now with the Sandbergs, in their loveliest of homes on a peninsula in a lake, surrounded by wooded mountains. From here, in a few days more, I go to another friend in Nora, and then to the North Cape by sea, along the noble Norway coast, going back by land to Stockholm. This autumn I go to see Adela in England and her father and other friends in Ireland, and later I journey to Constantinople, and shall probably pass the winter on the Mediterranean coast. Beyond that I have no plan. I may go home via the Orient, Hawaiian Isles and California, or I may go via the Atlantic, in which case I would visit Spain next spring probably, as I have never been there.

Everywhere I have painted floral memorials. I have more than seven hundred species of flowers from various countries, and oh! such a great gallery of mental pictures, and such a heart full of happy, grateful memories. Humanity grows dearer, and heaven comes nearer to me with every added year. Everywhere I see the face of God, everywhere the marvels of His power and love, everywhere I feel at home, and everywhere at rest. My outward life may seem to contradict all this, but I have a great peace within, and never know what it is to be lonely. I have almost forgotten how to be unhappy. I am rich because I have few wants, and keep my life so simple. I have health, a pleasant occupation, friends, a love of study, and immense hopes for the future of myself and my race.

I hardly know why I have written you so long a letter. Perhaps because in all these later years I have kept trace of you with warm interest, and thank God for the temperance work. My life is so full, indeed so surcharged, that I am forced to be silent to a great number of persons whom I love, and with whom I would gladly communicate. In my journeyings I meet various persons who know you. I wish I could give you an address to which to write; but I am not certain of my route nor length of stay in any place. That depends partly on what I find to paint. Adela remembers you very well. I think all who have known remember you. I am glad to learn by Rev. Mr. Winslow, a New Church clergyman of Copenhagen, that you find some interest in the teachings of Swedenborg. Without being a Swedenborgian, I can still say that I owe him more than any other man. He led me into a bright land, and opened to me large and beautiful horizons.

Good-by, dear friend. Live long upon this planet.

Ever affectionately yours,

ADELIA GATES.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD?

A people can be guilty of no greater folly than that of attempting to ignore injustice, immorality, and vice, or turning a deaf ear to serious charges which are felt by the many long before they are voiced by the few. It is the highest wisdom to boldly unmask and denounce wrong doing, injustice, hypocrisy, and immorality, wherever they may be found. The assumption that those who lay bare the evils as they exist, outrage propriety or are enemies of true progress and morality may be popular, but it is erroneous. There are at the present time many ideas abroad, many truths passing from lip to lip, which staid, easy-going conservatism regards with unfeigned indignation. It is too late, however, to seek to imprison, crush, or kill them. They are not men that they may be burned; they are truths, born of an age of progressive unrest. On the wings of freedom they float from mind to mind, kindling a flame which will not be extinguished until the wrongs are righted and humanity is vindicated. One of these heretical ideas which has escaped from the prison-house of respectable conservatism is that men should be judged by the same standard of morality as women; that a moral leper has no right to pose as a model or to pass current in society as true gold, because he is a lord of creation and knows how to conform to the requirements of superficial society. Another idea that is abroad is that hypocrisy should at all times and in all places be hunted down by every true man and woman; that the shams and frauds of conventionalism which have, while autocratically overawing the people, been sapping away the foundation of manhood, should be relentlessly assailed, to the end that the pure gold in human nature may be brought to the front, that the gilded shams, the shameful frivolities, the heartless superficialities that mark fashionable life to-day, may be exchanged for something more serious, worthier, and nobler. The cry of the present is for real true, earnest men and women,—not counterfeit presentments, such as have too long masqueraded before a wonder-gazing populace, who have been dazzled by their rich apparel and haughty bearing. There is still another heresy afloat, and this strikes more terror to the heart of the easy-going and highly-respectable libertine than aught else, and that is that the time has arrived when the wrong perpetrated by respectable [?] men against innocent girls shall meet its just reward; that the hour has struck when the true relation of male and female immorality should be established,—in a word, that masculine immorality, or the evil that men do, shall be laid bare; that this problem shall be so forcibly and persistently agitated that a more just, a higher and purer standard of morality may result. I believe that the hour has arrived when it is the duty of every high-minded man and woman to be brave, frank, and outspoken in behalf of a higher civilization, that the wrongs committed by men may be as mercilessly chastised, as those of women; and this alone can be accomplished by an agitation so fearless, so earnest, and so pronounced that it will, as has been the case with other great radical reforms, raise a storm of furious indignation, such as has not infrequently led to social ostracism.

The above thoughts have been suggested by a new novel by that gifted and radical author, Helen H. Gardener, bearing the suggestive title, "Is THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD?" In it Miss Gardener has painted, in a marvellously realistic manner, three types of young men which live, move, and mingle in our midst. Fred Harmon, Preston Mansfield, and Harvey Ball are types; we have all seen hundreds of them. They are boldly drawn with the fidelity of a true artist. Fred Harmon, the conventional, fashionable, polished hypocrite, the product of a false civilization, a blighting curse to all who come within the compass of his influence; "an echo of an echo," and something far worse. Preston Mansfield, naturally high-minded, with manly impulses, possessing the foundation of a worthy if not a brilliant manhood, swept by outside influences into the vortex of vice until, sweeping others with himself, he meets a tragic fate. Harvey Ball, noble, frank, outspoken, real, a man who makes one renew his faith in mankind; a type of the honest-hearted, fearless investigator, in error in some of his views as we think, but it is the error of an honest soul who will follow truth wherever she may lead him, and such error is not to be feared. Such are the types which appeal most strongly to the parental reader. Then there is Mrs. Harmon. Ah! how often we have seen her, not perhaps this identical person, for it must be remembered that when an artist pictures a type many individual characteristics blend in a whole. Such is Shylock, such is Iago, such Hamlet; types rather than individuals, but none the less real because they are colossal. In contrast with Mrs. Harmon we have Mr. Stone, a grand, true, soul-inspiring figure, the type of the true man, of an ideal which should haunt the mind of every young man.

The value of the work, however, lies largely in its assault on the conventionality which tolerates immorality in men; in its bold assault on the glaring evils that are so indulgently regarded by society in young men, and which are so well illustrated by the *Harvard "fast set,"* which Miss Gardener pictures in a more realistic than pleasing manner. This merciless *exposé* of the respectable frauds, the hypocrisies and the essential rottenness of society will, however, arouse a furious storm of indignation. Its author will be assailed by three classes of people. First: The froth on the surface of society; those who are pierced by Miss Gardener's darts. Secondly: They who dwell in the stagnant depths of conservatism; who believe that crime, immorality, and all manner of sins are not so very bad if they are not "found out"; who believe in allowing the social body to rot with eating, cancerous, ulcers rather than uncover the loathsome sores that the surgeon's knife may be applied and the body saved. They who believe in the ostrich policy of hiding the head in the presence of real danger. And thirdly: The theologians and a numerous body of the religious world outside of the clergy. Why? Because Miss Gardener has boldly attacked the hypocrisy and the shams of the clergy and the church, and I regret to say she has gone still farther, and in my judgment has cast a certain discredit on religion, which while reflecting her honest sentiments I do not share. She believes religion to be dying, that theology is passing away. I believe that true religion was never more vigorous than to-day. Our vision is broadening with the years. God is something far grander, nobler, and holier than they who dwelt in the childhood ages could conceive. He is the sum total of our most exalted ideal and far more than this; we are drawn to Him as the sun draws upward the germinating seed, and as for another life I do not for a moment doubt it. I believe ere long it will be as positively demonstrated to the majority of honest truth-seekers as any other scientific fact. I believe that the old theology is passing away; that the crude, unworthy, and ignoble vision of the nature of the great Over-soul which led to the torture and murder of countless thousands of earth's noblest sons is

vanishing before a far grander conception of God and the great hereafter. Miss Gardener is a woman of strong moral impulses. She has seen so much sham and hypocrisy under the cloak of religion that she has gone to the other extreme. This is the failing of all reformers, yet it may be a necessary weakness; some may have to go to the extreme in order to bring the multitude to the golden mean, but this does not alter the fact that to my mind her charge is as unjust as it is sweeping against the clergy as well as professors of Christianity. That there are many time-servers among theologians is unquestionably true; that there are far more who dare not investigate is equally true, but that they are as a body hypocrites is, I think, at once unjust and untrue. I do not doubt her sincerity, but she has failed to take into consideration the education, environment, and the atmosphere in which they have lived. I well remember hearing a clergyman in the West some years ago declare that Colonel Ingersoll did not believe what he professed, that he could not help believing the Bible. I felt at the time that he was mistaken — so with Miss Gardener. She has not risen to the mountain top before describing the picture. Her view is not as broad or tolerant as I could wish, but with this exception, which I regard a positive blemish, I believe her work will prove to be as reformative as it is radical. It is without question the most vivid *exposé* of the hypocrisy and shams of fashionable life, the most graphic portrayal of the wrongs which society tolerates and condones, that has ever appeared. The main questions raised embrace some of the most vital reforms that confront the future, and which must ere long be grappled with, — reforms which will save an army of innocent girls from being annually swept to nameless depths more terrible than the mind of man can adequately paint.

BUREAUS OF JUSTICE.

Justice for the poor and defenceless, however pleasing the thought to philanthropists and idealists, has never been conspicuous in its practical application among the children of men. Wealth, titles, and social caste have weighed heavily in the scales of the blind goddess in all ages since man traced his history on enduring tablets. Perhaps to-day as never before we recognize this truth, a recognition which is at once the supreme glory and shame of the present. Glory that we have advanced far enough to see and feel the evil; shame that such injustice is tolerated when once recognized. Progress is, however, of slow movement, and the fact that there is a growing consciousness on the part of thoughtful, earnest persons that the wrong must be righted, is one of the most hopeful signs of the hour. An important evidence of the presence of this higher conception of right comes from Chicago.

More than two years ago in that city a society was formed known as the Bureau of Justice, since which it has proved its value in aiding the defenceless and oppressed in a most practical manner. Supported entirely by voluntary contributions from high-minded men and women, who have been impressed with the fact that the very poor are annually defrauded of tens of thousands of dollars to which they are justly entitled, it has not fallen the prey of designing and conscienceless political Pooh-Bahs, who to-day have obtained so many positions of responsibility as rewards for questionable partisan service. During the past two years it has heard over thirty-five hundred cases, and has collected for the friendless poor claims amounting to more than ten thousand dollars.

The beneficent influence of such a society is threefold: it protects the otherwise helpless and oppressed from the robbery of the unscrupulous rich; it improves the best members of society by impressing them with their individual duty toward their less fortunate brothers, instead of, as is

too frequently the case, expecting the state to do what is clearly the duty of the individual. It furthermore does more than aught else to restore the confidence of the poor in humanity, and check the growing impression that however blind justice may be, as seen in our courts, she still recognizes the ring of gold and retains the sense of touch. The splendid example of Chicago should be followed by every city in the Union; but one thing must be guarded against and that is, allowing this beneficent move to pass into the hands of the state or municipal governments. As long as it is sustained by voluntary contributions of high-minded citizens, it will fulfil its mission. If, however, its offices should become the prize for professional politicians, as would unquestionably be the case in the event of it passing into government control, its usefulness in many instances would be at an end.

THE DRAMA OF THE FUTURE.

The closing paragraph of Mr. Boucicault's admirable essay on "The Future American Drama" is as impressive as it is significant. It is the last message from the greatest Anglo-Saxon dramatist of this age to the magazine-reading world on the theme dearest to his heart. It contains a prophecy which I believe will prove a profound truth. The American people are, as Mr. Boucicault says, utilitarian and this is peculiarly the case at the present time. We are entering a constructive period. In every field of thought and endeavor a marvellous transformation has taken place; the old idols have one by one fallen; revered ideals have ceased to command the approbation of heart or brain. At times the very foundations have seemed to be giving away; in fact, I sometimes think the intellectual, moral, religious, and social conditions of the present resemble a forest after a tornado, or the lowland when the freshet has passed, so thickly do the idols of other days strew the pathway; yet who would have them back again? The night of unrest, doubt, and uncertainty through which our civilization has passed is bringing us into a far brighter day than humanity has ever known. The hour was when labor toiled on patiently and thought not, happy perchance as animals are happy; but, at length, into the brain of the toiler came the light of education, into the heart of the workman came the hunger of soul which reaches outward and upward. Then came the struggle which is even now in progress and which will not be settled until labor receives justice. Again in the realm of ethics, the hour has passed when the cry of the world, "stone the woman but let the man go free" met no protest. The old standard is sinking, a higher ideal is called for. In theology the changes have been still more marked. The realm of eternal torment in which the vast majority of all ages were supposed to be writhing in agonies unutterable, while a small minority sang praises to the author of a life which meant endless misery to the hundreds and joy to the tens is vanishing from view, a compliment at once to the heart and the brain of the age. And so in every department of mental, moral, and spiritual life, we see the old is passing away. It is the new heaven and the new earth in which the brain will be free; in which the heart will be throbbing with love, the hand willing to work and ready to help. The incoming age of human brotherhood; the day of scientific truth and spiritual growth; this is the fruition which will crown the struggle which is still being waged, and this is why the present is peculiarly a utilitarian age, a constructive period.

The conscience of the world is quickened, hence it hears the wail of woe, feels the heartache, and is horrified at injustice as never before. The moral impulses are profoundly stirred. The best men and women are becoming tired of lip service, hypocrisy, and shams. They are no

longer satisfied with husks. More splendid are the ideals now floating before the world than ever before. It is not enough that the press, the platform and the pulpit unite in broadening the mental vision, electrifying the moral impulses, or prosecuting the great reforms, the novel and the drama, those two mighty engines of power which irresistibly touch, sway, and influence the heart of the people, leading them upward or downward, making them frivolous and thoughtless, or firing them with great purposes and noble enthusiasm must be enlisted in the cause of progress, and these great agencies are, I believe, destined to exert an undreamed of power for the new civilization which is even now dawning.

Impressive indeed is the thought that the last words on our future drama of the farewell message of the great artist, who has so frequently been styled the "Premier of the Anglo-Saxon dramatic world," is an inspiring prophecy of a nobler drama. It comes almost as a salutation from the great departing genius and the representative of a vanishing school of art to the dramatists of the future who will make "the beautiful the servant of the true;" who will, by the fire of genius and the moral enthusiasm of their nature, move the hearts of thousands and carry to success the great reforms of the hour.

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2. *Philadelphia School,*	June 12 (9 A.M.)—July 2 (6 P.M.),	Univ. of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
3. *First Chautauqua School,*	July 5 (9 A.M.)—July 25 (6 P.M.),	Chautauqua, N. Y.
4. *Second Chautauqua School.*	July 26 (9 A.M.)—Aug. 14 (6 P.M.),	Chautauqua, N. Y.
5. *Chicago School.*	Aug. 14 (9 A.M.)—Sept. 3 (6 P.M.),	Lake Bluff (near Chicago), Illinois.

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